May 26, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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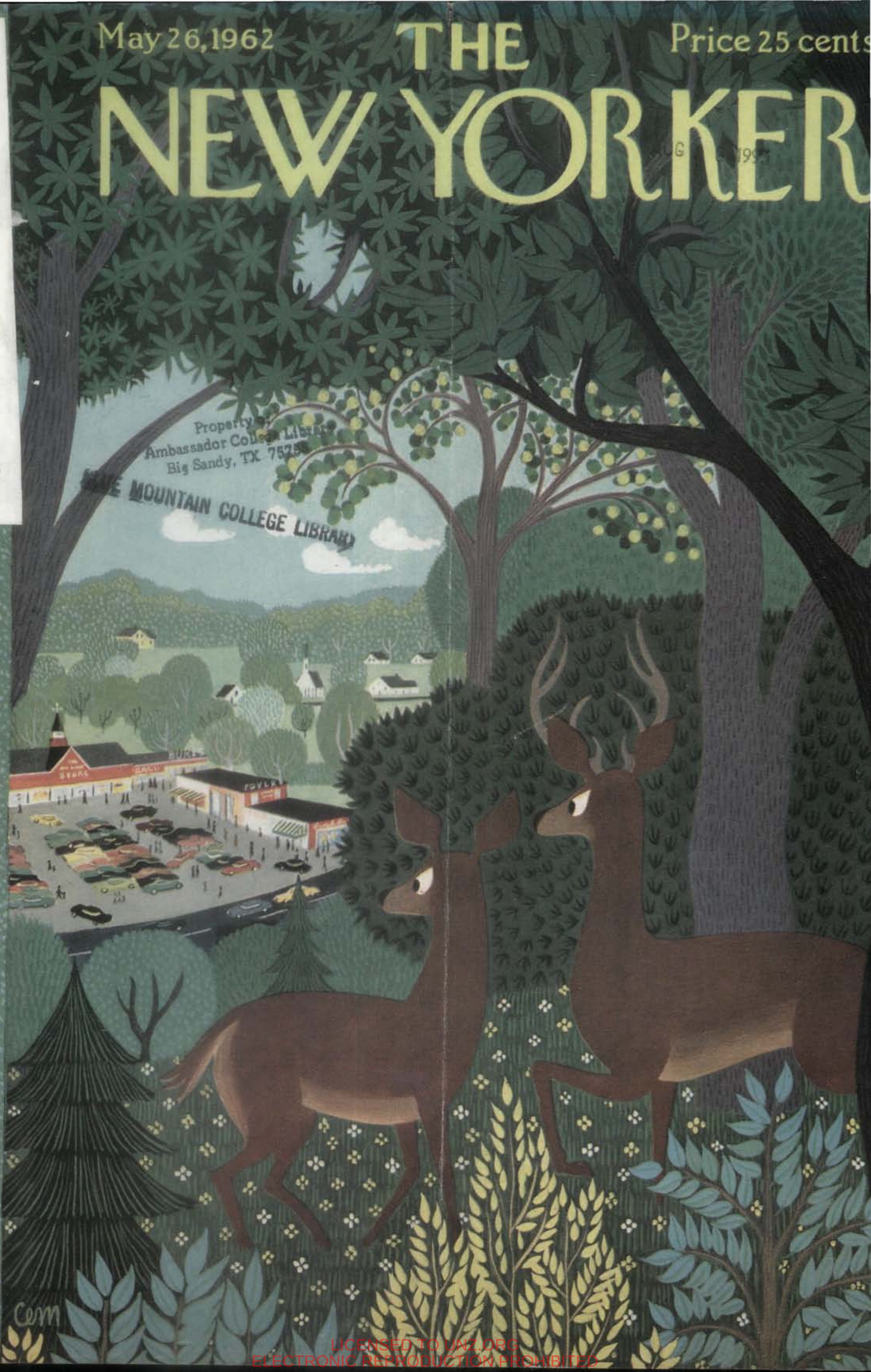

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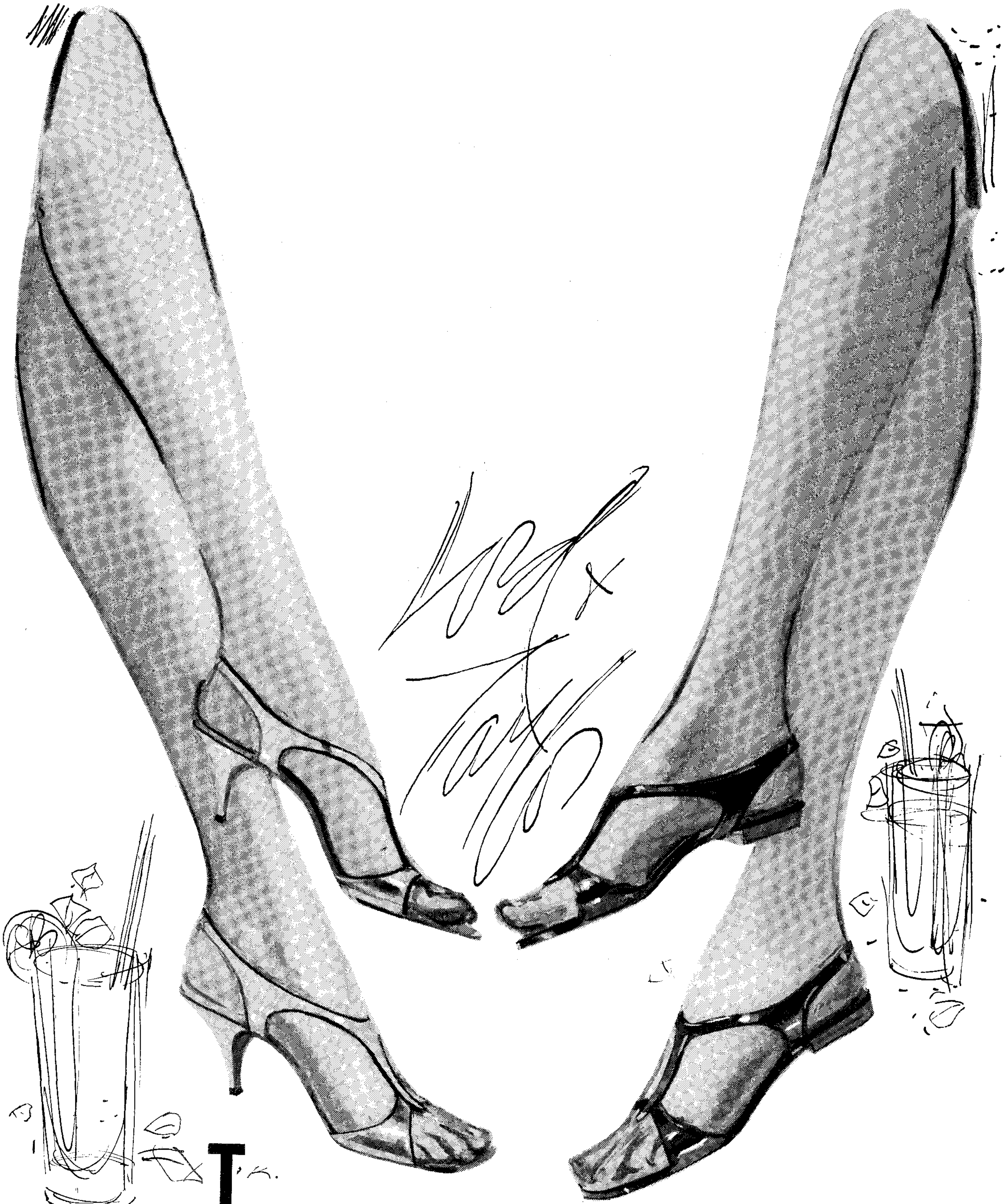

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Gideon—This Paddy Chayefsky drama about the way things were when God was making a famous warrior out of the celebrated Old Testament herdsman is intermittently entertaining. Douglas Campbell and Gerald Hiken are in the central roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Man for All Seasons—An English drama, by *Robert Bolt, that is far and away the best* play around. Witty, literate, and captivating, it outlines some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More, who, as played by Paul Scofield, is an enormously interesting character. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, and David J. Stewart are of great help in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams occasionally gets in some telling dramatic licks in this play about a clutch of queer people holed up in a fleabag on the west coast of Mexico, but it is for the most part fragmentary and aimless. Margaret Leighton, Patrick O'Neal, Shelley Winters, and Alan Webb head the able cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Shot in the Dark—Harry Kurnitz's adaptation of Marcel Achard's "L'Idiote," which turns on the question of who murdered a Spanish chauffeur during a moment of dalliance with a steamy maid. The scene is the chambers of an examining magistrate in Paris, and while the question-and-answer business has a lulling effect at times, Julie Harris (the maid), William Shatner (the magistrate), and Walter Matthau and Louise Troy (Miss Harris's employers) are pretty droll when they get a chance. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Take Her, She's Mine—This comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about the agitation of a West Coast father who doesn't quite know what his daughter is up to at an Eastern college, and suspects the worst, is as fragile as standard television stuff, but Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are attractive as the father and daughter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—Jason Robards, Jr., as a fugitive from Madison Avenue who finds that he may have to go back to the cave of the winds if he is to continue to serve as guardian of a beloved twelve-year-old nephew. As written by Herb Gardner, this is a rather loose-hinged but funny enough affair, and it fortunately has splendid performances by Mr. Robards, Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—come blow your horn: A comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Joel Grey, Lou Jacobi, Pert Kelton, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **mary, mary:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to get back together. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

MUSICALS

All American—Ray Bolger returns to town as a refugee professor who becomes the football coach of a Southern college. A disappointing show that is often strenuous when it should be lively, cynical when it could be sharp, and embarrassing when it tries to be titillating. Mr. Bolger does get a few chances, though, to display his unbeatable hoofing, and Jo Mielziner's sets are most impressive. The music, by Charles Strouse, and the lyrics, by Lee Adams, are pleasant enough. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bravo Giovanni—Cesare Siepi giving his pow*erful basso a workout in a rather disor*ganized play about an Italian restaurateur who finds himself hard-pressed by an eating-chain outfit and has to resort to larceny to keep his rivals from getting the upper hand. A. J. Russell is responsible for the book, Ronny Graham and Milton Schafer wrote the lyrics and music, and Stanley Prager provided the direction. Michele Lee, Maria Karnilova, George S. Irving, Lu Leonard, Arnold Soboloff, and Gene Varrone are also on view. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel leading a lively cast through ancient Rome in a very droll show that was written by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, with an assist from Plautus. Mr. Mostel has the strong support of Jack Gilford, David Burns, John Carradine, Ronald Holgate, and, for that matter, every participant in the comedy. (Alvin, 52nd St., W CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Abe Burrows, Frank Loesser, and a couple of collaborators are responsible for this funny show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse gives a galvanic performance as the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is hilarious as the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—Jerome Weidman has adapted his scathing, funny novel about the garment business into a musical that is just as scathing and funny. Harold Rome's songs are, with a couple of exceptions, tuneful, varied, and ebullient. The performances—singing, acting, and dancing—by all concerned are quite wonderful. Elliott Gould, Barbra Streisand, Harold Lang, and Lillian Roth head the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 27.)

Milk and Honey—Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. Their adventures are hardly enthralling, but there is a lot of boisterous folk dancing by the natives. The book was written by Don Appell, and the music and lyrics—pleasantly rendered by a cast that includes Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon—are the work of Jerry Herman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—A show that affords every conceivable treat for ear and eye. The songs (lyrics, too) are by Richard Rodgers; the settings—Paris and various spots *au bord de la mer*—are by David Hays; and the choreography is by Joe Layton, who also handled the direction. The only flaw is in the book, by Samuel Taylor, which deals, in part, with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley, as the writer, and Diahann Carroll, as a Paris *Vogue* model, make an appealing pair of lovers. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matineés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—A soporific, concocted by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and numbering Orson Bean, Phyllis Newman, Carol Lawrence, and Sydney Chaplin in its cast. The music, which isn't memorable, was composed by Jule Styne, and the sets, which are lively, were designed by Will Steven Armstrong. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—camelot: How things were at the Round Table. With William Squire, Patricia Bredin, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)... **carnival:** Tent shows, jugglers, puppets, an embittered puppeteer, and a lovely waif. With Susan Watson, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this

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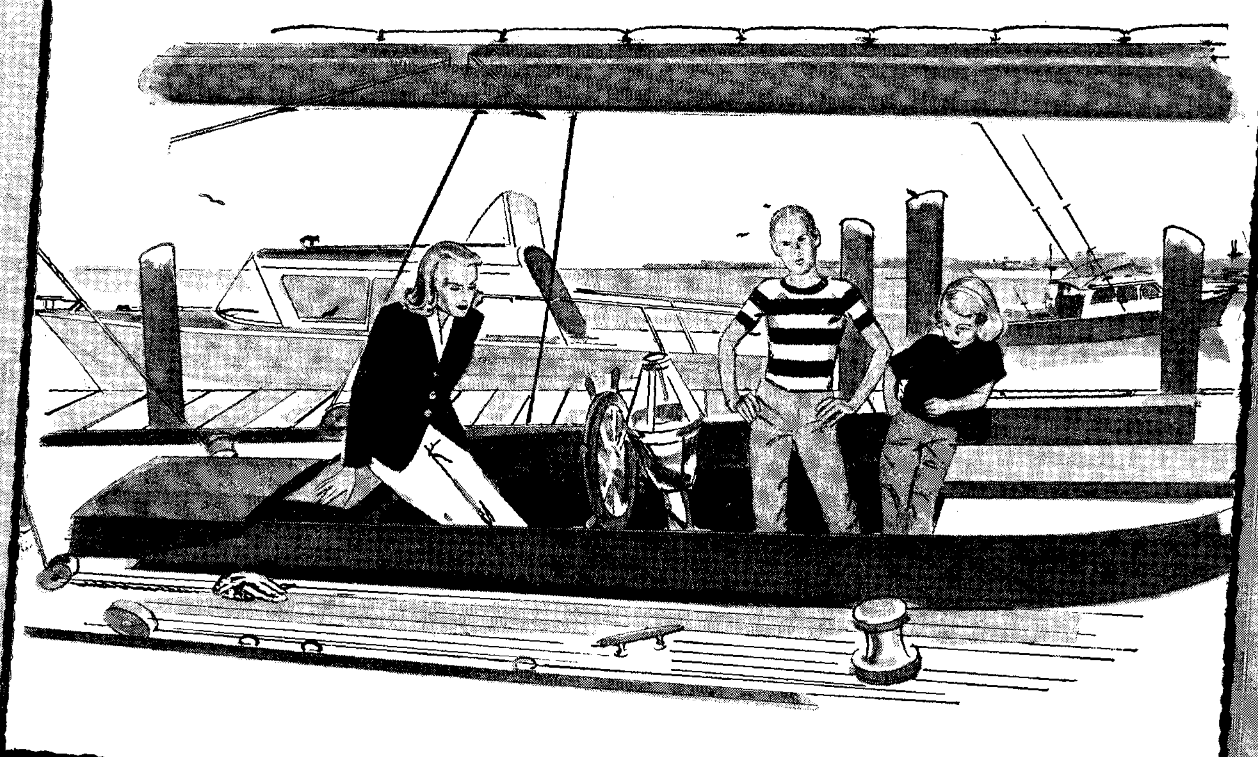

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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musical version of Shaw's "Pygmalion." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Martha Wright in a Rodgers and Hammerstein confection based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"Can-Can," with Geneviève, will play through Sunday, May 27. . . . ¶ "Brigadoon," with Sally Ann Howes, Peter Palmer, and Jean Shepherd, will be the second in a series of three shows by the company. Preview Tuesday, May 29, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 30, and will run through Sunday, June 10. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

ANYTHING GOES—A snappy revival of Cole Porter's hit musical of the 1934-35 season. The book, an affable bit of foolishness, is the work of P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Russel Crouse, and Howard Lindsay. The score is, of course, one of Mr. Porter's best, so that the addition of several songs from his other shows may make you wonder if those responsible haven't taken the title a bit too literally. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

BRECHT ON BRECHT—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company—especially Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec—manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

FLY BLACKBIRD—A musical comedy whose theme is segregation but whose spirit is high and saucy. Avon Long, gray-haired now, is as sinuous and beguiling as he was as Sportin' Life a generation ago, and the other members of the almost all-Negro cast are attractive, too. C. Jackson and James Hatch collaborated on the music, book, and lyrics. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 27.)

THE HOSTAGE—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland leads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. Special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

IF FIVE YEARS PASS—Lorca's play about love and time and death and other well-known abstractions, while mysterious, turns out to be livelier and much more accessible than you might expect. As staged by Valerie Bettis, it is also quite stylish. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

OH DAD, POOR DAD, MAMMA'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELIN' SO SAD—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Special matinée Memorial Day at 2.)

PLAYS FOR BLEECKER STREET—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays through Thursdays, except Memorial Day, at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

ROSMERSHOLM—David Ross's distinguished production of Ibsen's poetic and surprisingly lively tragedy. Nancy Wickwire is very good as Rebecca West, the lady from the North who isn't quite so emancipated as she makes out. Donald Woods, Patrick Waddington, and Bramwell Fletcher play Rosmer, Kroll, and Brendel, respectively, and play them well. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—A revival of the locally obsolete entertainment, starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes just dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8 and 11:25. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

NOTE—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays, except May 29, through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Tuesday, May 29, at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays and Memorial Day at 3 and 8:30.

MISCELLANY

PHYLLIS DILLER—Comedienne, in a solo program of bitter-end monologues. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Friday, May 25, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

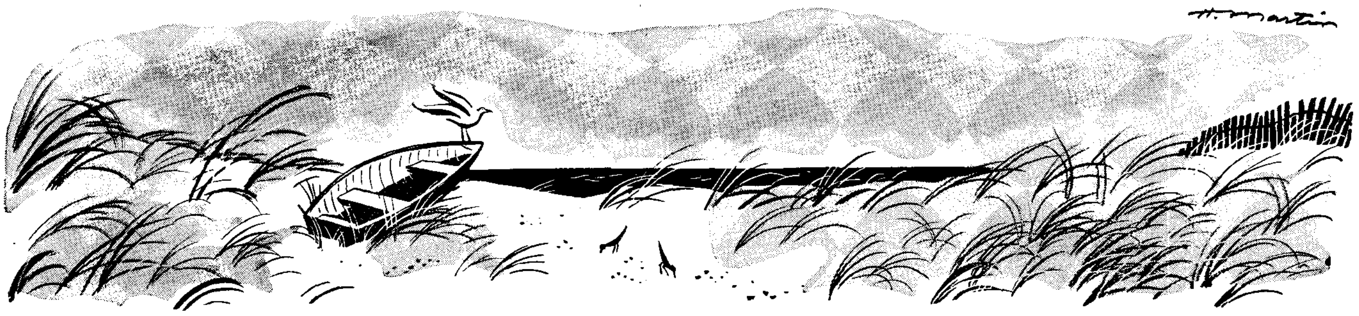
EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A contemporary dramatization of "Vanity Fair." Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra are on the dead run all the night. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has just now thrown the book of its revue out the door (it hasn't any windows) but retained the useful principals—Patricia Bright and her parodies (Siobhan McKenna, for a noble novelty), along with Harrison and Fisher and their disrespectful paraphrase of all ballroom dance teams. To this improvement is added the dance music of Stanley Melba's orchestra and Phil Wayne's trio. The floor show occurs at dinner and supper during the week, and only at dinner on Sundays. Mondays are nights off for all hands and all feet. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's minuscule group of musicians extends invitations to the dance all week long. An able substitute fills in on Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, there are the songs of Eartha Kitt, a creature of many moods (from wistful waif to millionaire's moll), and she deserves to be humored in every one of them. Emil Coleman's big dance band, which can lay great emphasis, and Mark Monte's set of eager beavers look after the customers' maneuvers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Love-letter piano, by Kurt Maier, is performed every afternoon but Monday in the Palm Court from four to six-thirty and again in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. . . . ¶ The pomp-and-circumstance Rendez-Vous is a playground for the small dance bands of Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jerry Wald's orthodox orchestra is poised on the brink of one of the largest breathing spaces left in town—the dance floor of the Grill. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Health, wealth, and happiness (or maybe it's *wealth*, health, and happiness) are the basis



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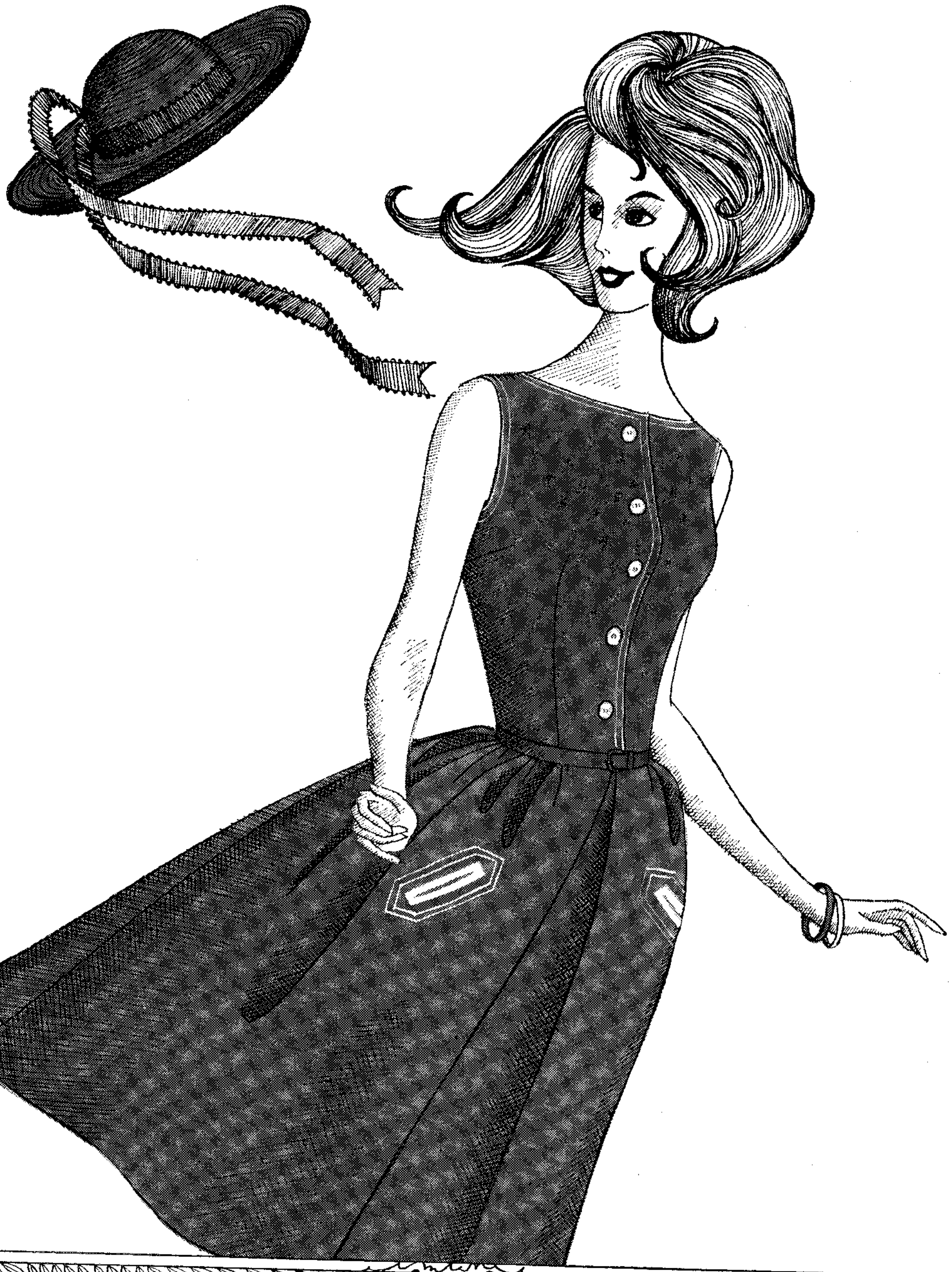
THE SHIRT TASTE SINCE 1912



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of the impeccable Maisonette, whose stately walls ring to the whirligig breathings of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and another small assemblage of musicians. Twice during the evening there's a recital by Patachou, whose English gets better and whose French gets livelier year by year, and whose songs get farther and farther from the I-love-Paris syndrome. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the minute and adjoining La Boite, where dinner for two can seem like a state banquet, a piano and violin indulge in a number of fancy arias and graces right through suppertime. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The moon shines bright on the old and feudal castle called the Columns, where a trio lilts for the diners (no dancing) from six to nine-thirty. No activity of any kind on Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley's piano parses the phrases of our favorite ballads in a grammar that is pleasurably his own. He's around from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tomorrow-we-fly set, which is definitely not open stock, infiltrates the Embassy Club (where, from eight-thirty to two, Lazaro Quintero's orchestra speaks with a Latin accent and Roger Steele's orchestra sounds just plain *norteamericano*), and the Knight Box (where Jani Sarkozi's violin begins a vigil at eight). Both arenas are closed on Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The carefreely amusing Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy bring their series of practical jokes—on themselves as well as on the audience—to a jovial end on Saturday, May 26, the night their *mise en scène*, the Empire Room, winds up its season. Milt Shaw's and Emery Deutsch's orchestras do the dance tunes. . . . ¶ Joan Bishop, modest violet, toys with Peacock Alley's piano between five and twelve-thirty every night but Sunday.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs, and the rest of us sit shoulder to shoulder at bar and table. Budd Gregg plays piano after eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): This, the third of Mr. Hawkins' playgrounds for children, is providing its guests with the same fare as before: the romantic piano of Bob Printz from five-thirty to eight, the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from Mr. S. and Mr. H. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday handyman. . . . **IN BOCOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini, Leoncavallo, and the rest of their mob dined here and wrote down tunes on the table cloth, which is now ensconced on the music rack. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. The resolute little opera company goes through hell and high water, Italian sector, every night, and Mr. B.'s dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A lot of water has flowed under the play drawbridge of this toyland since Norbert Faconi began circumnavigating the dining-room tables with his Casanova violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the Château Henri IV (q.v. *supra*) and, like it, decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, a violinist and a pianist are steadily on the go. No music Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A hunting lodge in the Austrian Tyrol, staffed all evening by a chef who believes that calories are the way to a man's heart, by (from six to ten) a zither man who loves to pull strings, and (after ten) by Greta Keller, whose songs and manner are both *echt Wien*. Saturday, May 26, is Miss Keller's last night. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The point of view can be summed up like this: Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Rome. Through the plaza wanders a stream of earnest violinists, trailed (at a respectful distance) by two accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The speeches are made by Dick Gautier, who represents the triumph of madness over materialism; the songs are sung by Barbra Streisand, who begins her nights in "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" and ends them with a wild rush of ballad here; the music comes from Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, who ask and give no quarter. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Midsummer nights in a long-lost but awfully happy Budapest, where silence is a vacuum abhorred not only by the singers but by the massed voicings of fiddles and zimbalons. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A seat of the mighty, and suitably upholstered. The Cinzano-with-lemon-peel is interlaced, between eight-thirty and maybe two, by George Feyer's pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Somewhere within a thicket of Moorish arches and columns is a piano that's casually stroked by Conrad Monjoy. Eddie Lane's trio, which plays for dancing from ten until one on Friday and Saturday, calls it quits on Saturday, May 26. Silence on Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter-deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The "Tiber Rag" is what you'll hear from the musicians who course through these premises. They operate from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The vast acreage embraced by the Casino-on-the-Park offers, between cocktails and supper, Steven Weltner's piano, a judicious mixture of sentiment and science. His night off is Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hardcore but soft-

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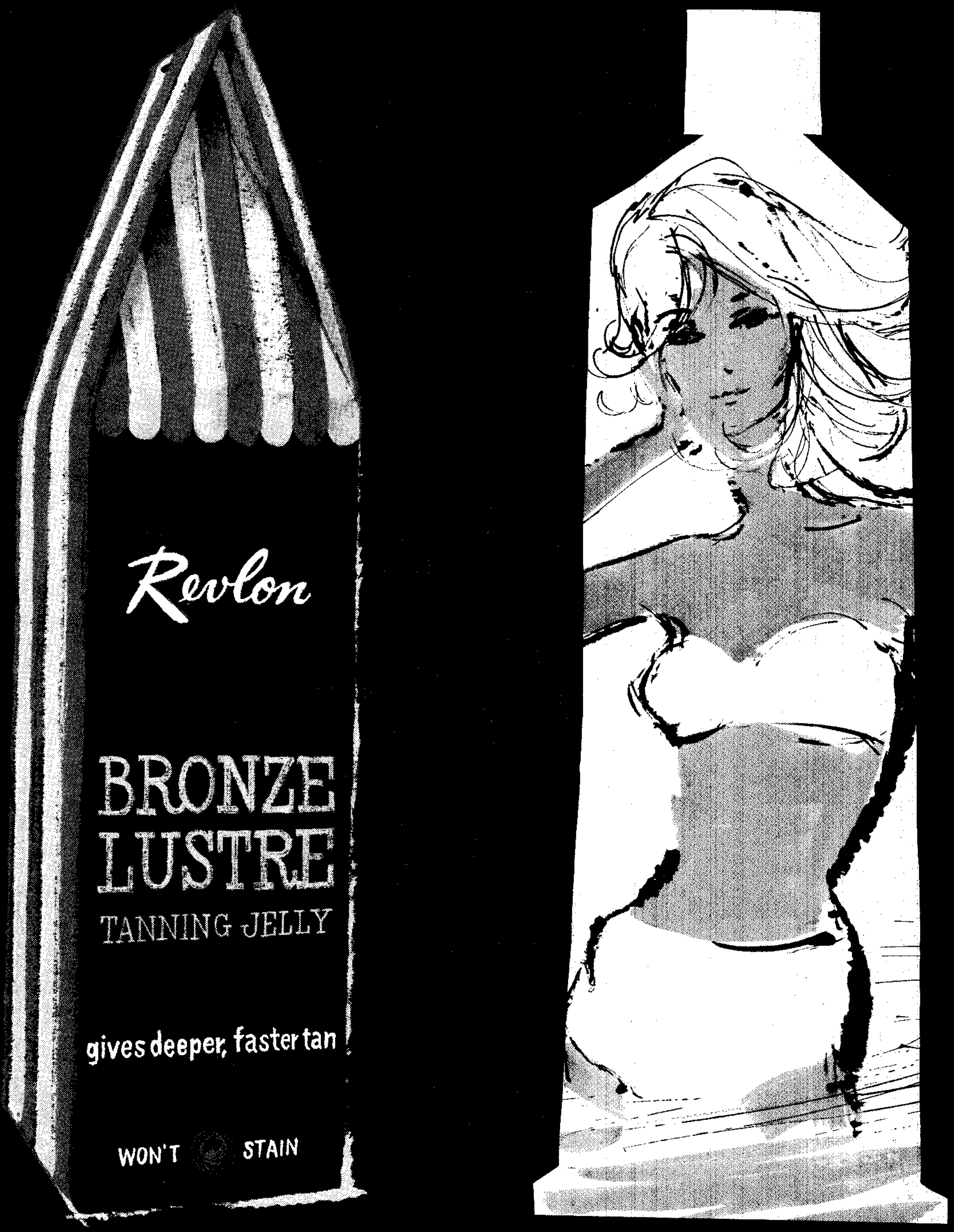
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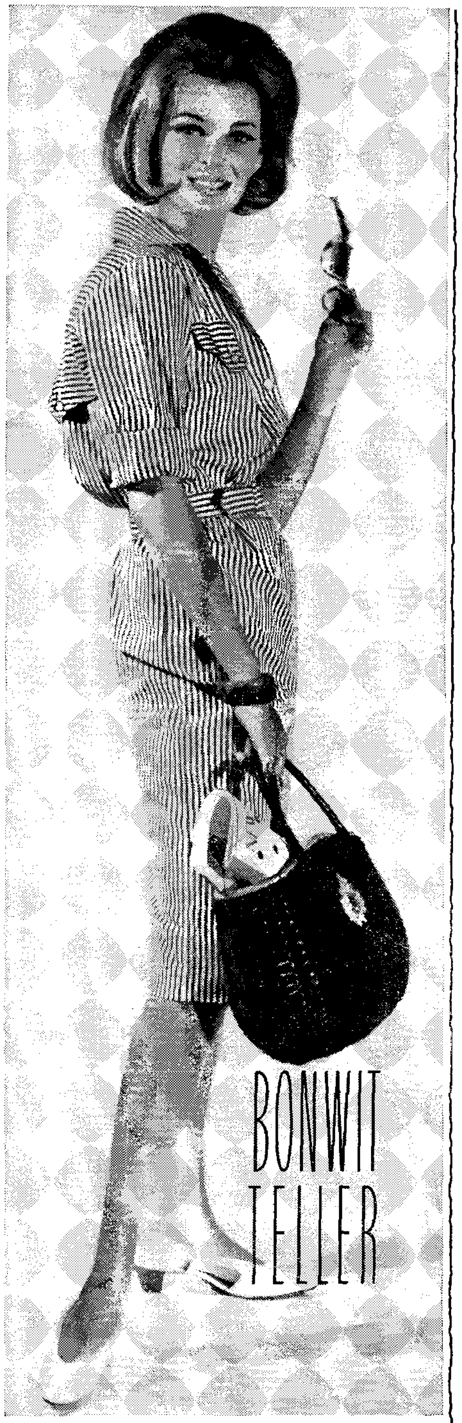

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays.... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): No Spanish moss grows under the feet of the Andalusian singers and dancers who find their way to the tiny stage now and then. Between their eruptions, a piano muses in a corner. Thursdays, there's dancing, too, and Sunday afternoons there's tea dancing from two to seven.... **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Fasts can be broken here in elaborate surroundings from six in the evening until one, and often to the tune of Marty Berns' warmhearted piano. No music Sundays.... **LA CHANSONETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A very small package, and a new one, whose purpose is to nourish the inner customer while piano and guitar whisper at one another. Once in a while, Rita Dimitri, who gave up musical comedy to become a homebody, runs a duster casually across a stack of songs. Closed Mondays.... **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Décor of the even-in-your-wildest-dreams kind is the major amusement of this cubbyhole bar, though there's also piano of sorts from nine-thirty to one every evening but Monday.... **CAFÉ DE LA PAIX**, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): Jimmy Lyons, whose weekday piano brightens this corner of the St. Moritz more or less from dinner through supper, signs off with a three-to-eight session on Sunday, May 27.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): *La dolce vita* in a climate so salubrious that the young ladies can go about in whatever they happen to have, or not have, on. Some of them—the Wallenda aerial ballerinas—float in midair; the rest are all down-to-earth. This approximation of Polynesia is also peopled by the custom-built Marie McDonald, all gussied up in ballads; the customary first-rate tumbling act, the Tonelys; and the battery of Pepper Davis and Tony Reese, who'd be even funnier if they'd rinse the bluing out of their conversation. Dancing. ... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Louis Prima's band is the principal contributor to the assault and battery that go on here at the moment. They move out on Saturday, May 26; on Monday, May 28, Mort Sahl resumes his out-loud readings from the newspapers of the world, mostly between the lines. Among his companions will be George Shearing's quintet (contemporary music frappé) and Nancy Wilson (songs). Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

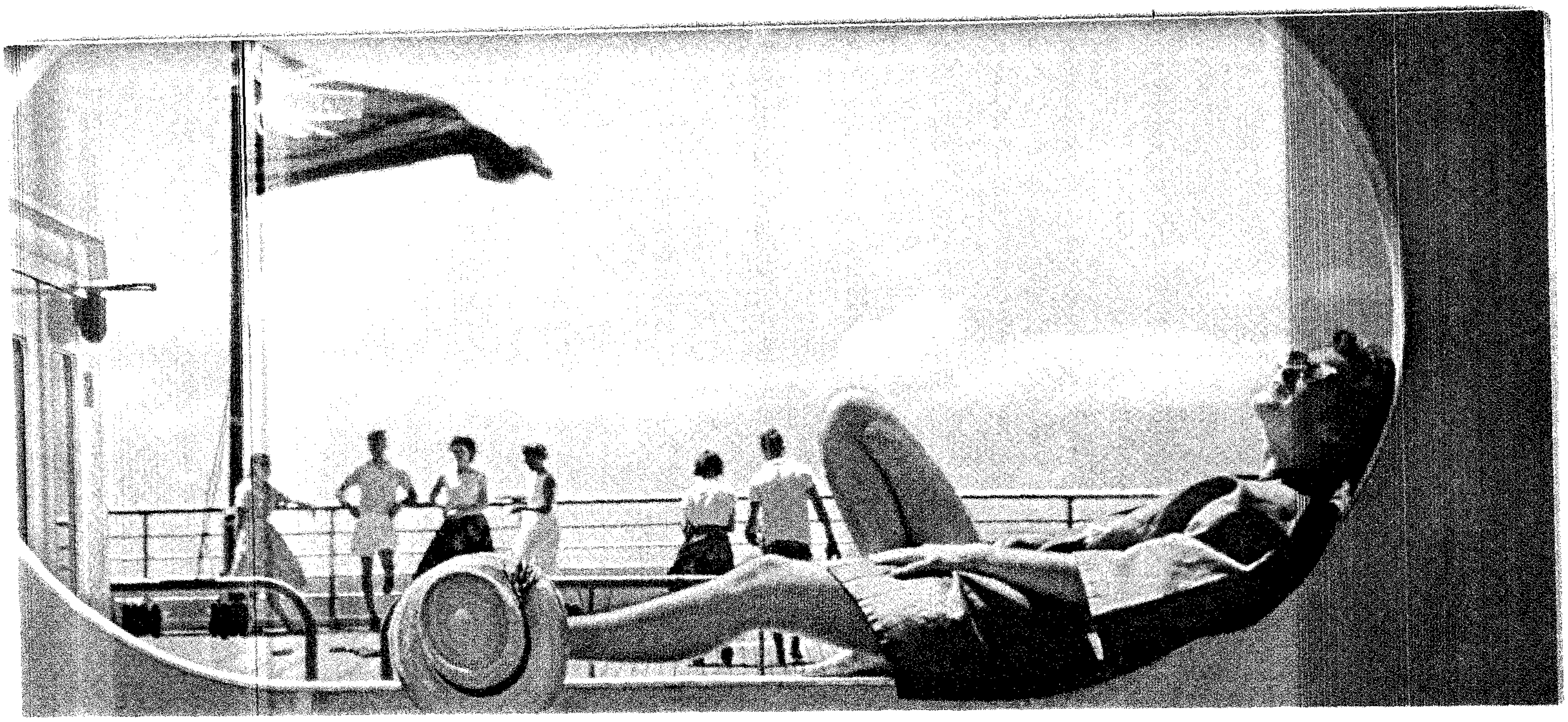
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dave Astor, of the give-and-take, shoot-from-the-hip delegation, is one of our best Broadway wise guys; the Smothers Brothers are among the best of our tongue-in-cheek journeyers along our folkways; the Clara Ward Singers are possibly our foremost hop-skip-and-jump-tune gospel musicians. Otis Clements runs a well-stocked piano in between. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After ten, the lounge is devoted to the we're-all-friends-here soirées of Bobby Short, whose ballads and piano are full of abiding joy and abiding jollity until dawn's early light. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are the ardent participants in his trio. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's newest report to the nation, the revue known as "Seven Come Eleven," covers a multitude of sins, human and inhuman, in the course of an extremely sly ninety-minute catechism. The leading narrators are Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, both of them sharp as needles; their brisk aides are Rex Robbins, William Bogert, Donna Sanders, and Steve Roland. It goes on at nine-fifteen and midnight. Carl Norman and Sam Pottle are the life-giving piano accompaniment. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): A smaller Monk revue that happens twice a night, too, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays. The central heating is the work of a girl gazelle named Freddie Weber; the fantasy is the work of a new dryad named Carol Morley. The efficient male hustle-and-bustle comes from Jim Sheridan and Dick Riddle. Double piano is set forth by Robert Colston and Robert Milrad betweentimes, and this music begins around nine. Closed Sundays.... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Nightingales singing in Berkeley Square—amiably, archly, and Victorianly. A perfect master of ceremonies, Fred Stone, is supported by a music-hall cast, all from London's Players Theatre, in which Sheila Bernette and Archie Harradine are exceptional. There are performances Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five; and Sundays at seven-thirty. In the bar, there is piano from seven until nine and from ten-thirty until blackout time. Closed Mondays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Angel Mancheno, a proud little lighter-than-air missile, is the premier danseur of the crack regiment of Latins now in residence, and with good reason. The dancing of the customers, which is practically compulsory when Pupi Campo's band reallys warms up, is an extra dividend. The Sunday *thés dansants* defy both description and the law of gravity.... ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a most matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Carmen Amaya and her natives—all of them Spanish and flamenco—are being restless again on an enormous stage in an enormous cavern. Fridays through Sundays, haughty little Nina Simone and her quartet will also be there. Mondays, when all others take their ease, are assigned to passing-through jazz groups.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): An old Condon alumnus, Tony Parenti, is running a quintet. Sammy Price, who's on piano, is another Condon graduate. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Whiskeyhill Singers are led by Dave Guard, once of the Kingston Trio, which should give an idea of what to expect; the instrumentation derives from the quartet of Stan Getz, in whose horn there's more than a hint of reverie. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison's horn, a magnificent ordeal by fire, rouses his band (Vic Dickenson, Dick Wellstood, and Buster Bailey are three of its reliables) to the defense of music as it was in the beginning. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, an exponent of everything-in-moderation, is filing her term paper on progress with the assistance of a trio that includes Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker. Howard Reynolds, the intermission pianist, never spoils the prevailing mood. No sound on Mondays.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Overt is the word for the action on this beachhead on the Barbary Coast, where Cozy Cole's foursome and Sol Yaged's new incarnation, the Dixie-Mets, work nights. The Dukes of Dixieland will augment the melee as of Friday, May 25. Guests work this street on Sundays.... ¶ Friday and Saturday nights, there's Twist music, and the tribal rites that go with it, upstairs in the haymow.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The assertive voice of Joe Williams, crying havoc through the night, has the backing of Harry Edison's quintet. The Al Grey-Billy Mitchell sextet is doing its constitutionals here, too. Their commencement exercises occur on Wednesday, May 30; next evening's arrivals are the quintet of John Coltrane, whose horn sheds scales by the dozen, and Kai Winding's over-the-hills-and-far-away septet. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Chico Hamilton's quintet has taken possession of these modest digs in a manner indicating that it's prepared to lay down nine-tenths of the



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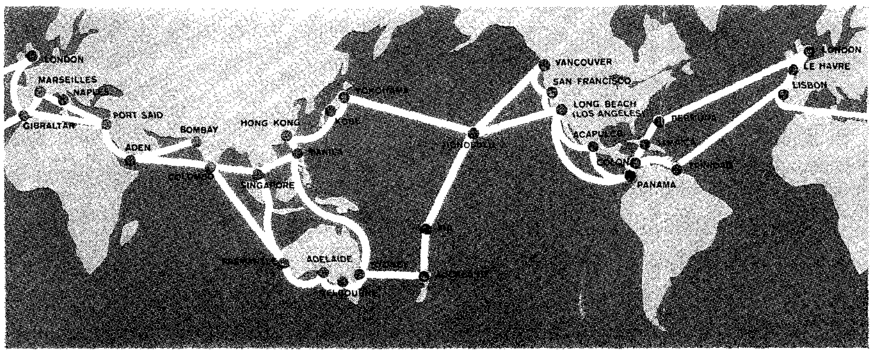

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law. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): The Jazztet, the valiant effort of Art Farmer and Benny Golson to maintain a vehement but cheerful outlook on modern times, is in residence, along with Roland Kirk's quartet. There are, for those behind in their nightwork, extra sessions Sundays from four to seven. Mondays are for visiting musicians. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A return to the faith of our forefathers gets under way every weekend. On Friday and Saturday, May 25-26, the recessional should be led by Buck Clayton, Edmond Hall, Tyree Glenn, Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Garvin Bushell, Cutty Cutshall, Red Richards, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A small, folksy gin mill on the Floss, where Never-Never Land music issues from Randy Weston's quartet (off Tuesdays) and Dave Pike's trio (off Mondays). . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention-hall state of affairs. Harold Quinn's trio and Charlie Shavers' quartet are on the stand now, but on Monday, May 28, the little Shavers will be succeeded by the quartet of the very British Peter Appleyard, whose music sounds like Temple Bar bells. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): From eight until two every night but Sunday, Herman Chittison plies his calm, steady piano in a twentieth-century sort of Gay Nineties bar. . . . **FOLK CITY,** 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): Fisherman's luck is not constantly perfect here, but there's always the chance of catching Anita and Jacques, a multilingual pair tending toward flamenco. The Anita is Anita Sheer, guitarist of high rank. Their holidays are Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St. (GR 3-9533): If a straight espresso-and-folk diet is compulsory, this will do. It offers the Grandison Singers, an uproar whose effects are often studied, and Mike Settle (whose day off is Tuesday), a young kind of Edwardian Oklahoman who sings with honesty, clarity, and what can be described only as charm. The Grandisons bow out on Monday, May 28, but others will take their place.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Peter Agostini—Sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, June 2. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rose Alber—Semi-realistic landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, June 2. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Leonard Baskin—Sculptures, bronze bas-reliefs, and drawings; through Friday, June 1. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Margit Beck—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Friday, June 8. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Larry Bigelow—Water-color landscapes; through Saturday, May 26. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Julius Bissier and Roger Bissière—Abstract paintings by two contemporary artists, the first a German and the second French; through Friday, May 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Thursday evening until 10.)

José de Creeft—Figurative drawings and sculptures (wood and stone); through Saturday, May 26. (Alexander, 36 E. 61st St.)

Marina Nuñez del Prado—Sculptures, in basalt, onyx, and wood, by a Bolivian artist; through Friday, May 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Thursday evening until 10.)

André Derain—Drawings from the collection of Mme. Derain; through Saturday, May 26. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1864-1941)—Oils and water colors; through June 9. (Lewison, 50

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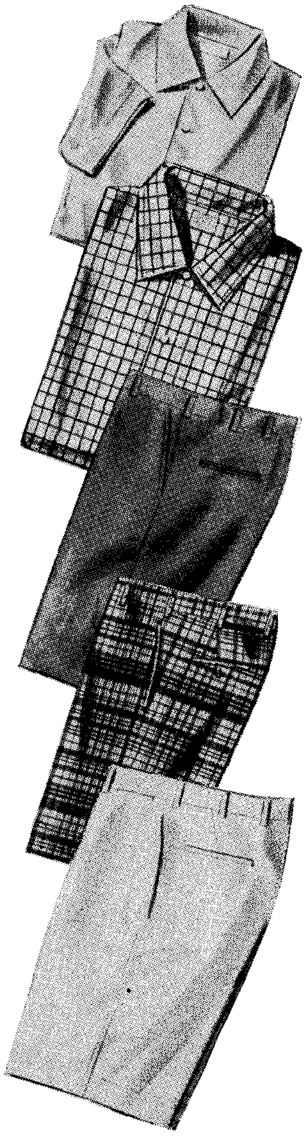

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E. 76th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Paul Feeley—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, June 2. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Oronzo Gasparo—Oils, water colors, and drawings (1918 to the present) by an Italian-born American painter; through Tuesday, May 29. (Tutti, 45 Canal St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

John Grillo—Abstractions; through Saturday, May 26. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Henri (1865-1929)—Drawings, water colors, and small oils; through Saturday, June 2. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Memorial Day.)

John Hultberg—Landscapes and cityscapes with figures, in gouache; through Saturday, May 26. (Anderson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Chet La More—Semi-abstract welded bronzes of animals and figures; through Saturday, May 26. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

René Magritte—Oils, gouaches, and collages (1960-62) by the Belgian Surrealist; through Saturday, May 26. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Marisol—Wooden figurative sculptures; through Saturday, May 26. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Richard Mayhew—Landscapes and figure paintings; through June 8. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Mario Micossi—Temperas and scratchboard drawings; through Thursday, May 31. (Studio Gallery Workshop, 1417 Lexington Ave., at 93rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 7; Saturdays, 2 to 6. Closed Memorial Day.)

Philip Pearlstein—Drawings; through June 9. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Rudolf Ray—Abstractions; through June 16. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings and Memorial Day.)

Noel Rockmore—Figures and other subjects, treated somewhat abstractly; through June 4. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

Manmohan Samant—Abstract canvases by a young Indian; through Friday, May 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Thursday evening until 10.)

William Sebring and James Mellon—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 26. (Terrain, 20 W. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 6; Thursday evenings, 8 to 11.)

George Segal—Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, June 2. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Everett Shinn (1876-1953)—Theatres and other metropolitan scenes, mostly in Paris and New York (pastels, water colors, and drawings), 1900-40; through June 9. (Black, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Jack Squier—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, May 26. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Toshio Suga—Paintings; through Saturday, May 26. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Paintings by this Mexican artist; through June 9. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

William Thon—A new set of Italian and Maine landscapes; through Saturday, June 2. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Nat Werner—Abstract welded sculptures; through Saturday, June 2. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Benjamin West (1738-1820)—Historical paintings, landscapes, and portraits; through June 30. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Stravinsky and the Dance—A loan exhibition in honor of Igor Stravinsky's eightieth birthday, comprising nearly two hundred paintings and drawings of stage and costume designs for such ballets as "Firebird" and "Petrouchka," as well as numerous portraits, by Berman, Cocteau, Tchelitchew, and others. For the benefit of the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library. Through Saturday, June 2. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Closed Memorial Day.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Stravinsky showing at the New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.

National Association of Women Artists—The 1962 Annual Exhibition, comprising oils, water colors, sculptures, and graphics; through Sunday, May 27. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Sculptures—Bronzes by seven living Italians: Agenore Fabbri, Pericle Fazzini, Emilio Greco, Giacomo Manzù, Marino Marini, Luciano Minguzzi, and Mirko; through June 3. (Time & Life Building Exhibit Center, Rockefeller Center. Open until 7 on Saturdays and Sundays.)

Drawings and Prints—At the **bayer**, 51 E. 80th St.: Old-master engravings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by Mantegna, Rembrandt, Cranach, and others; through June 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **dintenfass**, 18 E. 67th St.: "American Prints, 1775-1962," made up of works by about a hundred and fifty artists, including Winslow Homer, John Sloan, and Reginald Marsh; through June 16. (Closed Memorial Day.)... **the drawing shop**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: "The Non-Dissenters, David through Puvis de Chavannes," a showing of nineteenth-century French drawings; through June 29. (Open Thursday evenings until 10.)... **este**, 965-A Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "The Eighth Annual Exhibition of Master Drawings from Five Centuries." Among the European and American artists are Tiepolo, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Frederic Taubes. Through June 30.... **slatkin**, 115 E. 92nd St.: Nineteenth-century French drawings, by Renoir, Degas, and Gauguin, for instance; through Saturday, June 2. (Closed Memorial Day.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **brandt**, 11 E. 57th St.: "Young Artists of Promise," a show consisting of thirty-two works (ranging in style from realism to abstraction) by as many painters, primarily American. Stephen Kuzma, Kendall Shaw, and Francis Jennings are three of them. Through Thursday, May 31. (Closed Memorial Day.) ... **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: The figure is the theme of the spring group show and the painters and sculptors include Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and William Zorach; through June 15. (Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)... **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Three painters—Joseph Hirsch, Sarai Sherman, and Joyce Treiman; through June 9.... **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: A painting apiece by William Baziotes, Philip Guston, Jackson Pollock, and seven others; through Saturday, June 2. (Closed Memorial Day.)... **kornblee**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Landscapes by Milton Avery, Jane Freilicher, Reuben Tam, and others; through Friday, June 1. (Closed Mondays.)... **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Contemporary oils and water colors by Aaron Bohrod, Stephen Etnier, and Luigi Lucioni, to mention a few; through June 29. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)... **bertha schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings by, among others, Julio Girona and Charles Shaw, plus sculptures by Wolfgang Behl; through June 8. (Closed Memorial Day.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **auslander**, 50 E. 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by Jean Metzinger, Yves Tanguy, Matta, Antonio Music, and Larry Rivers; through Saturday, June 2.... **kootz**, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: Picasso, James Brooks, Pierre Soulages, and Phillip Pavia are four of the artists represented in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Saturday, May 26.... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Modern masters (painters and sculptors), including Calder, Rouault, and Utrillo; through June 15. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Afro, Bernard Perlin, Leonardo Cremonini, and other painters and sculptors; through June 29. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Europeans; Group Show—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such Paris artists as Dufour, Lanskoy, and da Silva; through June 15. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from 2 until dark, starting Friday, May 25, *and continuing through Sunday, June 17.*

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—English drawings and water colors lent from British collections. 1750 to 1850 is the period covered, and three of the artists are Constable, Turner, and Cozens. Through June 3. . . . ¶ The Museum's collection of Greek and South Italian painted vases (dating from the eighth to the fourth century B.C.) may now be seen in a new chronological arrangement in four consecutive galleries. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Picasso survey, spanning six decades, in honor of his eightieth birthday. Included are paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the Museum's collection, together with a dozen canvases promised as future gifts. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Recent Painting U.S.A.: The Figure," composed of seventy-four pictures (by the same number of artists, among them Elmer Bischoff, Nathan Oliveira, and René Bouché) selected from ten thousand that were submitted for the show; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Picasso, Boccioni, Miró, and Tinguely are several of the artists in an exhibit of fifty drawings; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ In the Museum's sculpture garden, a tent houses "Design for Sport," a showing of more than a hundred examples of sporting equipment (boats, a glider, a racing car, a sulky, a bobsled, fencing and diving masks, kites, skis, and whatnot) gathered from seventeen countries; through July 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Thirteenth National Print Exhibition, consisting of pieces by about a hundred and twenty-five artists from every section of the country; through June 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods of Asia," an exhibit of sculptures and paintings from India, Japan, and China, assembled from American sources and having to do with the gods and goddesses whose legends inspired the artists of ancient Asia; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"French Masters of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries," a loan show of paintings and drawings by artists ranging from Théodore Géricault (who died in 1824) to Picasso and Braque; through June 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings (mostly abstract) and drawings done since 1941 by Philip Guston, a leader of the New York School; through July 1. . . . ¶ Nineteenth-century drawings, by Goya, van Gogh, Delacroix, Homer, and other Europeans and Americans, borrowed from museums and private collections; through July 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Manuscripts, Letters, and Books of Henry David Thoreau," an exhibition commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his death; through Friday, June 1. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave., at 104th St.—"Punch's Progress—Heroes of the Puppet Stage," a showing of more than a hundred and fifty marionettes and puppets of every description, from an eighteenth-century Punchinello to the puppet stars of the current musical "Carnival." (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Young Americans 1962," an exhibit of ceramics, jewelry, textiles, wood, glass, enamels, and plastics by artist-craftsmen under thirty; starting Friday, May 25. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," including an

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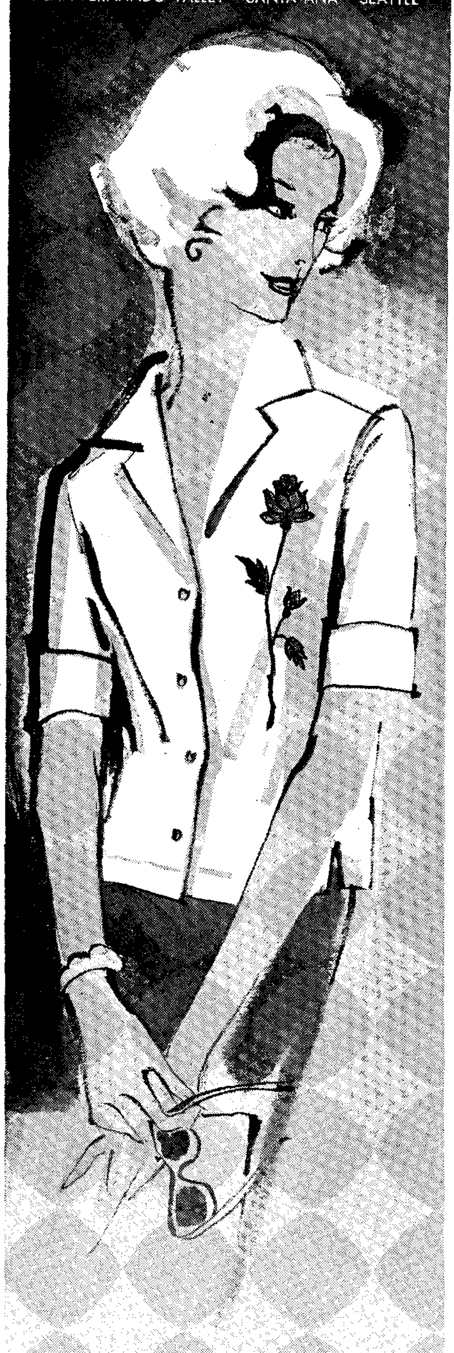

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

elaborate shell ornament (Solomon Islands), a canoe prow (New Ireland), a sculptured figure of a goddess (Hawaii), and other items created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Nov. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave., at 42nd St.—A display, chosen from the Library's Dance Collection, that supplements the "Stravinsky and the Dance" exhibition at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through June 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The sixth annual of the Society of American Painters and Sculptors, with works by, among others, Robert Wiegand, Helen Gerardia, and Judith Brown; through Sunday, May 27. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by John Marin, Alexander Calder, Balcomb Greene, and others are being shown in a dual offering—"The First Five Years of Gifts by the Friends of the Whitney Museum" and "Recent Acquisitions by the Museum;" through June 17. . . . ¶ A one-quarter-scale model for a children's sculpture playground called "Sculpture Continuum: Playground Group," made up of abstract forms in wood designed by Oliver O'Connor Barrett; through June 24. (Daily, except Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460.)

Benefit Concerts—At Carnegie Hall—Oscar Brown, Jr., food-for-thought composer and singer; Martha Schlamme, folk singer; and the New World Singers. A benefit for the Church of the Master. (Sunday, May 27, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Rosina Lhevinne, piano; Adele Addison, soprano; Michael Rabin, violin; and the Juilliard String Quartet. A benefit for Project Hope. (Tuesday, May 29, at 8:15.) . . . ¶ Fela Sowande conducting an orchestra composed of eighty-five members of the New York Philharmonic, with Robert Henson, tenor, and the Howard Roberts Ensemble. A benefit for the African Cultural Center. (Friday, June 1, at 8:30.)

Naumburg Symphony Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Albert Da Costa, tenor. (Central Park Mall. Wednesday, May 30, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Kansas City, Thursday, May 24, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, May 25, at 8; Saturday, May 26, at 2; and Sunday, May 27, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . POLO GROUNDS: Mets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, May 30, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Thursday, May 31, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, June 1, at 8, and Saturday, June 2, at 1 (doubleheader).

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, May 26: Denny Moyer vs. Ted Wright, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 2: Jorge Fernandez vs. Charley Scott, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Horse Show—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, May 26, and Monday through Saturday, May 28-June 2.)

Hunt Racing—Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. For the benefit of the Boys' Club of New York. (Purchase. Saturday, May 26.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, May 31. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 26; the Juvenile, Monday, May 28; and the Metropolitan Handicap, Wednesday, May 30. . . . BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, June 1, through Saturday, June 30. The Mother Goose, Saturday, June 2. (Frequent trains

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will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, May 30. Post time will be 2 on Memorial Day. The Jersey Derby, Wednesday, May 30. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Friday, June 1, through Saturday, Aug. 4. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:48.)

SOCCER—International Soccer League—Sunday, May 27: Palermo vs. Guadalajara and Hajduk vs. Reutlingen.... ¶ Wednesday, May 30: Reutlingen vs. Guadalajara and Dundee vs. Hajduk. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Games begin at 2.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Saturday, June 2, at 2:30, and Sunday, June 3, at 2.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:20; through Tuesday, July 31.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3.)

FOR CHILDREN

PLAY—Cavkap Productions presenting "The Prince and the Pauper." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)

PUPPET SHOW—Tom Tichenor and His Puppet People presenting "The Bremen Town Musicians." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturday, May 26, at 11 and 12:30, and Sunday, May 27, at 12:30 and 2.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK**: Nature, represented by affable sheep, monkeys, mice, raccoons, and so on, and Art, represented by a Gingerbread House, Noah's Ark, a storybook castle, and so on, are about on equal terms in this annex to the adult Zoo. (Daily 10 to 5. Except on Mondays, adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)... ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO**: In this enclave for the little ones, they will encounter a couple of dozen tame or domesticated animals, including a baby llama, an owl, some talking crows, and a newborn kid. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Space Age Astronomy." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Memorial Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.) ... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene on Thursday, May 31. In the meantime, there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Memorial Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Thursday and Friday, May 24-25, at 1:45: Garden and terrace furniture and sculptures, belonging to Baron Eugene de Rothschild and others.

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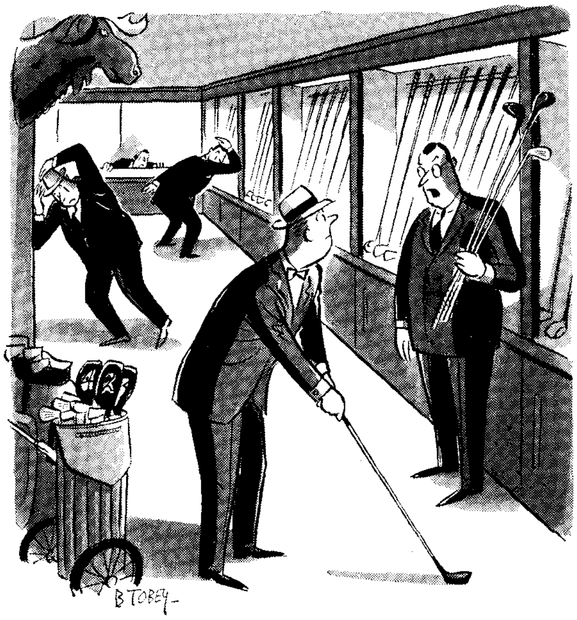

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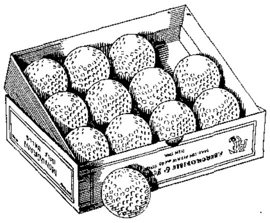

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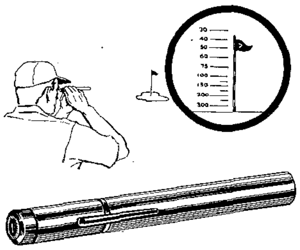

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All Fall Down—In a pleasant, old-fashioned side street, a family slowly, dreadfully comes apart. A poignant, occasionally funny picture, and the director, John Frankenheimer, has drawn extraordinary performances from Angela Lansbury, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, Brandon deWilde, and—most of the way—Warren Beatty. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through May 29.... ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; May 27-29.)

La Belle Américaine—All heaven breaks loose when a poor young couple in Paris contrive to purchase an enormous American automobile. Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and innumerable colleagues, human and canine, keep this comedy rolling at ninety miles an hour for a hundred minutes. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting May 30, tentative.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's—A rich, richly colored, hollow, and now and then extremely comic picture, derived from, but not in the least resembling, the famous Capote *novella*. Audrey Hepburn is lovely and George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Buddy Ebsen, and Martin Balsam are some of the people she quaintly flutters among. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 29, tentative.)

La Dolce Vita—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is outstanding, and his picture, which runs for about three hours, is beautiful and exciting from start almost to finish. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 29.)

The Green Mare—Love among the peasants in a French film that is coarse and comical. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through May 29, tentative.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—Stanley Kramer has produced and directed a slam-bang inquiry into the meaning of justice, as practiced directly by Nazis judging Jews and Americans judging Nazis, and indirectly by young post-Nazi Germans judging their American conquerors. Spellbinding, and with crafty performances by Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Jules and Jim—A funny-sad and sometimes hair-raising French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. Marvellously directed by François Truffaut, and starring Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Last Year at Marienbad—Alain Resnais, who made "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," is apparently trying to find out how far you can go with a camera in depicting states of mind, and the evidence of this exquisite film is that you can go pretty far. Delphine Seyrig is the lovely heroine, and the man who either is or is not her lover is played by Giorgio Albertazzi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—The scandalous eighteenth-century best-seller by de Laclos has been brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe play the corrupt couple bent on destroying innocence in others. A highly moral comedy. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Lover Come Back—A very funny comedy about the deplorable behavior of account executives on Madison Avenue and the unsteady course of their untrue loves. It stars Rock Hudson, Doris Day, and several other attractive people. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; May 24.)

The Mark—An unsparing account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Hard as it may be to believe, the picture is heartening as well as grim, due in part to superior performances by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 29, tentative.... ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through May 30, tentative.... ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 29, evening performances only.)

Murder She Said—Homicide is practically a parlor game in the Agatha Christie country, where this perfectly splendid comedy is laid. Margaret Rutherford makes an incomparable sleuth, golfer, and housemaid. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 30, tentative.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney in eruption is a natural wonder well worth travelling miles to see. The unlikely setting for this successful farce is Berlin, and among Mr. Cagney's fellow-*farceurs* are Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, and Lilo Pulver. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 30.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 30, tentative.)

Only Two Can Play—Peter Sellers is a very merry fellow, and he makes this English import seem a good deal livelier than it really is. But then the setting is Wales and the problem is sex, and Welsh sex may be more hilarious than other kinds. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A Taste of Honey—The rites of passage of an ugly, lonely girl in the slums of Manchester. It may seem strange to say so, but this is extremely funny as well as touching, thanks in large part to superb direction by Tony Richardson. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Through a Glass Darkly—Tolstoy's celebrated dictum about unhappy families is spelled out in bleak beauty by Ingmar Bergman, who wrote and directed the picture, and Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård, who enact it. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

A View from the Bridge—The poor can be as wretched as the rich, especially where sex is concerned, and in this very satisfactory adaptation of the Arthur Miller play the suffering is something to behold. With Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Carol Lawrence, Jean Sorel, and Raymond Pellegrin. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 29, tentative.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Aparajito (1959)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting May 29.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; May 24.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; through May 26, evening performances only, except on Saturday.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting May 29.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; May 27-29, evening performances only, except on Sunday.)

Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most tellingly the way a village family lives. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; May 25-28.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A French thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 26.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; through May 26, evening performances only, except on Saturday.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 30, tentative.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through May 28. On Monday, May 28, the last showing will begin at 2:30.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—The André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 25-28, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through May 30, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The last two programs in a series of films directed by William Wyler—Through May 26: "Friendly Persuasion" (1956), with Gary Cooper and Dorothy McGuire.... ¶ May 27-30: "The Big Country" (1958), with Gregory Peck and Jean Simmons. (Showings at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240) "The Miracle Worker," Anne Bancroft, Patty Duke.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060) "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," John Wayne, James Stewart.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) "Suddenly, Last Summer," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431) "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320) Through May 30 (tentative): "The Intruder," William Shatner, Frank Maxwell.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600) "Bon Voyage!," Fred MacMurray, Jane Wyman.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408) **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES.**

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626) **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.**

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400) "Lisa," Stephen Boyd, Dolores Hart.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633) **WEST SIDE STORY.**

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070) "The Horizontal Lieutenant," Jim Hutton, Paula Prentiss.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) May 24: "Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum. From May 25: "The Cabinet of Caligari," Dan O'Herlihy, Glynis Johns.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711) "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) Through May 30 (tentative): **MURDER SHE SAID.**

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.) Through May 26: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival. May 27-29: **THE GAY DIVORCÉE**, revival; and "The Curse of the Cat People," revival, Simone Simon, Kent Smith. From May 30: "Our Man in Havana," revival, Alec Guinness, Burl Ives; and "The Fabulous World of Jules Verne," revival, Louis Tock.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277) Through May 29 (tentative): "Premature Burial," Ray Milland, Hazel Court; and "Journey to the Seventh Planet," John Agar, Greta Thyssen. From May 30 (tentative): "Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith; and "Misty," revival, David Ladd, Arthur O'Connell.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660) Through May 29 (tentative): **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**; and "Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier. From May 30 (tentative): **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French); and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652) "Suddenly, Last Summer," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434) "The Miracle Worker," Anne Bancroft, Patty Duke.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577) Through May 26: "Premature Burial," Ray Milland, Hazel Court; and "Journey to the Seventh Planet," John Agar, Greta Thyssen. May 27-29: **ALL FALL DOWN**; and "A Weekend with Lulu," Bob Monkhouse, Leslie Phillips. From May 30: "Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith; and "Misty," revival, David Ladd, Arthur O'Connell.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030) **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.**

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) "I Like Money," Peter Sellers, Nadia Gray.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) May 24: **LOVER COME BACK.** From May 25: "The Cabinet of Caligari," Dan O'Herlihy, Glynis Johns.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304) "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) May 24: "Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum. From May 25: "Lisa," Stephen Boyd, Dolores Hart.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900) Through May 29: "Premature Burial," Ray Milland, Hazel Court; and "Journey to the Seventh Planet," John Agar, Greta Thyssen. From May 30: "Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith; and "Misty," revival, David Ladd, Arthur O'Connell.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607) Through May 29: **ALL FALL DOWN**; and "A Weekend with Lulu," Bob Monkhouse, Leslie Phillips. From May 30: "Experiment in Terror," Glenn Ford, Lee Remick; and "Belle Sommers," Polly Bergen, David Janssen.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210) May 24: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival. May 25-28: **PATHER PANCHALI** (in Bengali), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival. From May 29: **APARAJITO** (in Bengali), revival; and **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037) Through May 26: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (in Russian), revival. May 27-30: "Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi; and "World in My Pocket," Rod Steiger, Nadja Tiller.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874) Through May 29 (tentative): **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**; and **THE MARK.** From May 30 (tentative): **ONE, TWO, THREE**; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) "Joan of the Angels?" (in Polish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166) Through May 29: **ALL FALL DOWN**; and "A Weekend with Lulu," Bob Monkhouse, Leslie Phillips. From May 30: "Experiment in Terror," Glenn Ford, Lee Remick; and "Belle Sommers," Polly Bergen, David Janssen.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350) Through May 29 (tentative): **THE GREEN MARE** (in French); and "Double Bunk," Ian Carmichael, Janette Scott. From May 30 (tentative): **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) **JULES AND JIM** (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590) Through May 30 (tentative): **THE MARK**; and **TWO WOMEN**, revival.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) Through May 26: "Doctor in Love," Michael Craig, Virginia Maskell. From May 27: "Summerskin" (in Spanish).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454) "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131) **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134) **A TASTE OF HONEY.**

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190) Through May 29: "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine; and "Incident in an Alley," Chris Warfield. From May 30: "Experiment in Terror," Glenn Ford, Lee Remick; and "Belle Sommers," Polly Bergen, David Janssen.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189) Through May 28: **SHADOWS**, revival; and "The Killing," revival, Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray. (On Monday, May 28, the last showing will begin at 2:30.) May 29: "Lady Killer," revival, James Cagney; and "Lawyer Man," revival, William Powell, Joan Blondell. May 30: "Fog Over Frisco," revival, Bette Davis, Margaret Lindsay; and "Hearts Divided," revival, Marion Davies, Dick Powell.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600) Through May 29: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian). From May 30: **ONE, TWO, THREE**; and "The Facts of Life," revival, Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370; evening performances only, except on weekends.) May 24: "St. Matthew Passion," revival, Bach's work, played by the Vienna Philharmonic, sung by the Vienna Choir Boys, and illustrated with paintings by Old Masters; and "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German), revival. May 25-28: **SYMPHONIE PASTORALE** (in French), revival; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom. From May 29: **THE MARK**; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530) Through May 29 (tentative): "Premature Burial," Ray Milland, Hazel Court; and "Journey to the Seventh Planet," John Agar, Greta Thyssen. From May 30 (tentative): "Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith; and "Misty," revival, David Ladd, Arthur O'Connell.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200) Through May 29 (tentative): **THE GREEN MARE** (in French); and "Double Bunk," Ian Carmichael, Janette Scott. From May 30 (tentative): **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French); and another feature, to be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128) May 24: "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine; and "Incident in an Alley," Chris Warfield. May 25-29: "Parrish," revival, Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert; and "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," revival, Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire. From May 30: "Experiment in Terror," Glenn Ford, Lee Remick; and "Belle Sommers," Polly Bergen, David Janssen.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210) Through May 29 (tentative): "Premature Burial," Ray Milland, Hazel Court; and "Journey to the Seventh Planet," John Agar, Greta Thyssen. From May 30: "Moon Pilot," Tom Tryon, Brian Keith; and "Misty," revival, David Ladd, Arthur O'Connell.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 2026.
REMEMBER THIS DATE...IT'S DOOMSDAY

This Doomsday is nothing to scoff at. It is not the work of crackpots. It is a carefully considered estimate published in *Science* magazine by three serious scientists.

These men have been studying the rate at which people have been giving birth to people since 5000 B.C. Then they calculated ahead and concluded that on November 13, 2026 the planet earth will contain 50 billion people (current total: less than three billion). And that, unless our world's production of food is stepped up immeasurably, these people will almost certainly starve.

If our heaping dinner tables make Doomsday seem absurd; if our highly publicized crop surpluses make the Starvation Age seem remote, ponder this:

If those 50 billion future citizens were invited to share our plenty, they could eat their way through America's gigantic stored surpluses *in less than one day.*

That's the population explosion you've heard about.

Cyanamid has heard about it, too. That's one reason why several hundred Cyanamid scientists and technicians are at work in a new Agricultural Research Center—a rolling, 640-acre laboratory-farm near Princeton, New Jersey.

There, they work, read, talk and sometimes stare out at the countryside. They consider, as the autos roll by, that New Jersey now has 800 persons per square mile (and so, incidentally, has Japan). And that in 2026 it will have *10,000* per square mile (and so, incidentally, will Japan). All of which makes them search a little harder for ways to match that population explosion with a food explosion.

These scientists know that agricultural science must hurry. It must replace two ears of corn with four, four chickens with eight, eight hogs with sixteen. Then they must do it again. And again.

The people of Princeton are confident that they can do it. Already they are discovering which nutrients produce the biggest, healthiest livestock. They are growing plants in man-made, man-controlled temperatures ranging from arctic to jungle; in humidities ranging from desert to New York in August.

They're discovering better ways to cope with insects, too. Right now, insects and disease eat or destroy *30%* of all the food we plant. With fifty billion mouths to feed, we really won't be able to afford that kind of free-loading much longer.

Much progress has already been made. Cyanamid's AUREOMYCIN® chlortetracycline has enabled a farmer to bring a plump, tender broiler to market in *6* weeks instead of 12.

And much progress is being made today. A new insecticide called CYGON® dimethoate is stopping our old friend *musca domestica*, the common house fly, in his tracks. Fly-free cows, science knows, will grow fatter and give more milk.

Cyanamid subscribes to the often-ignored axiom: Look after the future in the present. That's one reason for the new multi-million dollar Princeton Agricultural Center.

Another reason is that agricultural research is sound, profitable business. Good ideas that have reached their time usually are.

This is the story of one research effort by one Cyanamid division. Eleven other divisions operate in the United States and eighty-seven foreign countries. Working together they create an atmosphere charged with diversity, alertness, and progress.

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Take easy-chair comfort...
add sports car sizzle...
MERCURY gives you both in the compact Comet S-22, the new standard-size Meteor S-33, and the big Monterey S-55 (shown here).
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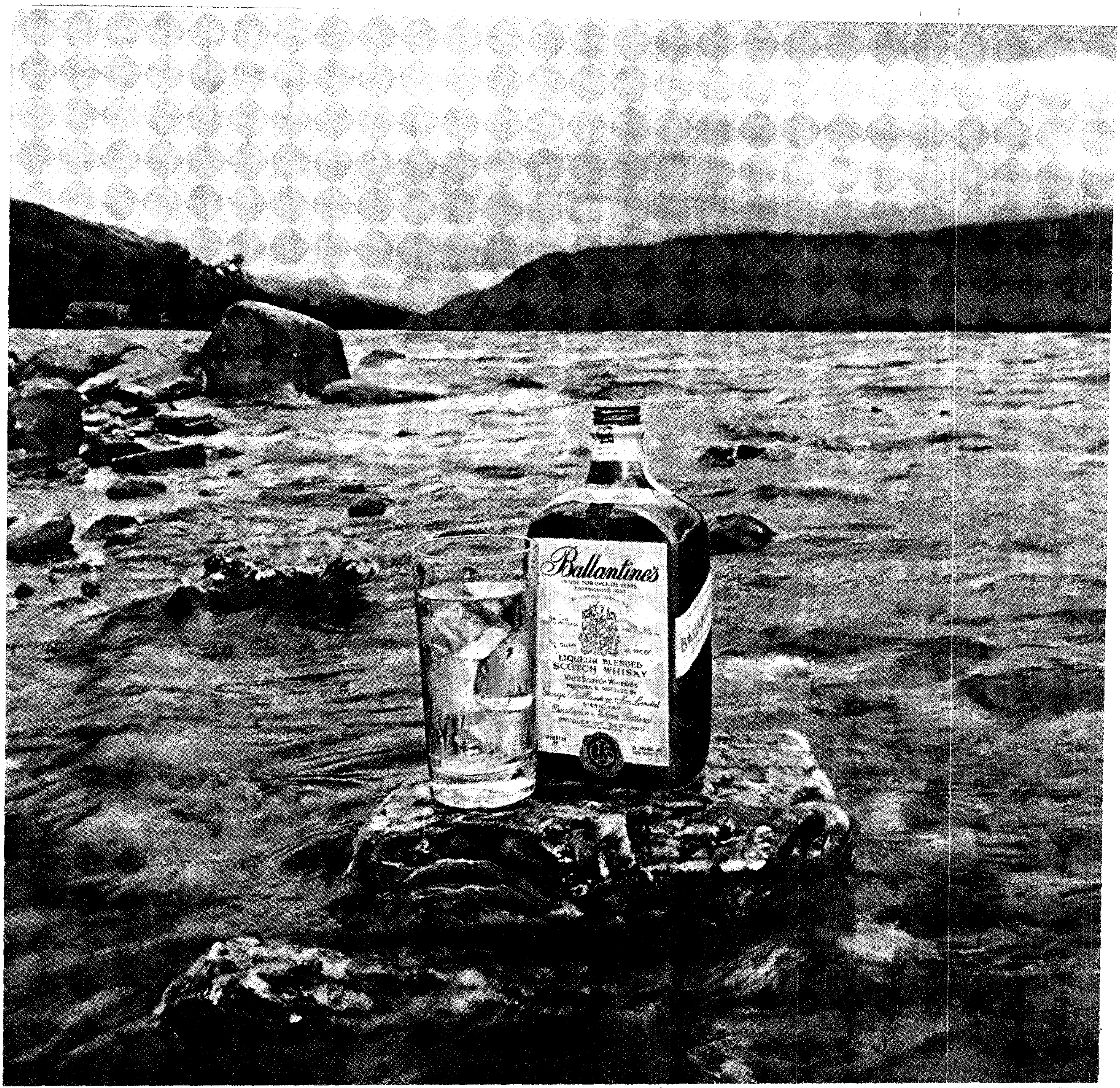

Photographed at Loch Lomond, Scotland, by "21" Brands

Why there's a little of Loch Lomond in every bottle of Ballantine's

Loch Lomond, Scotland's celebrated lake of ballad and verse, imparts something very special to Ballantine's Scotch Whisky. It lends some of its serenity and sunny-lightness to the spirit.

Realistically, Loch Lomond's azure waters are perfect for making Scotch. For good Scotch requires a water of uncommon gentleness. And the Loch's water is measured at only 3 to 5 degrees of hardness (London's water measures up to 300 degrees). Another important consideration: Ballantine's contains a delicate harmony of 42 Scotch Whiskies, each contributing its particular flavor to this Scotch's pleasing personality.

The final result is Scotch never brash or heavy—nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds.

The final result is Scotch Whisky as Scotch Whisky should be. Good-natured, full of proud heritage, flaunting its authentic flavor and quality to all those who enjoy its company. Just a few reasons why: ***the more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.***

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED BY "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

Ella and Nelson Swing Brightly

The inevitable has happened—they're together again. Ella Fitzgerald, known affectionately to her friends as The First Lady of Song, is reunited with Nelson Riddle, who arranges things so right for her. Surely you noticed it in *Ella Fitzgerald Sings The Gershwin Song Book* (V/V6-4029-5). Now, on *Ella and Nelson Swing Brightly* (V/V6-4054), the freshest things happen to songs like *Mean To Me, I Won't Dance, Love Me Or Leave Me* and *Don't Be That Way.* It's the kind of sound that goes in one ear and just hates to come out the other. If your ear feels that way about Ella, you'll want this album in your collection. And to be sure you haven't missed any of the great Ella sounds, check the check-list below. If you're hoping the future will bring another album on which Ella and Nelson swing...of course, it will. (*Gently*, we're told).

The Ella Fitzgerald Song Book Collection; Ella Sings:

The Cole Porter Song Book V-4001-2
The Rodgers and Hart Song Book V/V6-4022 & 4023
V indicates mono; V6 indicates stereo

The Duke Ellington Song Book V-4010-4
The Irving Berlin Song Book V/V6-4019-2
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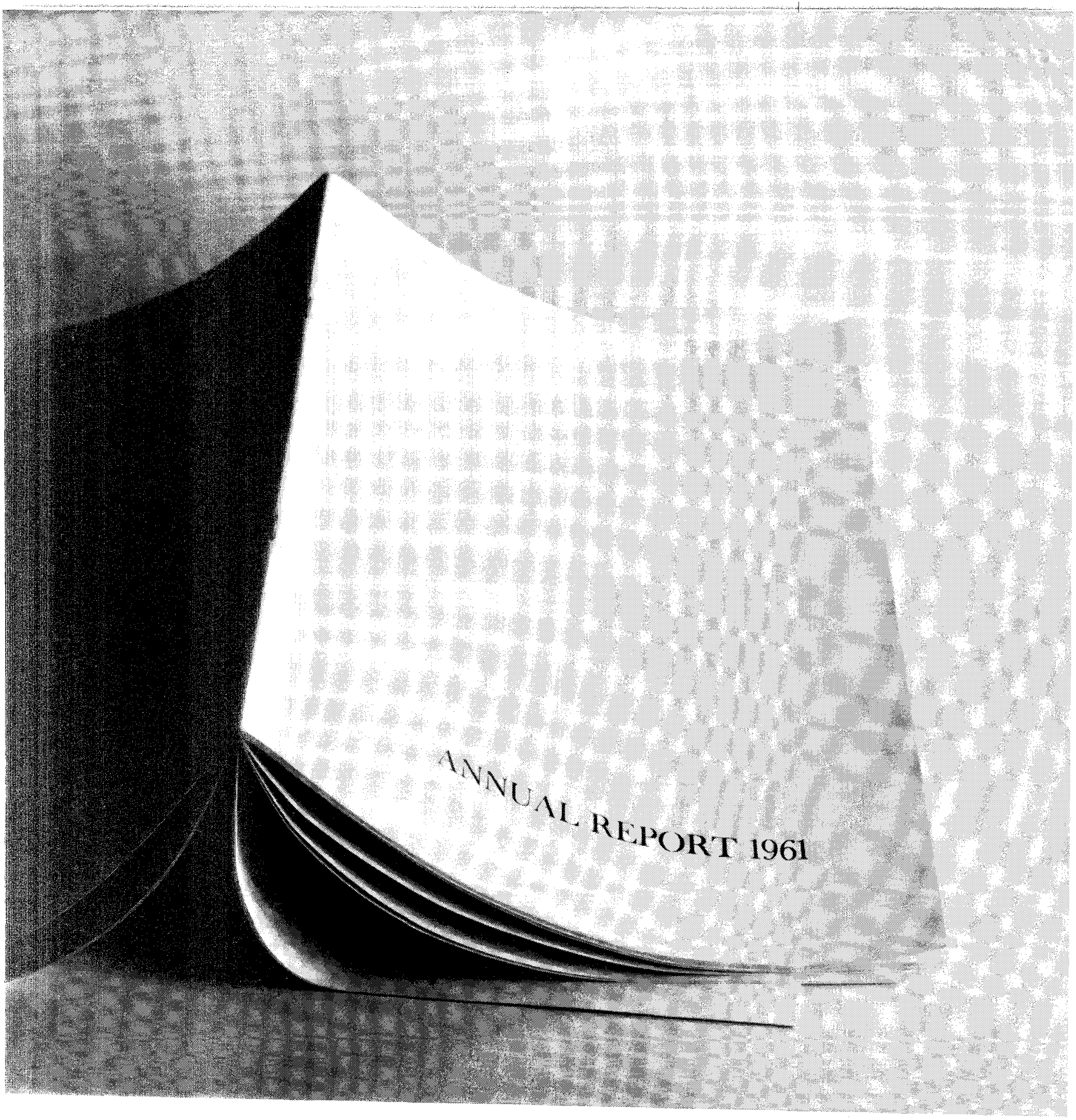

Photograph by William Bordas

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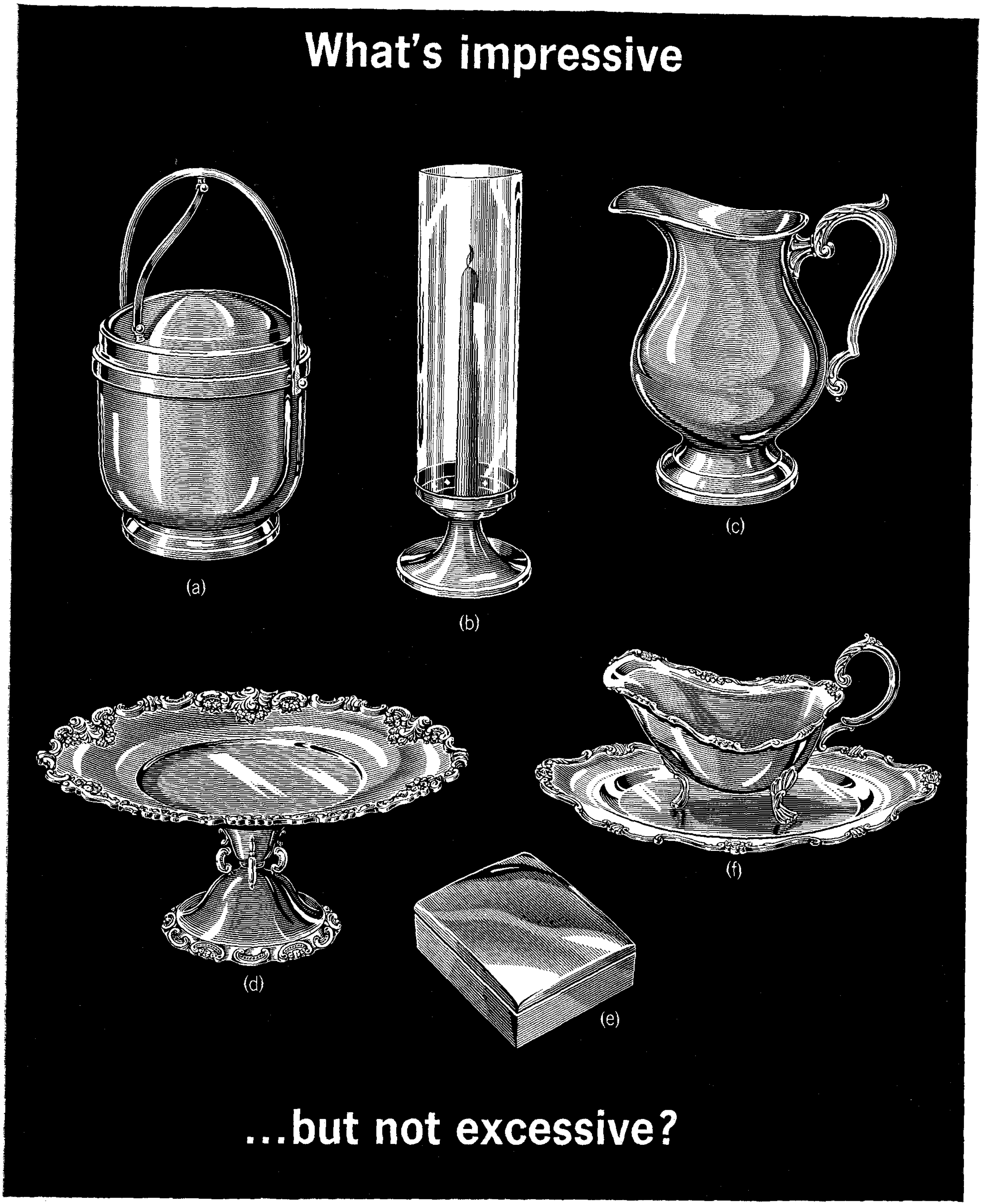

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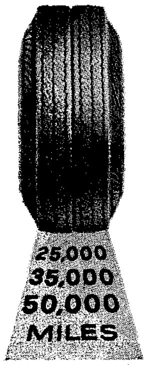
And as you drive, an unbelievable wealth of puncture-free miles will spin out behind you. Your General Tire Dealer or your favorite car dealer will be glad to demonstrate why the new Dual 90 is unmistakably great. See him soon.



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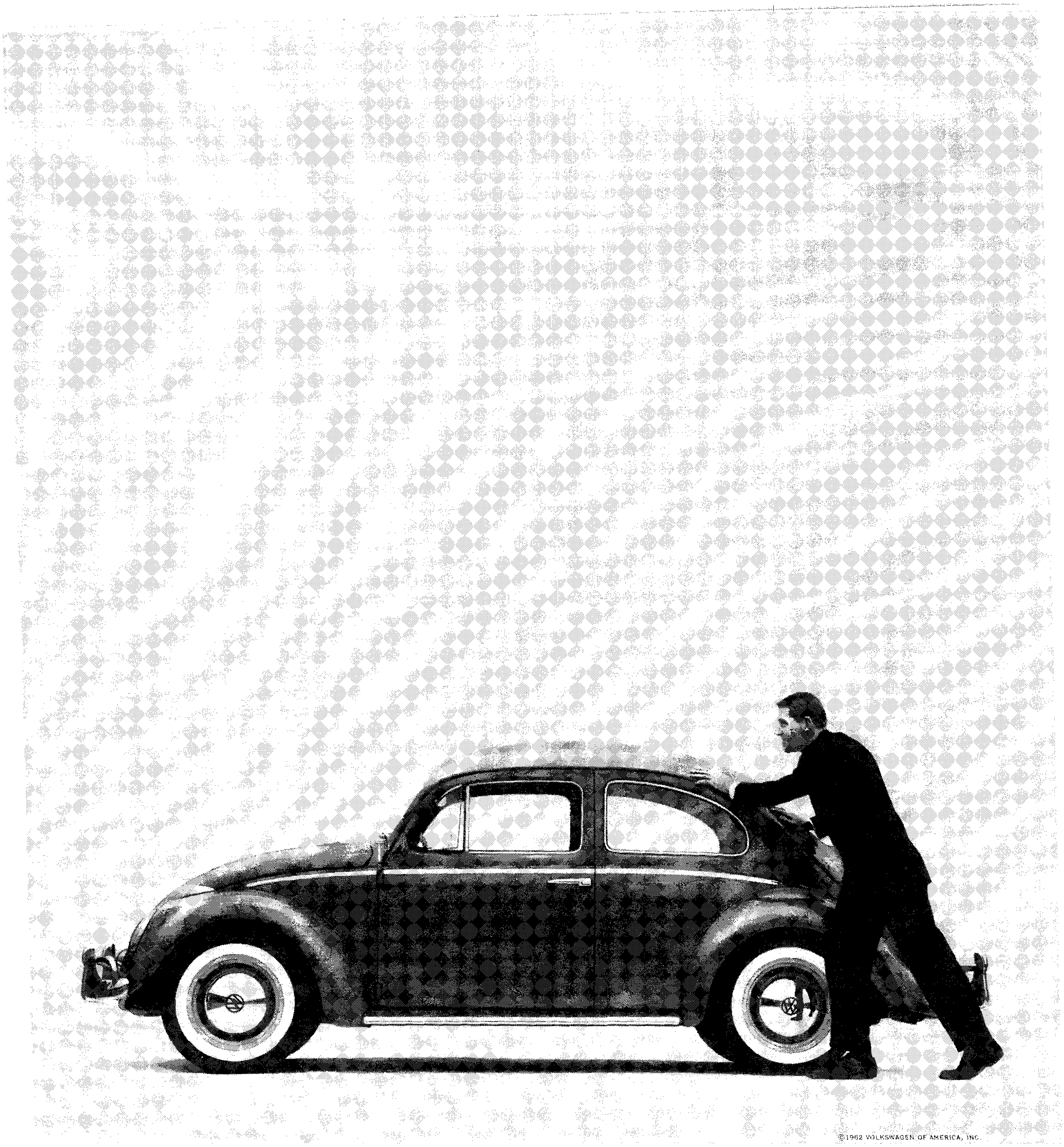

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See?

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Getting a Volkswagen to the side of the road is a pushover.

It's a little surprising that VW owners don't run out of gas more often.

A figure like 32 miles to the gallon can make you a little hazy about when you last filled up.

And you spend so little time in gas stations, there are almost no reminders.

You'll probably never need oil between changes, for example.

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Three immensely flattering new shades in the "Super-Royal" series of lipsticks

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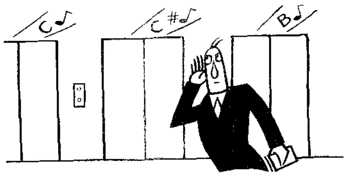
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE bell that rings when the elevator arrives at our floor produces a clear, resonant B above middle C. How do we know? Why, a friend of ours, a musical fellow blessed with perfect pitch, dropped in on us the other day and joyfully announced that he had developed a new hobby. “I collect sounds,” he told us. “Your elevator bell is lower than most. It hits the same note as the bells in the Western Electric Building, on lower Broadway, only they’re more tinkly. Most of the newer buildings in New York have elevator bells one or two tones higher than yours. Listen to this. The bells in the Seagram Building hit the C above middle C; those down in the Municipal Building and those in the Union Carbide Building hit D; the bells in the Empire State Building are completely out of tune—some hit C, some go up to C sharp, and some sink close to a B. For a while, I was working on a theory that would establish a ratio between the pitch of the bells and the height of the buildings, but it didn’t pan out. The Woolworth Building threw me off completely. *Its* elevator bells sound only the G above middle C.”



Stunned but impressed, we asked our friend to tell us more about his hobby.

“Well,” he said, “for months I’ve been jotting down the different notes I’ve heard, and the results are simply astonishing.” Pulling a wad of paper from his pocket, he read, “Phone at watch counter in Abercrombie & Fitch, A flat; phone at sock counter in Brooks Brothers, E flat; service bell in Macy’s, B; service bell in Gimbel’s, A; bell that ends rounds in Madison Square Garden, E flat; bell that serves same purpose in St. Nicholas Arena, F; getting-off bell on old M-104 buses, B flat; getting-off bell on new, wide-windowed buses, E flat, a fifth below the old ones; warning horn on the Independent AA train, A flat; burglar alarm at 1626 Broadway, B, same as your elevator bell; nickel and dime slots in pay telephones, E flat; *quarter* slot in pay telephones, middle C; dial tone, insistent A sharp; clock bell on James Gordon Bennett Memorial, in Herald Square, low D flat; whistle of doorman outside Park Lane Hotel, brilliant C sharp.”

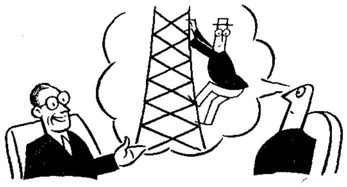
We asked our friend, as soberly as possible, what all this was supposed to prove.

“Prove?” he cried. “Why, only that the sounds of the city are not, as is generally supposed, a raucous clamor—that what we hear every day is no more indissolubly confused than, say, the sounds of an orchestra. The true music lover learns to hear the various instruments—the reeds, the violins, the kettledrums. First he learns to separate them and then to hear them again as part of a whole. The true city lover can learn to do the same sort of thing.”

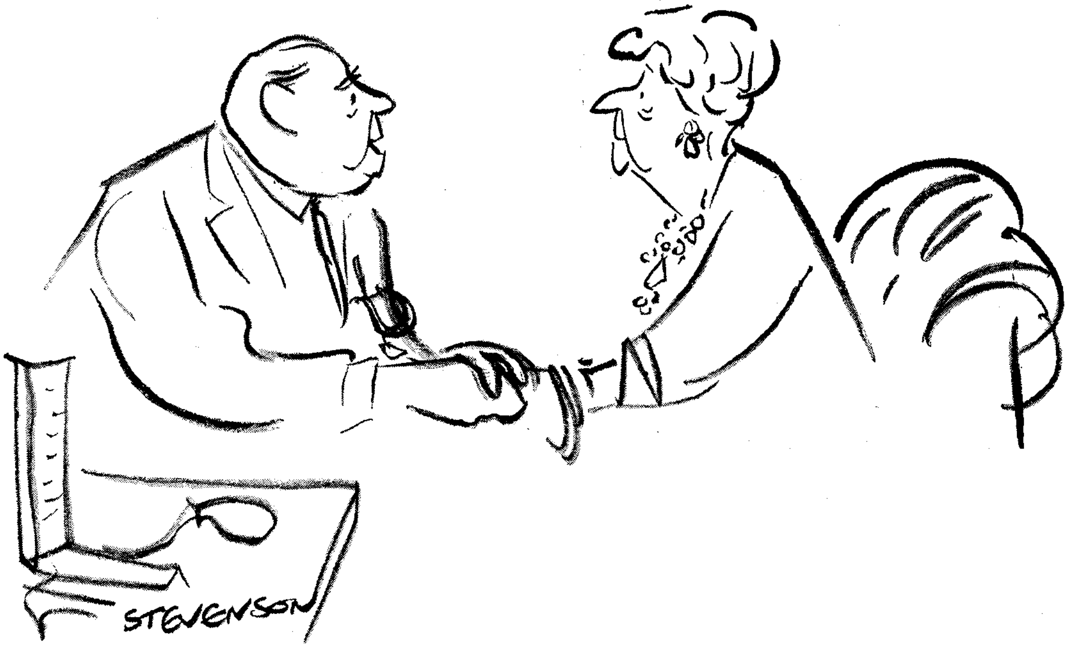
We thanked him warmly for his information, accompanied him down the hall to the elevator, and listened. No question about it. B above middle C.

Speedy

HAROLD LLOYD came to town recently to arrange for the opening here, in a week or so, of a new/old portmanteau picture called “Harold Lloyd’s World of Comedy,” which includes excerpts from eight of his most famous movies, starting with the famous clock sequence in “Safety Last,” made in 1923, and ending with a chase sequence from “Professor Beware!,” made in 1938. The last time we interviewed Mr. Lloyd was thirteen years ago, in a suite high in the Sherry-Netherland, over a couple of glasses of orangeade, and our visit this time proved an uncannily exact reprise—a suite high in the same hotel, over the same beverage, with a practically unchanged subject. Every bit as boyish and breathlessly hopeful as the character he always played on the screen, Mr. Lloyd looks much younger than his sixty-eight years; his former tightly buttoned skinniness has given way to embonpoint, but he has lots of hair, teeth, and bounce, and though he is a grandfather several times over, his “Say!” and “Gosh!” are those of an impressionable youngster on his first visit to a big town. Mr. Lloyd was about to take off for Paris en route to Cannes, where his picture is being shown at the Festival, *hors concours;* when he said to us, “A fellow can have lots of fun in Paris,” we got the perhaps erroneous impression that he was thinking of a trip to the top of the Eiffel Tower or an hour’s rowing in the Bois.



Mr. Lloyd may well be the richest actor who has ever lived. He protests modestly that his fortune is less than fifty million dollars, but he is said to have earned thirty thousand dollars a week during the twenties, when income taxes were comparatively minuscule, and he invested much of his early wealth in Los Angeles real estate; the management of his financial affairs requires a good-sized company, the Harold Lloyd Corporation, which Mr. Lloyd looks in on practically every day. He also keeps busy with his favorite charity, the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, and with many hobbies, notably painting—he has invented a palette with tubes of paints affixed to it in a succession of complementary colors—and color photography. He and his wife, the actress Mildred Davis, who was once his leading lady, live in a mansion in Beverly Hills that cost a million dol-



"Rest assured, Mrs. Plemley, medicare or not, you will always be taken care of by me."

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lars when it was built, back in 1926; there are twenty acres of grounds, intensively cultivated. "When we moved out to Beverly Hills, it was open country," he told us. "We looked straight across the valley to Valentino's place. Hollywood was a small town and we were all friends together—Mary and Doug and Charlie and Buster and Roscoe and the rest." (Those first names belong, respectively, to the surnames Pickford, Fairbanks, Chaplin, Keaton, and Arbuckle.)

Mr. Lloyd guesses that he made between three and four hundred pictures, most of them two- or three-reelers. He slipped into making feature-length pictures of necessity, when two reels proved too brief a span for the development of a substantial situation. " 'Grandma's Boy,' which we made in 1922, started as a two-reeler but grew into five reels," he said. "Situation comedy has to be built up step by step, with each gag seeming to spring naturally out of the one before it. Writing and making up gags haven't anything in common; every so often I'd hire a good writer, and he'd sit listening to my gagmen and me kicking an idea around, and after a while he'd give up in disgust, never having said a word. We used to build our gags literally from the ground up. When they started showing some of my movies on television, they had to crop the prints to make them fit, and at first they kept cutting off the bottoms, in order to keep my face intact, and I said, 'Gosh, you're ruining everything! Cut off the top of my head, but leave my feet. That's where the jokes are.' "

We mentioned that we could still recall, over the decades, a comedy in which he played a college man who said to everyone he encountered, "Step right up and call me Speedy." Mr. Lloyd looked pleased. "I'll tell you why I think you remember that," he said. "Whenever I spoke those words—and since it was a silent picture, they were really only a subtitle on the screen—I'd dance a funny little jig. That jig was the visual counterpart of the words and made them stick in your mind. I hear that some of these young French directors are using sight gags the way I used them forty years ago. I'm anxious to see their pictures. I don't have much French, but that's one of the good things about my kind of comedy—all you have to do is look."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The New Haven Railroad has changed the word "Arrive" in its timetables to "Due."

One California nursery school grades its pupils not only on how they rest, eat, and finger-paint but also on their "station-wagon behavior."

Curling and Hurling

A FELICITOUS *parti à trois* involving the Museum of Modern Art, *Sports Illustrated*, and the National Sporting Goods Association has resulted in a "Design for Sport" exhibition, whose opening we attended on a sunny afternoon last week: a great tent, eighty feet square, in the Museum's sculpture garden; fireproofed tanbark underfoot; and a hundred and fifteen installations, ranging in size from a jai-alai ball to an all-metal sailplane, or glider, with a fifty-two-foot-eight-inch wingspan, a length of twenty feet ten inches, and a weight of only five hundred and sixty pounds. We wandered around, breathing the good air and rubbing shoulders with a more sporty-looking group than we ordinarily encounter in the vicinity of the Maillol bather and the Henry Moore bronzes, and took in a variety of baseball bats, catchers' masks, golf clubs, hockey sticks, fishing rods and reels, hunting and fishing knives, arrows, boomerangs, javelins, Indian clubs, saddles, skis, snowshoes, surfboards, and underwater boots, mitts, fins, and masks, along with a Scotch curling stone, an Irish hurling stick, a Swedish discus, an Italian table-tennis paddle, and a Canadian ice-hockey elbow pad. Freestanding exhibits included a racing car, a harness-racing sulky, an inflatable canoe, a racing scull, a hydroplane, a couple of small tents, a toboggan, and a Japanese round boat—a circular vehicle fourteen feet in diameter with a motor in its center.

"It only makes six knots; it's really for contemplative *sake* drinking," a freestanding lady said to us as we admired this craft, and, attracted by a remark we heard a man make to someone else—"Everything here was selected by the Museum's Architecture and Design Committee for its pure aesthetic beauty"—we fell into conversation with the speaker, who turned out to be Mr. Fred R. Smith, a *Sports Illustrated* associate editor and the father of the show.

"The objects were chosen from seventeen countries and are used in fifty-six sports," Mr. Smith said. "I got the idea of making such a collection a year ago, for an article, and we asked the Museum people if they would act as arbiters on what was and what was not a well-designed example of sports equipment. Their interest led to this exhibit. Arthur Drexler, the Museum's Director of Architecture and Design, was the head man; we proposed, and he and his staff disposed. Using Time, Inc., stringers and bureaus all around the world, and a full-time reporter, Miss Felicia Lee, we assembled some three thousand objects or photographs thereof. We passed on functionalism and the Museum passed on design."

"It was a fascinating job," said Mr. Drexler, who was standing nearby. "Several things I liked were ruled out because the *Sports Illustrated* people said they might not function well. I wanted to include some skin-diving masks other than the four shown, but I was assured that you might choke to death in them, or some such nonsense. On the other hand, Mildred Constantine, one of my associate curators, ruled out lawn-tennis rackets after we'd selected a court-tennis racket. She felt, and I agreed, that after the court-tennis racket we wanted no others."

"The Japanese round boat was made by the Yamaha Motor Company, of Hamamatsu, Japan, and was sent to us by Yamaha's representative in Los Angeles," Mr. Smith said. "It came by ship through the Panama Canal. There's only one in private hands in America—on some lake in Connecticut. Yamaha also makes organs. It's an odd fact that most Japanese sporting-goods manufacturers started out in the music business."

"I had this tent specially made," Mr. Drexler said to us. "Would you like to buy it after the show's over? You could have a pretty zippy wedding in it."

We said we weren't thinking of a wedding at the moment, and besought Mr. René d'Harnoncourt, the Museum's director, who had joined us, to give us a statement.

"I'm in no condition to make a statement," he said. "I've just come from a four-hour lunch."

We turned next to Mr. Monroe Wheeler, the Museum's Director of Exhibitions and Publications.

"The show gives me a terrific yearning to use some of the implements, in spite of my arthritis," he said.

We turned to Mr. Allen Porter, Assistant Secretary of the Museum.

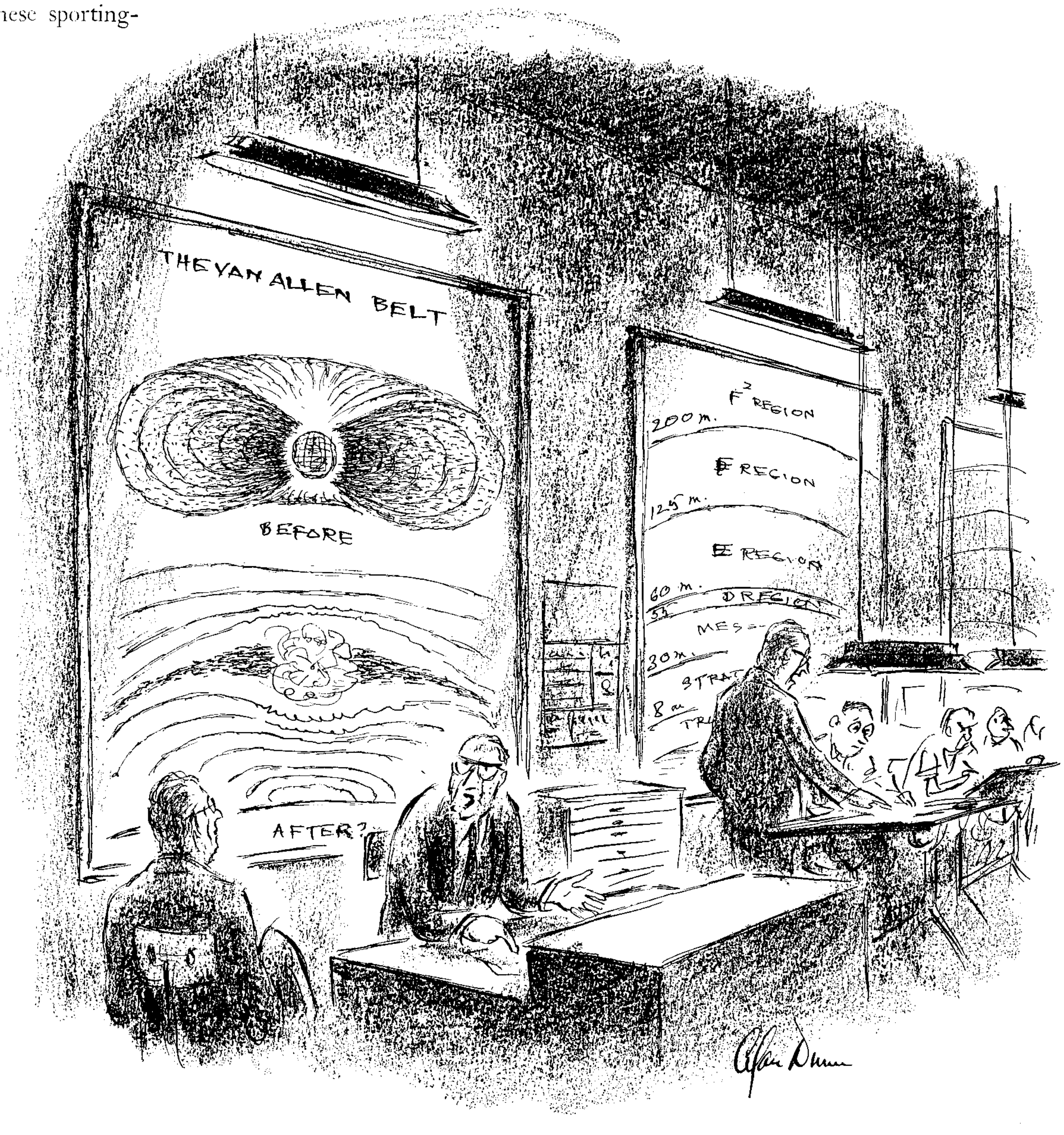
"All the *Sports Illustrated* people here are wearing cornflowers in their buttonholes," he said. "I understand that many stars of track, rink, and diamond are present. One of them told me he was embarrassed to admit that this was his first visit to the Museum, and I told him that none of *us* had ever been to the Yankee Stadium."

Brave New World

A FRIEND of ours recently received a letter bearing two stamps honoring "the First Automated Post Office in the United States." They were uncancelled.

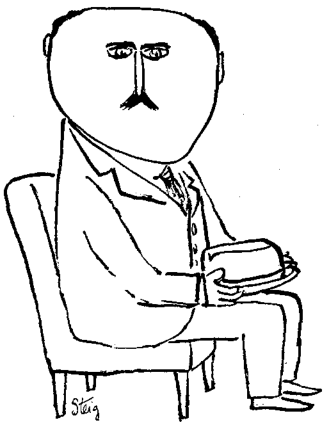
Century Man

A FELLOW we know named Joe Braun is the nocturnal partner in the Palace Bar & Grill, a quiet place at 148 West Forty-fifth Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue. Joe's working days begin regularly at 7 P.M., after he has returned from the horse races, showered, changed his shirt, and lit a fresh cigar. He can get to the track during eight months of the year, from March 20th until November 30th, and this leaves him with only four months of short days on his hands. What with a few weeks in Florida when they have racing there, and an annual cure at Hot Springs, Arkansas, in the first half of March, Joe hardly notices what his old friend Colonel John R. Stingo, the *Enquirer* columnist, would call the interregnum. The race meeting at Hot Springs runs through March. The ambience of the Palace is as fixed as Joe's habits. There is a core of customers who have little affinity with one another except that they are all customers—a boss linotyper, a retired advertising man, a fellow who sells pari-mutuel tickets during the New York season, and a third officer in the mer-



"But how do you know destroying the inner Van Allen belt will create havoc until you try it?"

chant service are among the regulars—and sedate sporting characters approximately of Joe's vintage (he is seventy-one) drop in occasionally. There is a between-the-acts rush from theatres nearby when they are doing business; this sweeps over the steady customers without disturbing or displacing them, like a tide submerging mussels on a rock, and then recedes, leaving them affixed to their bar stools as firmly as ever. There are also servicemen taking counsel over a beer before hitting one of the livelier joints in the block, and out-of-towners who stray in because of the Palace's trustworthy and economical appearance. It is ten feet wide at its street end, allowing room only for the bar, a row of stools, and a passage behind them that the third officer can just navigate when he has taken on cargo. The room widens enough at the rear to accommodate a row of booths, upholstered in plastic, and a lunch counter that is an extension of the bar. The most regular habitué of all is Butch, a black-on-top-and-white-underneath neuter cat who lives in a bassinet in a cozy corner that terminates the row of booths. Butch sleeps nine-tenths of the time but awakens every hour on the half hour to slide to the floor and drag himself across to the foot of the lunch counter, where he eats a bowl of shrimp or calves' liver; the cook, himself a creature of routine, sets the two out alternately. When Butch has polished off the offering, he looks for somebody to lift him back into the bassinet; if he finds nobody, he climbs up under his own power, grumbling loudly, and falls asleep again. "You can set your watch by him," Joe says proudly. Butch has a black chin, which looks like a hole in his white face, and his tongue usually sticks out of a corner of his mouth, but Joe and his wife, Sophie, consider him a credit to the establishment. Sophie, who spends almost every night with Joe at the Palace, looks, when in health, like a particularly well-rounded pink-and-white marquise by Vigée-Lebrun.

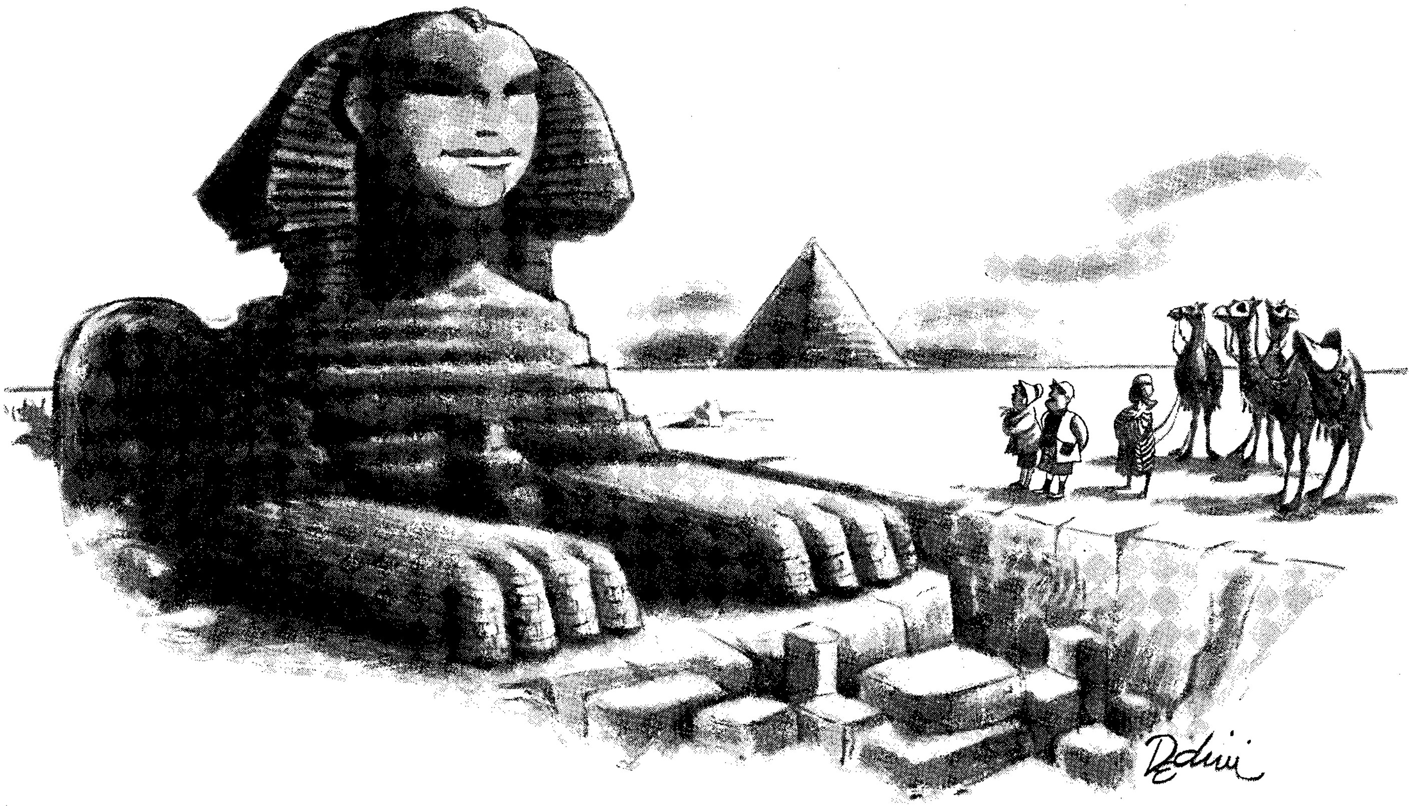


For the last ten years now, whenever we have stopped by for a quiet drink we've been hearing from the Brauns about Joe's father, Herman, whose centenary, they would report, was increasingly imminent. We had met the elder Braun several times at the Palace, which he visits once a week, but of late we had superstitiously refrained from asking any questions about him, for fear we might jeopardize his chances. Joe, however, who does not share our free anxiety, continued to give him confidently as a sure thing, and we were therefore delighted but not surprised when we found in our mail not long ago a card that read, "You are cordially invited to attend the Birthday Party tendered to Herman Braun on his Hundredth Birthday on Sunday evening, May 6th, 1962. Starting 5 P.M. To be held at N.V.A. Post American Legion, Hotel Knickerbocker, 120 West 45th St., N.Y.—Bertha-Sophie-Joe-Morty." The printing was tastefully centered, and the numeral "100" appeared in each corner of the card, lest a recipient, reading hastily, fail to note what birthday it was. Morty, we knew, is Joe's brother, a stagehand now working in "Take Her, She's Mine," and Bertha is their sister, a Mrs. Brunner, with whom Mr. Herman Braun resides, on Twenty-eighth Street, near Lexington.

The elder Braun, on the occasions when we met him, had always seemed to be going sound, arriving by subway, he told us, at Times Square and Forty-second Street, then walking to the Palace, and departing, only at his son's insistence, by prepaid taxi. He always made a point, he said, of arriving early at Forty-second Street, where, before coming on to the Palace, he would take in a movie or two at a third-run house there that admits elderly people at half price, like children. Being classed as a juvenile amused him. His sight and hearing are weak, but he has enough of both to enjoy a film. He is a small man, with a short, curved nose and the expression of a permanently amused bird. He smokes two packs of non-filter cigarettes a day and drinks, by preference, rye whiskey, always popping a piece of bread into his mouth immediately afterward. (We report this slight fact because it is the only departure from the usual we noted in his regime, and may contain a clue for some earnest student of geriatrics.) He got to the United States in 1877, having been born fifteen years earlier in Hungary—in Bartfeld, a small town near Budapest. Joe says he can remember the name of the town by that of a fighter he used to know called Soldier Bartfield, an effective but unconventional spoiler. Joe has dabbled considerably in the fight business. Herman Braun spent seventy-five years selling furniture, mostly from a store he owned on Fourth Street, near Avenue B. After he gave up his own business, he worked as a salesman for another furniture man, and retired only about ten years ago to live with Mrs. Brunner, who became a widow a year or so later. She has five grown-up and married children. Joe, whom we saw on the eve of the party, said it had come slightly earlier than he had expected, because Herman, during the past year, had developed a hunch that he was two years older than he had previously thought. He had appealed to the rabbi of his synagogue, Talmud Torah Adereth El, on Twenty-ninth Street, near Lexington Avenue, who had written to Bartfeld to check up. "They looked up the records," Joe said, "and, sure enough, the old man was born in 1862."

The rectification, which might have created doubt in the case of a less solid candidate, cast no shadow on the party, which was a great success. It was evident from the senior Braun's appearance that he was a hundred, give or take two years. The National Variety Artists' Post of the American Legion has its headquarters in a crypt under the lobby of the Knickerbocker—a solid, businesslike hotel, built during the twenties, that is a few doors away from the Palace. Joe, who was in France during the First World War, is a Post member. By the time we arrived, the place was packed with Palace customers and Braun relatives, three of the latter being descendants of the centenarian through Mrs. Brunner. (Joe and Morty have no children.) Sophie Braun, who had been planning the party for years, Joe said, was not there, because she was ill.

A senior member of the N.V.A. Post was at the piano, banging out "Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay!" and "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," and a volunteer bartender was pouring Scotch and rye without quantitative inhibitions. Miss Lauren Bacall and Mr. Jason Robards, Jr., her husband, were present, and so were at least two Catholic priests, a friendly bookmaker, and a man introduced to us as Eddie Chester, who acts the Shadow when Ted Lewis sings "Me and My Shadow." A large lady—most of the ladies present were large—came up to us and said she knew that Herman was a hundred because her father was eighty-eight and he had always said that Herman Braun was twelve years older than he was. There were at least a dozen birthday cakes spotted about the room, all plainly marked "100" in icing. There was also



"I don't know. Lately, everything looks like Jackie Kennedy to me."

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an artificial tree—a gift—with a hundred one-dollar bills instead of leaves. We looked in vain for Colonel Stingo, who first introduced us into Butch's circle, and who, as an aspirant himself to the full century, we had expected would be there with bells on. The Colonel, who lives at the Hotel Dixie, only a furlong distant, is eighty-eight by our count, ninety by his own, and running so easy he seems not yet to have hit the quarter pole. "I have three rules for keeping in condition," the Colonel told us when he was a mere seventy-eight. "I will not let guileful women move in on me, I decline all responsibility, and, above all, I avoid all heckling work." The prescription has been successful. Joe Braun told us that the Colonel had already been there, paid his respects, and gone out, saying he would return. He did not, though, and we could only wonder whether he had found his unaccustomed juniority humiliating. ("Couldn't stick around long in the Dungeon Deep on occasion of honoration of Mr. Herman Braun on his centurial birthday," he wrote us next day, but without explanation.)

Mr. Braun then arrived, and as he descended the steps and made his way through the crowd, there was a loudening buzz, such as accompanies the progress of a champion to the ring. He was escorted by a new battalion of ladies, including Mrs. Brunner, a brunette still handsome, and by Harry Kaplan, Joe's daytime partner in the Palace, a large, expansive man, as voluble as Joe is restrained. Mr. Kaplan has worked in the Palace for the last fifty-one years, beginning when it was a cigar-store front for a dice game, both operated by his uncle. (So much for those who think this is a city of rapid changes.) We could see that the adulation tickled Mr. Braun; he walked right up to a group of photographers and beamed in the glare of the flashlights. Miss Bacall and Mr. Robards took up positions at his flanks, and somebody put on Herman's bald skull a crown of velvet and jewels, which we suspect Morty had borrowed from a theatrical warehouse. The cameras whirred; the old man was as happy as best in show. His children then escorted him to a table, where he was serenaded first by a colored singer named Skip Cunningham and then by several others, who didn't press their names upon us.

"Daddy enjoys it all," a very pretty woman, who said she was one of his granddaughters, told us. "We all call him Daddy," she went on. "He's wonderful."

Daddy knocked off a slug of rye and popped his bread in. He looked as pleased as if he had broken a world's record.

"Dad used to be a notary public in those days when a notary public could perform marriages," Joe told us. "Many a couple he married and took them back to our house and gave them a drink to steady their nerves."

"I must tell you a cute story about Daddy," the pretty woman said. "A few years ago, his brother Henry died, at ninety-four. When they were filling in the grave, Daddy burst out sobbing. Could you guess what he was blubbering? 'Too young to die,' he kept saying. 'He was too young to die.' "

We left while the place was still crackling, and when we saw Joe Braun a couple of nights later he said that Daddy and the family had wound up the evening in the Peppermint Lounge, another neighborhood establishment, and that Daddy had come out of the gate fast for his second century.

The Message

WE haven't run any correspondence from domestics for a while, so we'll fill the gap with this bit of Surrealistic prose, which a friend of ours picked up on his kitchen table at the end of a working day:

DEAR MR. KLEIN:

Will you please forgive me. I could not get here today. I will be here tomorrow. Thank you.

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THE DOG AT THE PLAZA FOUNTAIN

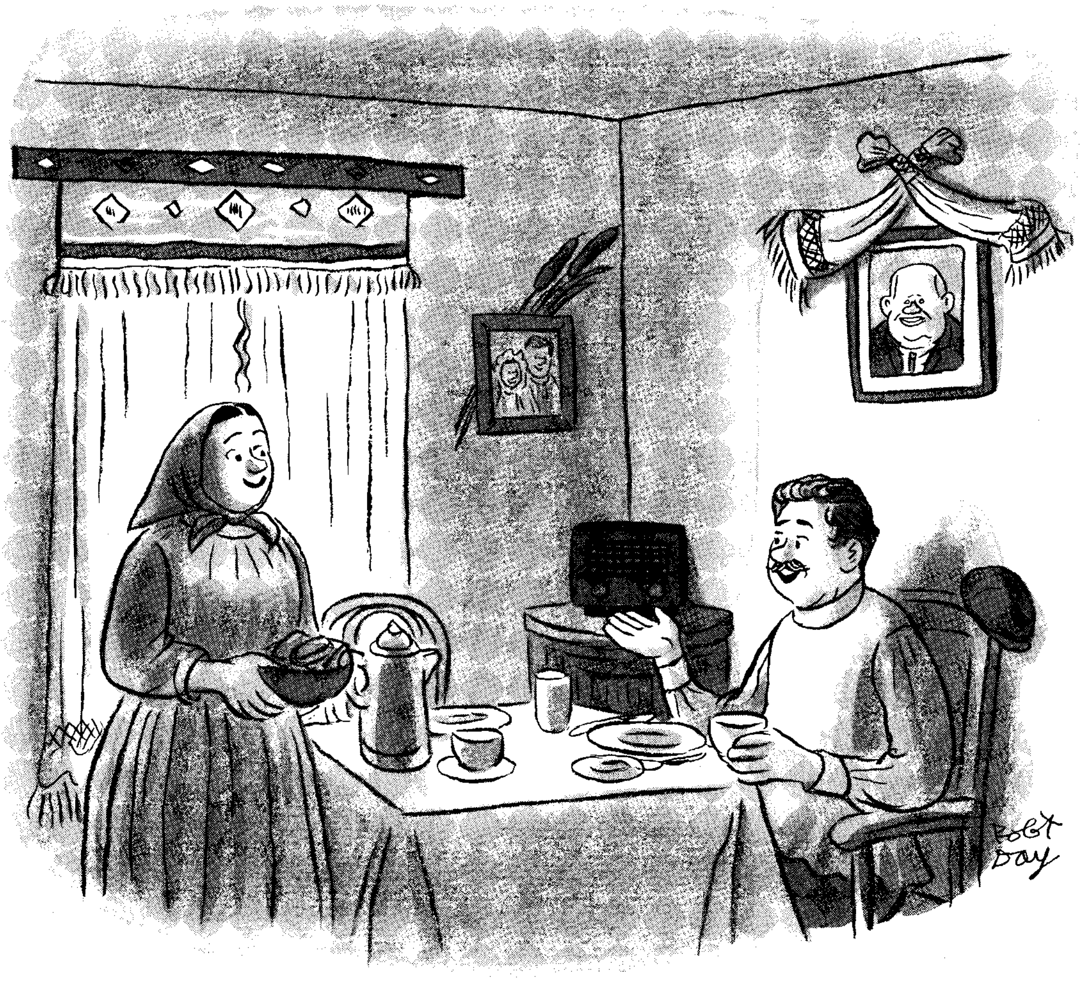
NOTHING brings out the dogs like a bright Saturday afternoon in May—spaniels and dachshunds, Scotties and Weimaraners, poodles on Lexington Avenue shaved to the nines, curried Afghans in Washington Square—their people with them. There are, in fact, fifty thousand dogs living in Manhattan, and on a recent Saturday one of them made me wish, just for a second, that I could go and live somewhere else. I was passing the Plaza fountain when he came by, headed west—a small, irregular dog, black and alone, cantering a trifle sidewise, pointed one way, going another, stopping now and then to look inquiringly at some stroller and be looked at inquiringly in return. He had no collar and, clearly, no status, but there was something familiar about him, and all at once I knew what it was. He made me think of the disorderly dogs that used to bark at the moon and each other back when I was a boy—collarless dogs barking on the far side of town or across a hill or a field. And (among the orderly buildings, the pavements, the orderly people) I found that now I was also remembering roosters crowing toward morning, and the smell of grass with dew on it. Then the dog trundled off obliquely, bound for Sixth Avenue and no telling where else, and there I was, wishing, as I sometimes do nowadays, when stray recollections pop up and the weather is good, that I myself might somehow be bound for Australia.

Not that I know the first thing about Australia. Not I. I would guess it is hopeful and neighborly; the lights of Perth were on when John Glenn happened by. But lately it has taken to looking to me like America—a younger America than the country I live in now. And if one can't get back across time, at least one can consider crossing distance. Roads are two-lane in the Australia I have invented. They go past back yards and sometimes through unlandscaped, unpremeditated woods. Tall automobiles chug along them peaceably and pull off wherever it suits them. A fair lot of camping goes on; you pitch your tent any old place and rustle up your own kindling. There are prairie fires to be put out, and there are houses with sloping cellar doors. There is frost on the stalks of dried weeds on winter mornings. There are even aborigines (in my mind, they ride calico ponies and wear feathers), but they are quite safe and a good way off. Out West. And I suppose all this is part of what I had thought of—at least until I met the dog at the Plaza—as *my* America.

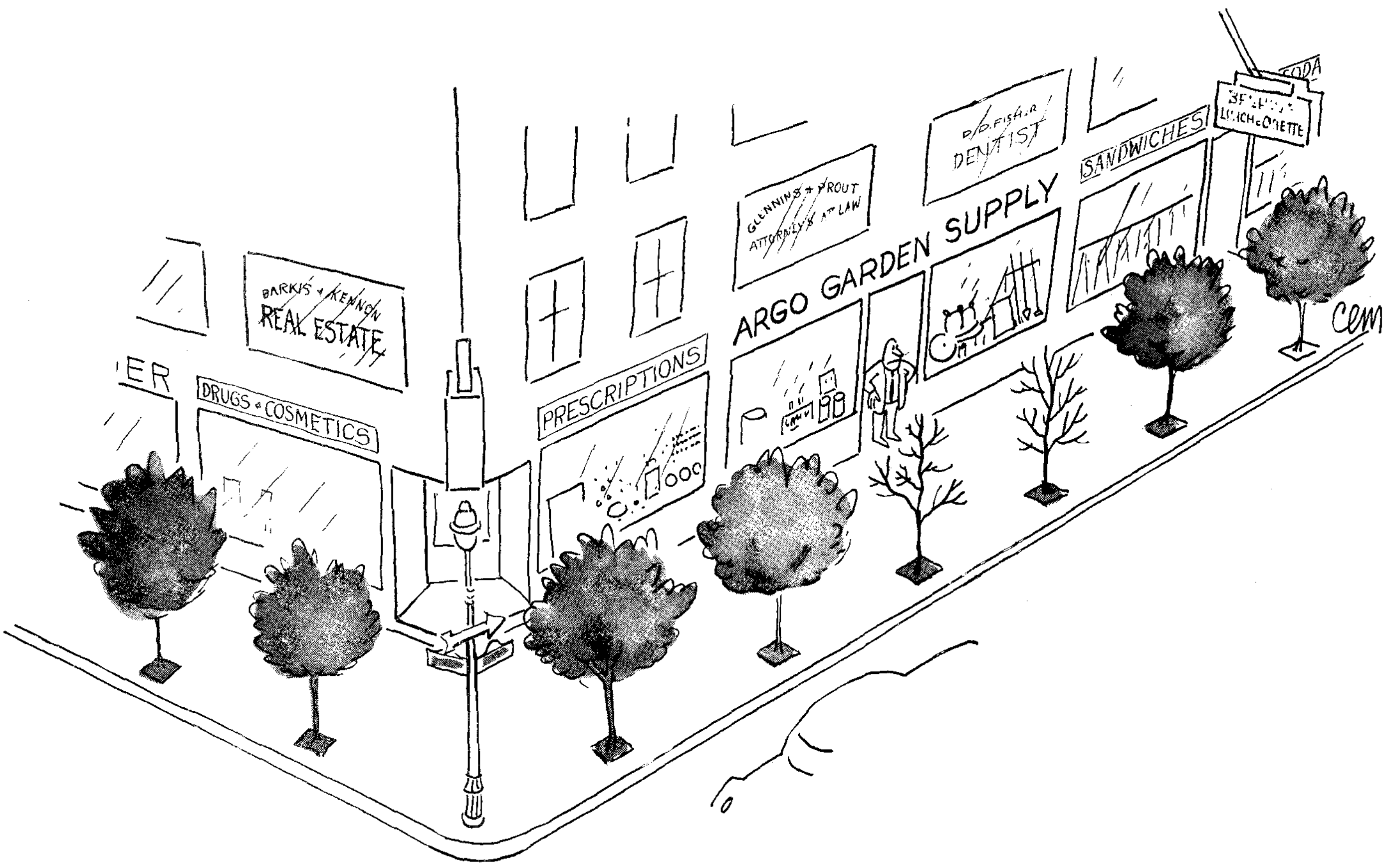
Well, but there had to be more to it than that, I reflected, nodding fraternally after the dog. I had had some errands roughly in mind, but by now spring had disposed of them. I turned toward Central Park, propelled by a breeze. I thought that of course one *has* an America—everybody must have—and surely mine must consist of more than roosters and old weeds. And though I saw that it might not be easy to put a finger on, I told myself that after all these years it was certainly time I tried.

How did one start? With hills and fields and spacious skies, perhaps? Purple mountains and amber waves of grain? With steel mills, or Plymouth Rock, or baseball, or simply a map? I have always been astounded to see from the air that pieces of America corroborate the maps. But blue Lake Ontario *is* above blue Lake Erie, and they are joined by a blue canal, no question about it. I ought to be less surprised when I see things like that. I was myself an inveterate mapmaker at one time, and could draw the whole United States from memory. I always did what I could to draw it to scale, aping textbooks, but I had a small cartographer friend who didn't. He had bright-red hair and private opinions. His name was Harry. He dismissed scale. We lived on the outskirts of Chicago, so Harry would draw a good big Illinois and fill in the rest of the states as the paper allowed. Maine didn't always make it. But Harry had barely heard of Maine, so he didn't think it mattered. His map was his, and (passing the equestrian statue of General Sherman) I decided that maybe Harry had something. At least, he had my earliest America. It was vast, with me at the center of it, and all of it, or almost all, was Illinois.

It seemed that the past was as good a place as any to look for one's America, and I had already got there. (The present was just a jumble; it was



"Listen, Tanya! They're jamming our song!"



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far too close to see.) The dog and Australia had helped, of course, and now so did General Sherman, for Harry's and my America was brave. It did little but get into wars and win them, and Harry and I fought in all of them with spirit and good fortune. We marched to the sea with the General. We jointly accepted Burgoyne's sword at Saratoga, and we both survived the doings at the Little Bighorn. But my America was, if possible, even braver than Harry's, because I was eligible. I should explain that by the time I met him I knew that what I was eligible for was President. So was he, to be sure, but with him it was routine. My family had come from Scotland, and my elders *weren't* eligible, so they hung the tag on me at an early age, and it stuck in my mind. It made me feel unique and responsible. Harry would fight in any old war if you let him—Napoleonic, Punic, anything. It was I who kept ours American, and righteous.

So America, back there, was heroic and always just—but then, I told myself, I was quite young. I had walked as far as the zoo, where I stood confronting a yak. Beside me, a small, delicate man and two girls, maybe six and eight, were speaking a soft, remote language and appearing remote as well—dark and Levantine. But the man was wearing light flannel slacks, two-toned shoes, and a gray-and-green jacket; both girls wore tartan pants and short red coats, and their hair was in ponytails; all three were chewing gum as they regarded the yak; and each of them had a yellow balloon bobbing on the end of a string. It looked as if *their* America might at least be friendly, if not heroic—odd but hospitable, delighted to meet them. I hoped so. But my own was the one I was after, and, fishing around for it resolutely, I found myself a sophomore in college.

I RECALLED one evening well. The hour was late, there was moonlight, it was May. America, mine and everyone else's, had changed. Stocks were up, heroics down. I was out with an ash-blond girl by the name of Jean. I believe she really was beautiful; I certainly thought so. We were walking toward her house along mossy brick sidewalks and under pale dogwood blossoms, and I was talking. I had got up some opinions of my own by that time, and I was anxious for Jean to know about them, and to revere both them and me. For instance, I was aware that America was commonplace—a wilderness of Babbitts. (A classmate and I were planning a little magazine. We thought we might call it *Common Sense*, or just *The Deluge*. It was supposed to *épater* the bourgeois.) Anyway, there I was, walking with Jean on the crumbling, dappled bricks. We went up on the porch when we got to her house. We sat on the swing. I must have kept quiet a minute. "Go on," she said—thinly, as I remember. "Tell me some more about patriotism, and irony, and all," and I guess I did. For (turning to leave the zoo through bright clouds of balloons and children) I could all but hear myself telling her, there on the dim porch, that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel. I may have got the point of the line a little askew that spring, but I liked what I thought it was, and I made it often.

Apparently I had had a number of Americas—the bourgeois, undeserving one, the brave one, the one with the roosters—and it seemed likely that each of these and many others had left a little of itself behind. Residue. I went up a slope past polar bears, and past couples dreaming on rocks (America was in the near future; America was plans), and down a winding walk to the edge of the pond. Three boys in their late teens were coming along, arguing. "What do I *want*? What do I *want*?" one of them was shouting. He said he wanted to be right, just for once—*that* was what he wanted. The others conferred, and announced that he could be right *this* time. They all shook hands on it, changed the subject, and walked on, shouting. America was noisy, I thought, but fair. And, apparently, Americas abounded in Central Park, but my own—the sum of the deposits, so to speak—was what I still was trying to find.

THE trouble was, it seemed to be growing harder to get hold of; it came in glimpses. A page of the *Wall Street Journal* was floating there at my feet, lilting a couple of inches below the surface of the pond, and the next thing I knew, I had caught sight of yet another America—the one that President Roosevelt and I thought needed fixing. It is possible that he got the idea first. At any rate, the place was a mess, and he did his part in fireside chats and in other ways; I went to meetings. I signed petitions. I deplored boll weevils, sharecropping, and the plow that broke the plains. I went around whistling "One Big Union for Two." I never walked in a picket line—nobody asked me—but I never crossed one, either, and I regarded people who did as economic royalists, to say the least. Well, time passed, as they say—both back in that balky America and there by the pond in Central Park, for, still staring at the newspaper glimmering in the water, I slipped along the years with the President, hearing his voice again (". . . my little dog, Fala." "Yesterday, December 7th . . ."), seeing him wave his hat from the back seat of a car, and, later, seeing the very hat, and the Navy cape that went with it, hanging, almost alive, in a closet in Hyde Park. And then, as I left the pond and went up the rise toward Fifth Avenue, I remembered an August evening almost forty years ago.

I was cutting through a grove full of katydids, and then through a field full of burs and out onto an unpaved road. It was dark, and wherever I went I could hear people on all sides of me, walking and talking quietly. They were on their way to stand beside the B. & O. tracks where, sometime that night, Warren Harding's funeral train would pass. I went on and stood with them, thinking about the train coming toward us across the nation. I expected great plumes on it (when it came, there were none—only a pair of white flags on the engine, and a string of dark cars, with a dim light in the last one), because I kept getting Harding mixed up in my mind with Lincoln, though I knew they were unlike. I suppose what caused the confusion was the people waiting in the night—as I knew they had for Lincoln—there, and all along the journey, day and night. And (now leaving the Park for the Avenue) I thought of the way America—mine or anyone's—falls into a national hush at times like that, and, for at least a little while, is all of a piece.

OF course, America is all of a piece at times of joy as well as loss, I reflected, turning south, thinking of Lindbergh and Glenn, football Saturdays, and the ends of wars. It acts rather the way a person does then; nothing counts but its jubilation or sorrow. But I was supposed to be hunting for an America that was all of a piece all the time, and it kept breaking up in fragments and slipping away. I thought that perhaps I could get a grip on it by summing it up. Well, then, I told myself, as far as I could make out it was a little old-fashioned in some ways; brave, at least in retrospect; patriotic, but not blindly; sure that it was always right; friendly and hospitable, if somewhat limited in its views; hopeful of the future; fair, and proud of it; and it had bouts of conscience, and sadnesses and triumphs. In fact, it was beginning to resemble some of my friends, every last one of whom is indeed a person and acts it.

You had to say that America was human, all right, take it one way or another, and apparently all my Americas, and the others I saw around me, and the elusive fragments, were rolling themselves into one that was going to be about as definable as the average man. Easy enough on a quick look, but inside you could lose your way; all those cells and corpuscles—all those anxieties and trains of thought. A lot goes on. I had got to Rockefeller Center. A corpuscle with a crew cut was taking pictures of St. Patrick's. A cell with a blue flowered hat was window-shopping at Dunhill's. An anxiety in a polyester suit was trying to wag down a cab. I looked along the flower beds and past Prometheus to the flags, and up and up, and I thought I might just take a turn on the R.C.A. roof.

I got there in no time, ears popping. (Some cells of my own were deploring, petitioning.) A strong wind was blowing little clouds in from Jersey, and perhaps from Pennsylvania and beyond. (When it got to the Plaza fountain, it would be only a breeze, as I knew.) Down below me were nerve centers and arteries. (Memories also. Trains of thought.) A lot *was* going on, there and elsewhere—in Boston and Wichita, in Florida and Oregon, all over. I couldn't see any more of it than was under my nose, of course, but I didn't doubt it. And the one thing I was sure of, now, was that it wasn't just going to stand still for a definition—not for me or anyone else—though probably every cell in it could say exactly what made it all work.

STILL, that wasn't *quite* all there was to it, I was sure. If there wasn't a definition, there at least ought to be a map. I looked at the bay, blank and

ALWAYS

Shall I love you always, always?
Always is a sick man,
Not like to last above forty year.
Always in a thin eau-de-Nil robe-de-soie
Droops with his toes on the stove; *Always* has
The stone, the quartan, and the Persian jimjams;
Always gossips of death with poor frail
Ever, his crony in a like bad way.
Always remembers the day, and *Ever* remembers,
They straddled the good horse Time and set him at fences
Oh, *so* high. No falling. Poor old fools
Nattering in an ingle where the shoe pinches.

And we be parted always, always?
Always is well again,
Tight as a trivet and right as the long grave's rain—
And I see *Ever* and *Always*, hale fellows,
Well met and whistling, walking
On the giant hike from here to nowhere
That will last, no matter whether they take it
Slow or fast,
As long as immortal *Ever* and *Always* last.

—HILARY CORKE

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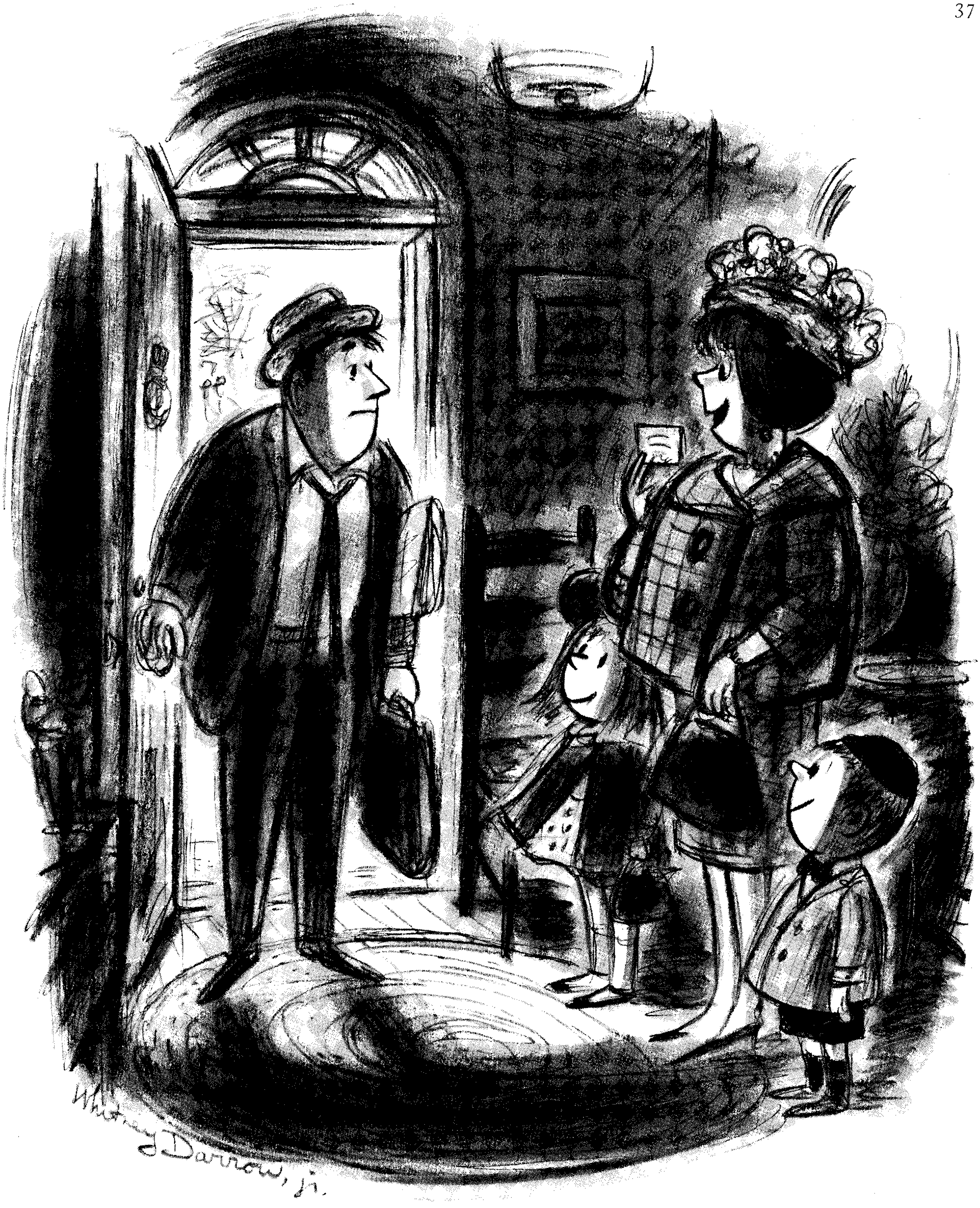

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Your Diners' Club card came today."

• •

bright in the afternoon sunlight, and at the islands that outline it; at the Narrows; at the streams that make glinting lines across New Jersey; at the East River, the Harlem, and the Hudson, precisely outlining Manhattan. And there it was—a map of the Harry persuasion, my map of the moment, with the chief place big and the rest dwindling off toward the edges. I grant that if I were to draw the whole of America now, I would enlarge other parts of it also—other areas of consequence, that is. But I thought that, to all intents, Harry was right. His map was his America, just as everyone else's is. And everyone's America is therefore mainly himself—proportions, memories, corpuscles and all, here and now. So I suppose mine is *my*self—what else could it be?—and Australia is only Illinois. Australians may take exception to this, but that is how things stand.

—Robert Henderson

TRANSATLANTIC CALL

"THE baby is crying," the maid said quietly, appearing at the dining-room door. She had been in the house for thirty years—since she was twenty—and hadn't changed much in that time. She still looked like a girl, and was chaste as a nun and almost as religious.

The baby's mother, Carol, who till then had been looking at the white tablecloth with almost frightening absorption, her black hair framing her face in such a way that only those who were sitting opposite her could see it, quickly got up from the table and hurried to the bedroom. In this sprawling, old stone house—her in-laws', in the countryside of Yorkshire—the baby's room was quite a way off, in a wing beyond the kitchen. If the baby hadn't been awake long, Carol could usually put her back to sleep in a few minutes. Anyone else only wakened her further.

Carol's husband, Roland, was left at the table with his parents and an American couple, a painter called Jim and his wife, who were staying with them. Roland, also a painter, was a broad-framed man of thirty-five, whose face sometimes lit up, and even glowed, at an imagined scene but was more often rapt in cheerless thought. He and Carol first met in London, where he had had a studio. She was an American, travelling in England. From his studio window one day he had seen the dreamy girl slowly walking down the street looking at the numbers on the doors. There was something about her so akin that he both thought and wished she might be looking for his own. She was. At his door she turned in, and a moment later rang his bell. A common friend in New York had sent her. It was now five years. They had been married for three, living first in his apartment in London and then two and a half years in America. They had returned to England a few months ago.

With Carol absent, the conversation turned on her.

Three weeks before, Roland had received a letter from Carol's older sister in Philadelphia saying that their mother, ill for months with aches and pains, had suddenly grown worse and been taken to a hospital. Not at all sure that word of mouth would upset Carol any less than written word, especially a sister's written word, Roland disclosed the news to her as gently as he could and then handed her the letter. After reading it, she looked at him with shining eyes and said that she had been expecting it—had known when they left America that her mother was seriously ill. She should never have left, she added, a little later; why had he made her? "Made you?" he said. "I couldn't make you shift a foot, let alone leave your country. I didn't make you leave. You could have stayed. We planned to come to England a long time ago—you know that perfectly well. We were supposed to have come last autumn. But you kept putting it off. The baby was too small. We stayed in your sister's flat for three months. I couldn't paint there. There wasn't enough room."

Soon after the letter, Carol spoke with her sister over the phone. The conversation had been unsatisfactory—not so much because the reception wasn't good as because Carol's sister never answered questions promptly, bright though she was, and the operator, hearing long silences, cut in to ask if she had heard. In the end, Carol learned that her mother was going to be operated on in a few hours. Her sister said she would cable and write a letter as soon as she knew anything more. The next morning, the cable arrived. The operation had gone well. Her mother was resting quietly. The letter arrived a few days later. It was addressed to Carol. Its preamble gave it an ominous tone. "I feel I must tell you," her sister wrote, "that Mother has cancer. According to the doctor, she may die any day, or she may live another two years or longer." There was no way to tell. At the news, Carol couldn't decide whether to leave for home right then or wait. More letters came. For a while, the elder sister wrote almost each day. Their mother was doing well. She had no pain.

"What is Carol going to do?" Roland's mother asked him after Carol left the table to put the baby back to sleep.

Roland's mother was a woman whom years and work and hard times had not spoiled but, like her old stone house, had made more lovely; a lover of the sun, who looked serenely on cloudy skies, storms, and Yorkshire's shifting winds. For whatever she felt sorry one felt sorry, and one was gladdened by what made her glad, such was her heart—a pyramid of strength, a coil of energy, yet gentle.

"She wants to leave," Roland replied.

"And when would she be going?"

"I don't know. It's hard for her to know when to go. The doctor certainly wanted to be on the safe side with his predictions. Maybe one day, maybe more than two years—it doesn't help you at all."

"All the way to America," his mother said. "And she's going to take the baby with her, is she?"

"Oh, yes; she wouldn't leave the baby. Not even for one night."

"That baby, hardly one year old and crossing the ocean for the second time, in those jets. Oh, my goodness."

"And then, once there," Roland said, "they may stay on and on. It isn't going to be easy for her to leave her mother, knowing she won't be seeing her again. She'll want to stay on and on, right to the end—and that may not be for another two years."

"She shouldn't go yet," his mother,

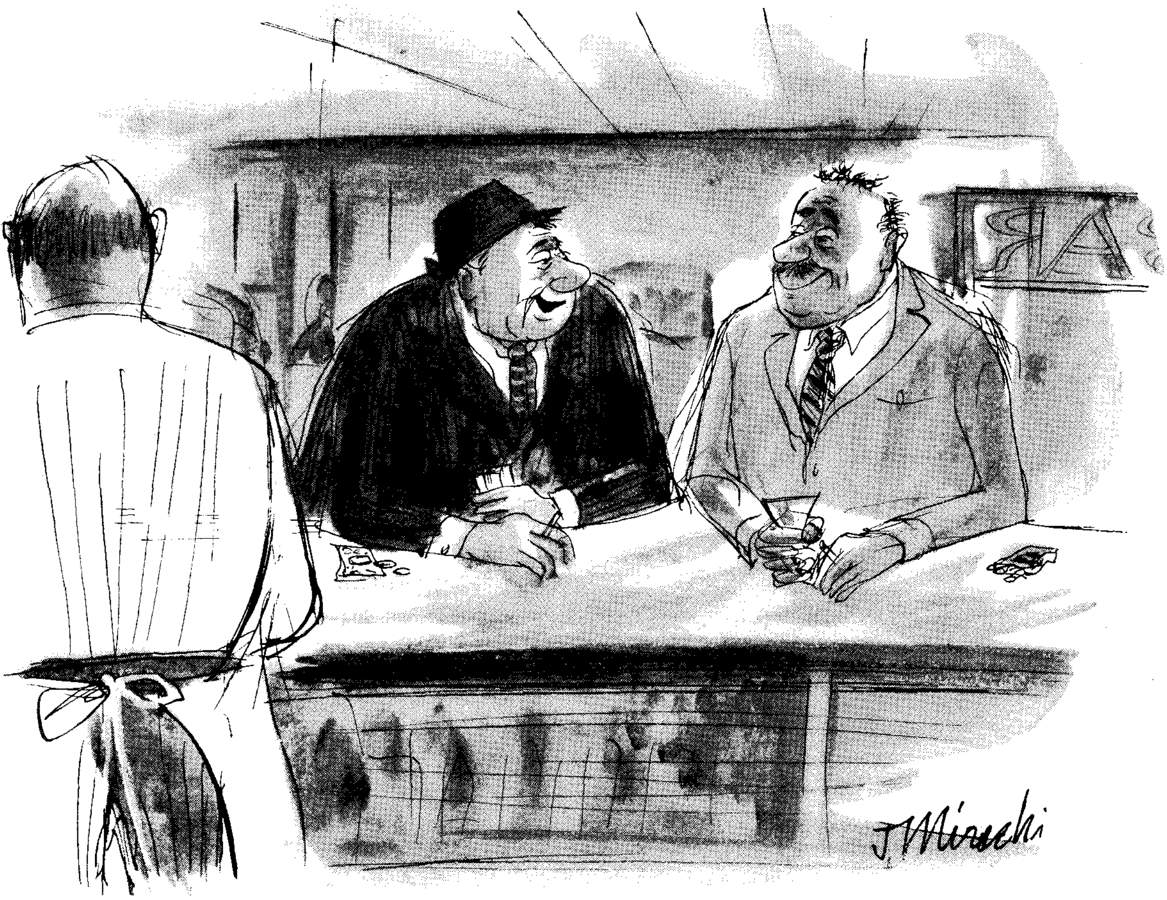
SHAKESPEARE
Koren

who had become very attached to the baby, said. "I hope she'll wait. You only just arrived. How long have you been here? Not two months?"

They had come in January, planning to stay a few months with his family, then move to York. He had been looking for an apartment there, and had found one that he liked, in an old building on a busy square. It was on the top floor. It had bay windows, and a terrace from which the towers of the cathedral could be seen.

"It's such a shame," his mother said. "You could have been happy in York, and now . . . Will you still take the flat?"

"Oh, yes. I may be able to accomplish something in a flat all by myself. And then I hope Carol won't be away too long. A month or two, perhaps. She could go twice—now, and then again toward the end."



"No, I don't think you drink too much. Do you think I drink too much?"

• •

"One should also consider the expense of these trips. Don't you think so, Jim?" Roland's mother said.

"I think that's true," he said.

"Poor woman," Roland said. "She'll probably die very soon and solve these problems for us with her death—as if to make things simple for us, die."

"Ah, yes," his mother said. "Roland is right. The poor woman."

They felt ashamed of having talked about the ill woman in terms of their convenience. There was a hush, and Roland felt that the telephone was going to ring at any moment. He could almost hear its shrill, repeated peals in the next room, and the silence when the maid picked it up, her voice, the sound the receiver made as she set it on the table, her steps toward the door, and her saying there was a cable for him, himself breaking the news to Carol. But the telephone didn't ring, and in a little while Carol came back.

"Has the baby gone to sleep?" he asked her.

"Oh, yes," she said, cheerfully.

CAROL's sister continued writing that their mother was doing well. Soon she might be able to get up and sit in a wheelchair. "I think you might wait to come," one letter said, replying to Carol's anxious questions. In the hospital, her mother had a nice room. The nurses liked her. She received many visitors.

Roland thought of the first day he had seen Carol's mother, at the airport two and a half years before, when Carol and he had arrived in America from Europe. Her pallor had struck him. Even then, probably, she was harboring the present illness, some cells oddly dividing, stealing her substance. He remembered that she used to complain about her health, but she had never called a doctor or been to see one, not since she had had her children—now, except for Carol, all in their late thirties. As long as one led the right kind of life, she thought, there was no need of doctors. She used a few simple remedies made from common herbs. But mainly she believed in eating the right kind of food; if one ate pure, nutritious food, properly prepared, what could go wrong, she used to say. Artificial ingredients, paints, germs, insecticides, and the evils they could bring were daily preoccupations with her. She had some funny notions: blueberries had to be planted in threes or they would never grow; mothballs liberally dropped about the floors and carpets could keep mice, squirrels—anything short of burglars, in fact—away all winter long from summer houses. She shopped by telephone and never—not in the past year, at any rate—left her house and garden. She tended the garden by herself, amorously and very successfully. It was luxuriant and by far the prettiest on her street. If someone had a plant about to die, she would ask for it, and in her garden it would put out new leaves and bloom again. After a month, one couldn't recognize it. Her tastes were as simple as her ways. She loved roses, not just the real ones that she grew abundantly in her garden but also embroidered, printed, painted roses. Walls, carpets, lampshades, curtains, bedcovers, tablecloths, pillow slips all had roses on them. For looks, she reckoned, there was nothing better than roses. All those pink stains, Roland thought, closing and opening his eyes. She gave presents that had roses on them—a rose-printed dressing gown to Carol, for instance, and Carol, who admired her mother so much that at times she seemed her replica, wore it for long periods of the day and night despite Roland's protests. "Buy your own clothes," he would tell her. "Your clothes should be an expression of yourself, for goodness' sake."

At the airport, two and a half years before, Carol's mother had kissed him. "My mother loves you," Carol told him after they had been in Philadelphia a few weeks. "My mother loves him," he heard her tell her friends. "I knew she would." During a long stay at Carol's parents' summer house in New Jersey, Roland painted the outside walls and built a stone fireplace in the living room where there once had been a stove. These things pleased her mother. And she was delighted when their baby was born and they named the little girl after her. "There is another Sophie," he had told her on the phone.

But then what had happened? Something had happened, because her attitude toward him changed. She didn't seem as well disposed as she had been. Was it that when they went to New Jersey the second summer he hadn't done any more work on the house? Was it his swearing? A granddaughter of hers, Judy, a pretty girl of twelve with plaits and ribbons, came to stay at the summer house while they were there, and she had heard him swearing. Judy looked at him with censure in her eyes. "Don't mind my swearing too much," he said. "It's the only way some people have of getting anywhere near eternal things." Her expression hadn't softened. "Don't think Judy didn't tell my mother about your swearing," Carol said some weeks later, after spending a few days in town at her mother's. "She knows all about it."

"What did you say?"

"I told her you didn't really mean much by it. But she wasn't satisfied until I told her that Lincoln used to swear."

"Did he?"

"I don't know," Carol said.

During the Presidential election, Carol's mother and Roland had favored opposing candidates. She had a way of not taking into account, of really neglecting to listen to, what one said, and went on attacking his man. "Oh, Mother!" the girls would sometimes say—never anything stronger, even when they disagreed with her. He, instead, had contradicted her a few times. He shouldn't have done that. What probably mattered most, though, was that she might have heard him speak sharply to Carol. "Will your parents like me?" he had asked Carol just before they arrived in Philadelphia. And Carol had warned him, "As long as you are not mean to me, they'll like you."

He was a moody and impatient person, with an air of calmness that came from exercising a stern control over himself. Sometimes Carol exasperated him, and after more than two years he wasn't quite as careful to conceal his moods from her parents as he had been at first. Though he couldn't quite remember, he might, he very well might, have said something mean to her in their presence. Or perhaps her mother had seen a frown—a touch of sadness—in her youngest, dearest daughter's face, and blamed him. Despite his self-control, she probably knew all about his moods and impatience. At any rate, she didn't like him any longer as she used to. She didn't kiss him any more when

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BLUE BUG

(AFTER LOOKING AT A PICTURE OF DR. RAWORTH WILLIAMS' POLO PONY, PHOTOGRAPHED, WITH SEVEN OTHER PONIES, BY THOMAS MCAVOY, "SPORTS ILLUSTRATED")

In this camera shot,
from that fine print in which you hide
(eight-pony portrait from the side),
you seem to recognize
a recognizing eye,
limber Bug.
Only partly said, perhaps, it has been implied
that you seem to be the one to ride.

I don't know how you got your name
and don't like to inquire.
Nothing more punitive than the pest
who says, "I'm trespassing," and
does it just the same.
I've guessed, I think.
I like a face that seems a nest,

a "mere container for the eye"—
triangle-cornered—and
pitchfork-pronged ears stiffly parallel:
bug brother to an Arthur
Mitchell dragonfly,
speeding to left,
speeding to right; reversible,

like "turns in an ancient Chinese
melody, a thirteen
twisted silk-string three-finger solo."
There they are, Yellow River-
scroll accuracies
of your version
of something similar—polo.

Restating it:
pelo, I turn,
on *polos*, a pivot.

If a little elaborate,
Redon (Odilon) brought it to mind,
his thought of the eye,
of revolving—combined somehow with pastime—
pastime that is work,
muscular docility,
also mentality,

as in the acrobat Li Siau Than,
gibbonlike but limberer,
defying gravity,
nether side arched up,
cup on head not upset—
China's very most ingenious man.

—MARIANNE MOORE

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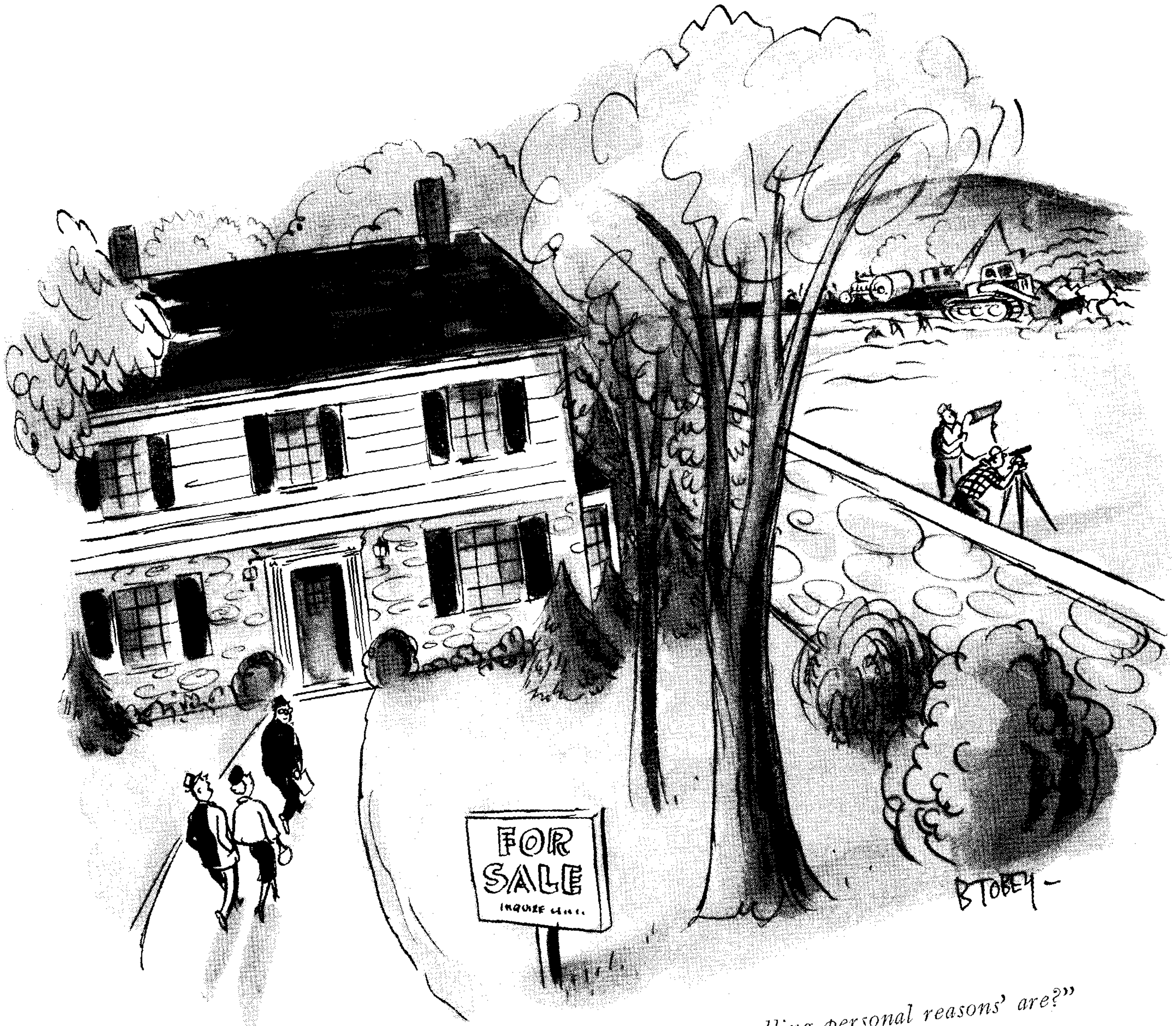


"Would you care to tell us what their 'compelling personal reasons' are?"

he arrived at her house or when he left it, and she kept mentioning Berney—a former boy friend of Carol's, a young diplomat who had loved her and who perhaps did still. "Have you heard from Berney? . . . Where's Berney now? . . . There was a letter from Berney for you, Carol . . . a present from him . . . did you answer?" The name kept coming up.

The last day Roland saw Carol's mother, the day before the flight to England, he had cut a finger while disconnecting the battery of his car, and had gone upstairs to get a Band-Aid in the bathroom. Her bedroom door was open. Except for the light coming from the hall, the room was dark. She was in bed talking to Carol, and from the bathroom he heard her mention the name Berney twice. A short time later, he went in to say goodbye. She hadn't kissed him. She hadn't given him her hand. "Well, goodbye," he had said, sadness catching at his throat, giving a strange modulation to his voice. He felt he would never see her again.

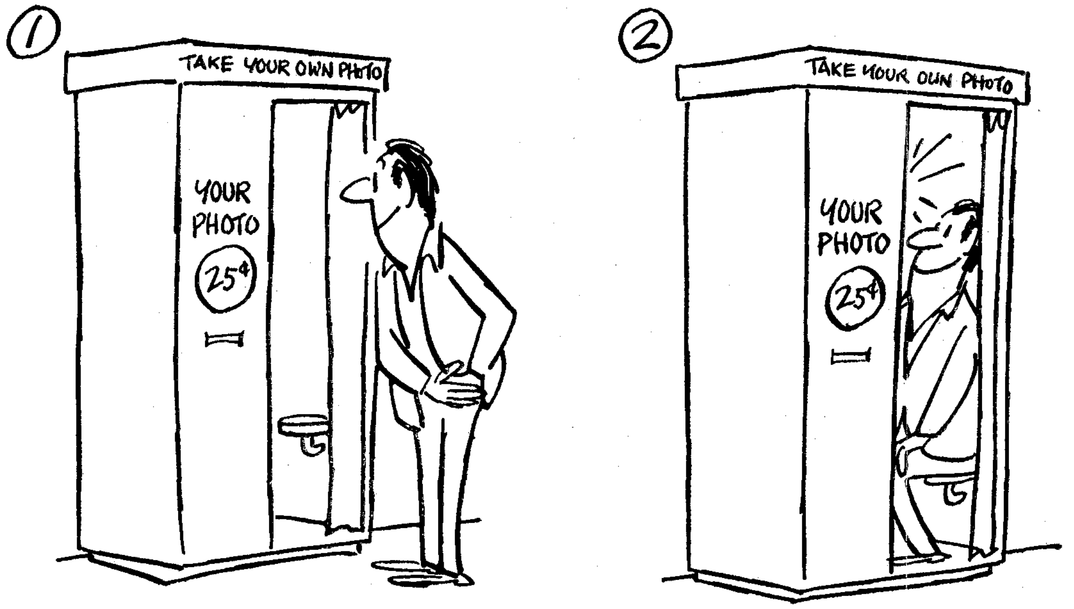
"Goodbye, Roland," she had said; no more.

He left her there, in the dark room with Carol; then Carol joined him, after a few minutes, downstairs.

During the flight, and here in England, he often thought of her in the dark room in bed. She had needed a doctor and refused to call one. Her pain was so bad she had to crawl up and down the steep, narrow staircase. Her diet was strange, her schedule stranger—she ate at night, in the early hours of morning; according to her, she hardly slept at all; she lay in bed and listened to the radio in the dark. In the house, she had her husband, and outside she had two married sons and Carol's sister, besides Carol herself, to help her, but most of the time she did without their help. She crawled up and down the stairs early in the morning and ate some bits of food. She refused to have a doctor. Then one night the pain got so bad they had to rush her to the hospital.

A hospital—that's where she ought to have been for many months, Roland thought. And yet perhaps it had been best this way. One had one's integrity, and if one didn't want people to meddle with it, that was within one's right. To question this right was wrong. She had stayed at home as long as she could, bravely, to the last moment, and when she couldn't stand the pain any more she had called for help and been taken away. There was something heroic about people who didn't leave their home, their ship, their field.

Still, he was glad that now she was in a good hospital, with plenty of care. The nurses, Carol's sister wrote, had given her a present; many people had come to see her—even former delivery-men, the milkman, the mailman, neighboring children. When well, she had given presents to a great many people, cooked meals for any workman who



came to the house, given away large parcels of food. She wasn't at all property-conscious. The nurses liked her—that was a good sign.

"Mother is doing well," the letters still said, and now Carol and Roland were in York. The apartment, which they had taken unfurnished, was beginning to look lived in. They had bought beds, and wicker chairs and tables. Roland was becoming very fond of the place. From their windows the cathedral, veiled in mist, seemed like an apparition. In ways that must have been far from the minds of their builders, he felt protected by the walls around the town. Deep, narrow gates with pointed arches pierced them, and brought to mind knights in armor on horseback. There was a footpath over the walls, and in the old part of town there were a hundred narrow streets alive with shops and markets—medieval. It had always been a good town to wander in.

Reading the letters from Carol's sister, one had the impression that the girls' mother was recovering. The incurable nature of her illness, and the doctor's prognostication, seemed forgotten. "They are building her strength up with vitamins and calcium. Soon she may be able to walk," the letters said.

Their optimism amazed Roland. "Do you think they might have made a mistake in the diagnosis?" he asked Carol.

"No," she said, and from the hopeless way in which she said it he knew that she was right. "I know my mother is very sick—I know my mother is going to die," she had told him in Philadelphia, and he hadn't believed her. "She may have some form of rheumatism," he had said. He had wanted to leave; possibly that influenced his opinion, though when he had told her sister, "Carol thinks your mother is very ill," her sister had said, "I know she does, but she isn't with her as often as I am," implying that she didn't think it was serious. But Carol had known; she who loved her mother most had known.

"What news do you have, Carol?" Roland's mother asked her once, when they went to his parents' home from York for a visit.

"Oh, my mother is feeling better."

"Then you are not leaving, are you?"

"Oh, yes, I am leaving soon."

"Really? When do you think you'll go?"

"Next week, perhaps."

Though she didn't show it, Roland knew it annoyed her to have people suggest that she not leave. Of course she was going to see her sick mother, and she was going soon; she wasn't going to wait till her mother was so sick she wouldn't recognize her.

But the week passed, and Carol couldn't make up her mind to leave. "I must go," she would say.

"Wouldn't it be better if you waited for a letter from your sister saying that you should come?"

"I want to go now."

"Well, go, then."

It was exactly what she couldn't do. The step of going to the travel bureau, inquiring about flights, setting a date, and buying the ticket, easy though it seemed to him, was too big for her to take without help. She wanted him to do these things. But he wouldn't. "It's your trip," he would say. "Why should I set the date for it? I don't see why you can't. If I did, it would be like hurrying you off." And then, looking at the baby, perhaps he would add, "I don't want to see that baby go. No, I don't," and pick her up and hug her hard and kiss her. The child would shriek and beat her feet and hands against him till he set her back on the floor. Then she'd run off across the room and perhaps trip on the carpet and fall. But in a moment she'd be up again and run some more, shouting her first words in a big voice.

Once in a while, he would propose a drive to the country, to his parents' home.

"You want to go and see your mother, don't you? But you won't let me go and see mine," Carol would say, and refuse.

"I've been telling you you can leave whenever you want," he would reply. "How can you compare going to the country with crossing the Atlantic, anyway?"

"We crossed the Atlantic to come here."

"When we were in Philadelphia, I would drive you to your mother's any time you wanted."

An argument would follow, in which again she would blame him for having taken her away from her sick mother. She wanted to be back in America. She hated it here. The apartment, the city, the country, the climate were all wrong.

There were some rainy days in June when it was cold. Half dressed, she would look at him and shiver.

"Surely you have a jersey you can put on."

But no, she chose to stand there and shiver, looking like a wet chicken, in her slip.

"In Philadelphia it's colder than this," he would say.

"Only in the winter, and not indoors."

"Outdoors it is. What about outdoors? Doesn't outdoors count? Isn't it colder in Pennsylvania outdoors?"

"If it's cold, you can stay in."

"I couldn't. I had to go out."

"I don't care. I hate it here."

"I'll tell you why I came," he would retort. "Because I didn't want to end up sitting at those dreadful bars."

Mean words would pass between them, unusually malignant. It surprised him how wicked his could be. Soon he would say something that enraged her

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so she would not answer. She would sink into a wearying, unremitting silence. For him this was worse than any words, harder to bear. He would follow her around the apartment saying that he was sorry and tell her things as sweet as the others had been bitter. Until her silence broke, there was no peace.

"Oh, if you think I am coming back," she might say. Even words like those were better than no words. "If you think I am coming back"—she'd laugh—"you must think I am crazy."

Sometimes her threats to go and not come back seemed so final that he would believe her. He would accept it as a fact—she wasn't coming back. Then the prospect of not seeing the baby again brought tears to his eyes. The baby knew. The barefoot, chubby little girl with curly hair understood everything, and would run from one to the other and look at them questioningly, till, to end her apprehension, they would smile. At times, when they raised their voices or when Roland tried to counter some abrupt move of Carol's—like her bolting out of a room, half dressed, toward the apartment door—the baby would yell, and again bring a certain calm between them.

How had they come to this, he asked himself. They had come to it. Was it the end of their relation? And a thought, yet hazy, loomed in his mind—her mother was bringing it about, her mother, who had changed her mind about him and now wished that Carol had married Berney. She was calling her daughter back to save her from Roland, to rid her of him.

"I DREAMED about my mother," Carol said to him one morning. "Such a strange dream. She said . . ."

"What did she say?"

Carol cried. For a moment, she couldn't speak. "She said, 'I am going to miss you, Carol.' God, I'd better go."

But she still waited, and in the end Roland wished she'd go; he couldn't live like this. He encouraged her to go. He handed her the checkbook.

She didn't want it. "You have to come with me," she said, "and buy the ticket."

"All right, let's go," he said.

He waited for her to get ready, and when she was, he picked the baby up and went down the stairs to the car, Carol following with her straw basket. They drove to a travel bureau.

There were convenient flights from London to Philadelphia every day. "When would you like to go?" the agent said.

"I'll go on Thursday," she said.

"Thursday? The day after tomorrow?" Roland said. He looked at the baby. Gone day after tomorrow would she be? Snatched from him.

"Yes."

"But there's no hurry. Your mother is doing well. Why don't you give yourself and them a little time. You are not just going to Hull or the next town."

The travel agent waited. The two couldn't agree. It was no use sitting there arguing. They left, and took a walk around the block. Why couldn't he let her leave when she wanted to? It was her flight. No, he had all sorts of reasons. People didn't like to be surprised, he said. She might not be met at the airport. She might find that there was no one at home.

"We would send a cable," she said.

"Despite the cable," he said unreasonably. "And my mother would like to see the baby again before you leave. Of course, you never think about my mother."

She yielded, three-quarters of the way around the block. She and the baby would leave on Monday. They went back into the office and quickly bought a ticket—a round-trip ticket.

A round-trip ticket. Yet, that very evening, in the dark, he found himself with the baby in his arms running after Carol down a lonely country road and, when he caught up with her and clutched her, saying to her, "Remember, no matter what we may say later, if you don't want the two of us to go insane, don't come back."

It happened at a friend's house where they had been invited. There was a buffet supper in the garden. A cot had been readied for the baby in the house, but the baby wouldn't go to sleep. He held her in his arms and walked for a long time, and when at last she fell asleep over his shoulder he looked for Carol and didn't find her. She wasn't with the others in the garden. He didn't know his way about the house. He waited for her outside, as far away as he could from the noisy dinner party. At last she came out the front door. She said something and the baby woke up. "Where have you been hiding?" he said, irritably. Hurt, she ran out through the gate, down the lonely country road—she, usually so afraid of the dark. They came back to the house, said goodbye to their hosts, and went home silently.

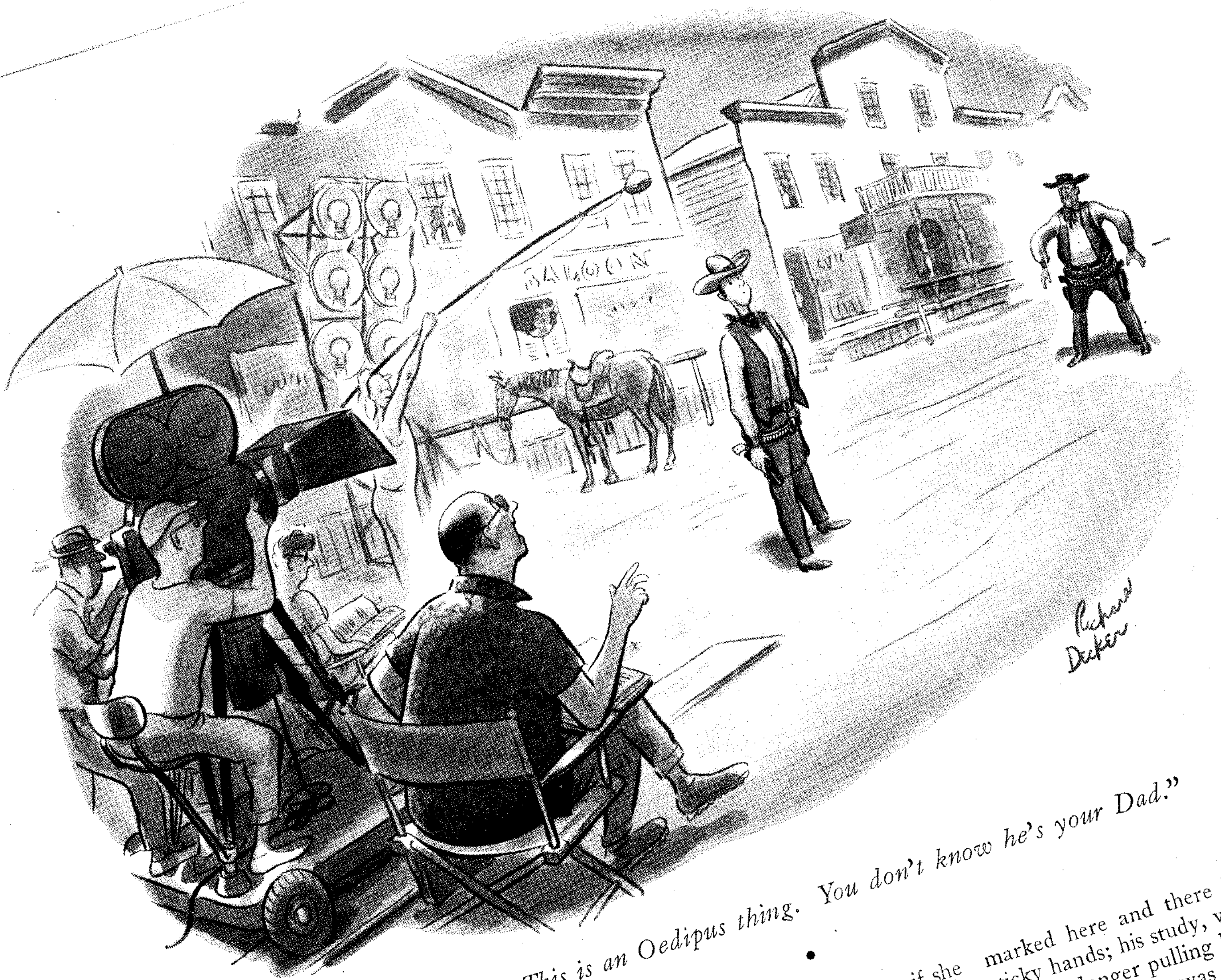
Slowly, they got over this quarrel, too, insurmountable though it seemed. They were at peace again. They loved each other, and the next day it was strange to think of that nightmarish evening. The words he had spoken down the lonely country road kept coming to his mind. What had taken hold of her to run out like that into the night? It was almost as though something in the air, secret and powerful, had drawn her away from him.

"You were strange last night," he said, driving to his parents' house.

"I know," she said.

They were at his parents' house for a few days. When they left, everyone gathered at the front door to say goodbye. The car moved off. He looked at Carol and saw that she was crying.

They had one more day in their apartment. It went by quietly. The



"Now, remember. This is an Oedipus thing. You don't know he's your Dad."

•

morning of their departure, they awoke early, after she had spent most of the night packing. The baby sprang out of bed and ran onto the terrace. Two months before, soon after they had moved into the apartment, he had bought a dozen flowerpots, filled them with earth from near his parents' home, and sowed morning-glories in each one. They had grown fast, taller than he was, but none had bloomed so far.

"Ffff . . . ffa," the baby said, for "flower," running back into the house. She led him to the terrace and stopped in front of an open, splendid, blue morning-glory—the first one.

The car wouldn't start. They took a taxi to the station. All during the long train ride to London, he looked after the baby, who was too excited to go to sleep, and kept her happy. She slept in the bus to the airport. There, she rushed about again. As the time for the flight neared, he could hardly look at the baby any more. The gates to the field opened. An air hostess led the passengers away. He handed the baby to Carol and kissed them both, then watched them walking toward the big airplane. The baby looked to this side and that for him. He thought, When she comes back—if she comes back—she will not recognize me.

He went up to the lookout and inserted a coin into a telescope, then scanned each little window of the craft for them, but could not see them. The airplane's engines began roaring. He brought his palms to his ears. Inside that monstrous roaring thing was his baby. The thing moved slowly to one corner of the field. There the noise increased, and it sprang forward. It raced down a runway. Far, far away it rose into the air and went out of his sight.

THE plane landed safely in America. He knew it from the newspapers, which didn't carry any news of a disaster. She didn't write. Two weeks went by without a word. Then a postcard came. It said the baby had been the star of the flight, that she loved picking blueberries in the garden, and that she went in her carriage every day to see her grandmother.

In the apartment, he paced from room to room: the baby's room, with the empty cot, the piled-up toys; the terrace, where the morning-glories were in full bloom; the kitchen, with the walls marked here and there by the baby's sticky hands; his study, which, with the baby no longer pulling his sketches and stationery down, was now tidy; their room, with the double bed—really two single beds linked together, and only one of which was made.

One night, while he lay in bed with the light on, a piece of ice in a drink he had prepared because he couldn't go to sleep made a sound as it turned over on itself and struck the glass. A faint, musical sound. It was echoed a moment later by another sound—that of a distant bell striking the half hour. He looked at his watch. It was two-thirty, three weeks since she had left. He looked at the unmade half of the bed, the brown stripes of the mattress, the pillow without a pillow slip. "Jesus," he whispered to himself, "I never knew I loved her this much. I really didn't."

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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The play is described as a musical comedy which features a revolution in the mythical South American republic of "Costa Rica."—*Dallas News*.

That myth has been exploded.

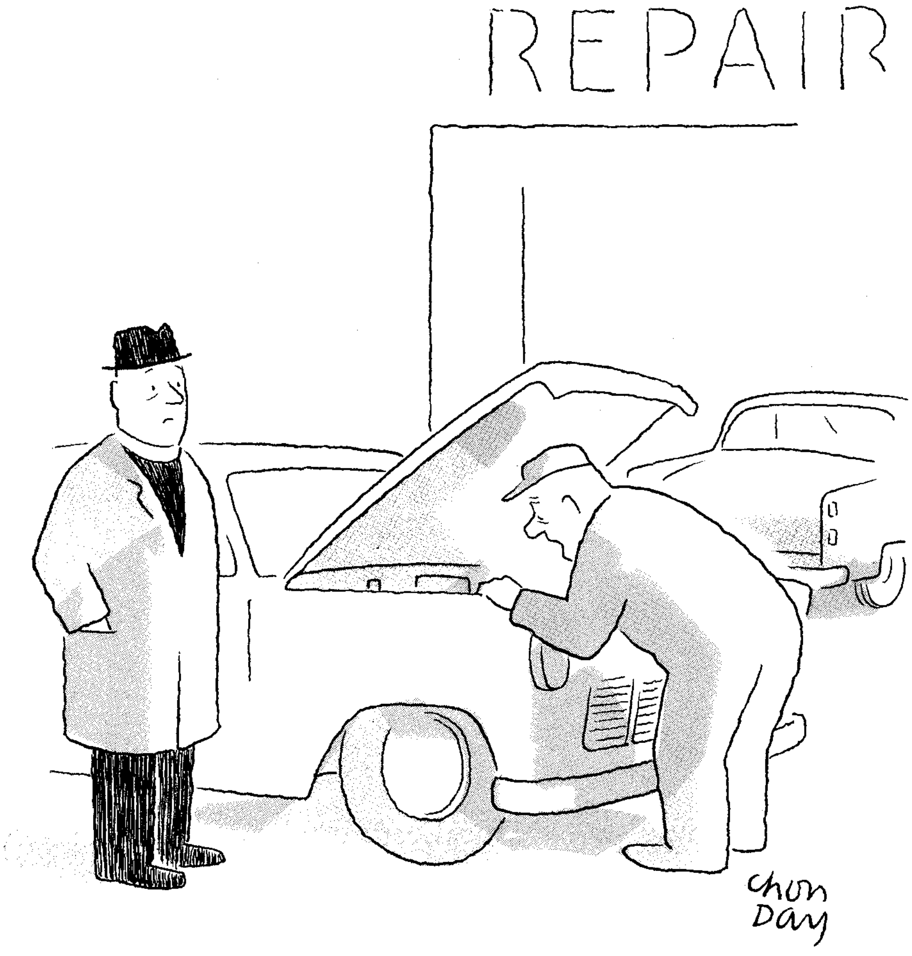
ANNALS OF BUSINESS

THE IMPACTED PHILOSOPHERS

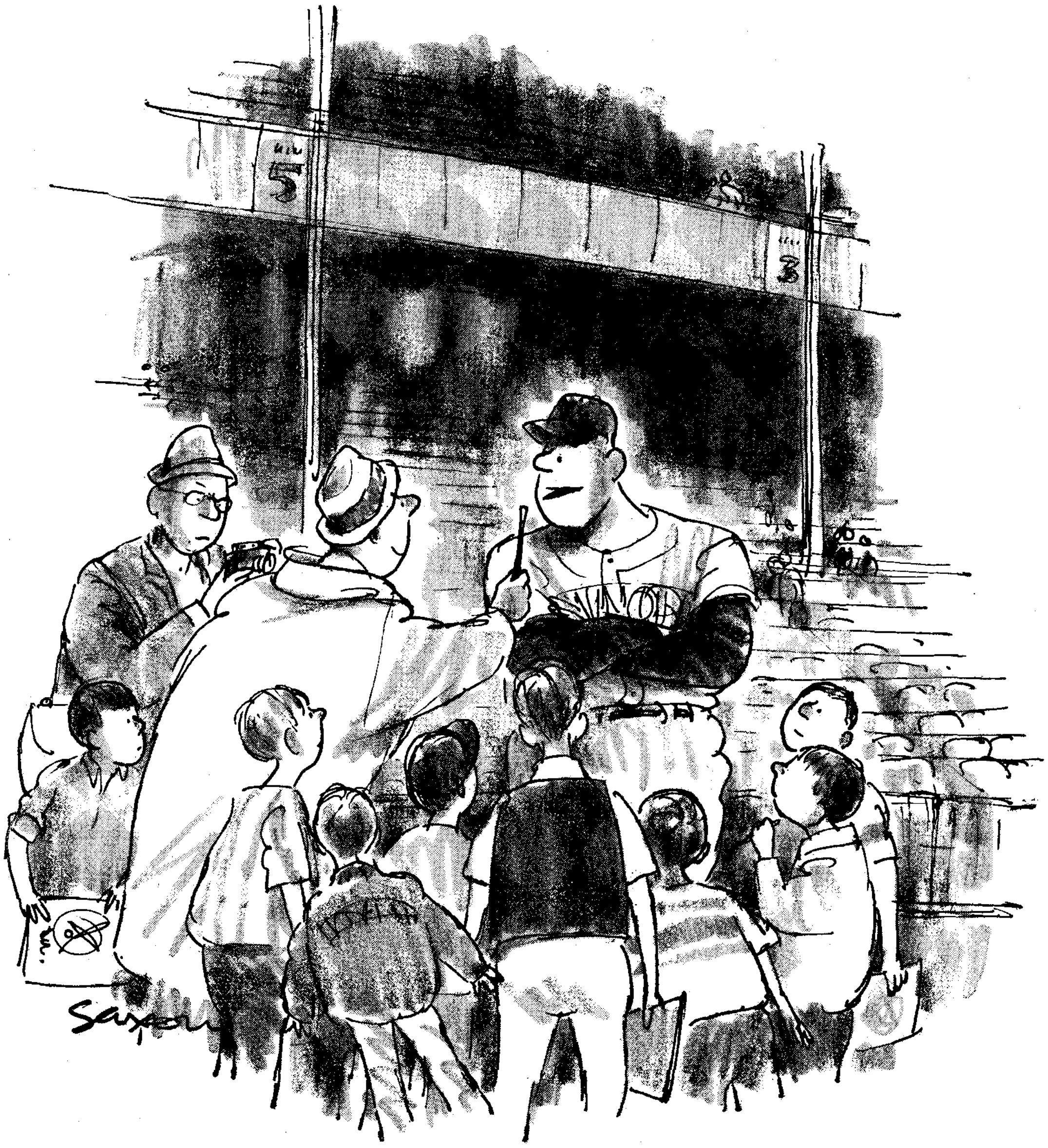
AMONG the greatest problems facing American industry today, one may learn by talking with any of a large number of industrialists who are not known to be especially given to pontificating, is "the problem of communication." This preoccupation with the difficulty of getting a thought out of one head and into another is something the industrialists share with a substantial number of intellectuals and creative writers, more and more of whom seem inclined to regard communication, or the lack of it, as one of the greatest problems not just of industry but of humanity. (A few avant-garde writers and artists have given the importance of communication a backhanded boost by flatly and unequivocally proclaiming themselves to be *against* it.) As far as the industrialists are concerned, I admit that in the course of hearing them invoke the word "communication"—often in an almost mystical way—over the past few years I have had a lot of trouble figuring out exactly what they meant. The general thesis is clear enough; namely, that everything would be all right, first, if they could get through to each other within their own organizations, and, second, if they, or their organizations, could get through to everybody else. What has puzzled me is how and why, in this day when the foundations sponsor one study of communication after another, individuals and organizations fail so consistently to express themselves understandably, or how and why their listeners fail to grasp what they hear.

Recently, I acquired a two-volume publication of the United States Government Printing Office entitled "Hearings Before the Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly of the Committee on the Judiciary, United States Senate, Eighty-seventh Congress, First Session, Pursuant to S. Res. 52," and after a fairly diligent perusal of its fourteen hundred and fifty-nine pages I think I begin to see what the industrialists are talking about. The hearings, conducted in April, May, and June, 1961, under the chairmanship of Senator Estes Kefauver, of Tennessee, had to do with the now famous price-fixing and bid-rigging conspiracies in the electrical-manufacturing industry, which had already resulted, the previous February, in the imposition by a federal judge in Philadelphia of fines totalling $1,924,500 on twenty-nine firms and forty-five of their employees, and also of thirty-day prison sentences on seven of the employees. Since there had been no public presentation of evidence, all the defendants having pleaded either guilty or no defense, and since the records of the grand juries that indicted them were secret, the public had had little opportunity to hear about the details of the violations, and Senator Kefauver felt that the whole matter needed a good airing. The transcript shows that it got one, and what the airing revealed—at least within the biggest company involved—was a breakdown in intramural communication so drastic as to make the building of the Tower of Babel seem a triumph of organizational rapport.

In a series of indictments brought by the government in the United States District Court in Philadelphia between February and October, 1960, the twenty-nine companies and their executives were charged with having repeatedly violated Section 1 of the Sherman Act of 1890, which declares illegal "every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States, or with foreign nations." The violations, the government alleged, were committed in connection with the sale of large and expensive pieces of apparatus of a variety that is required chiefly by public and private electric-utility companies (power transformers, switchgear assemblies, and turbine-generator units, among many others), and were the outcome of a series of meetings attended by executives of the supposedly competing companies—beginning at least as early as 1956 and continuing into 1959—at which non-competitive price levels were agreed upon, nominally sealed bids on individual contracts were rigged in advance, and each company was allocated a certain percentage of the available business. The government further alleged that, in an effort to preserve the secrecy of these meetings, the executives had resorted to such devices as referring to their companies by code numbers in their correspondence, making telephone calls from public booths or from their homes rather than from their offices, and doctoring the expense



"Goodness gracious! Mercy!"



"How does it feel when I swat one over the fence? Well, I guess it gives me a feeling of satisfaction to think I am able to justify the front office's investment in my contract."

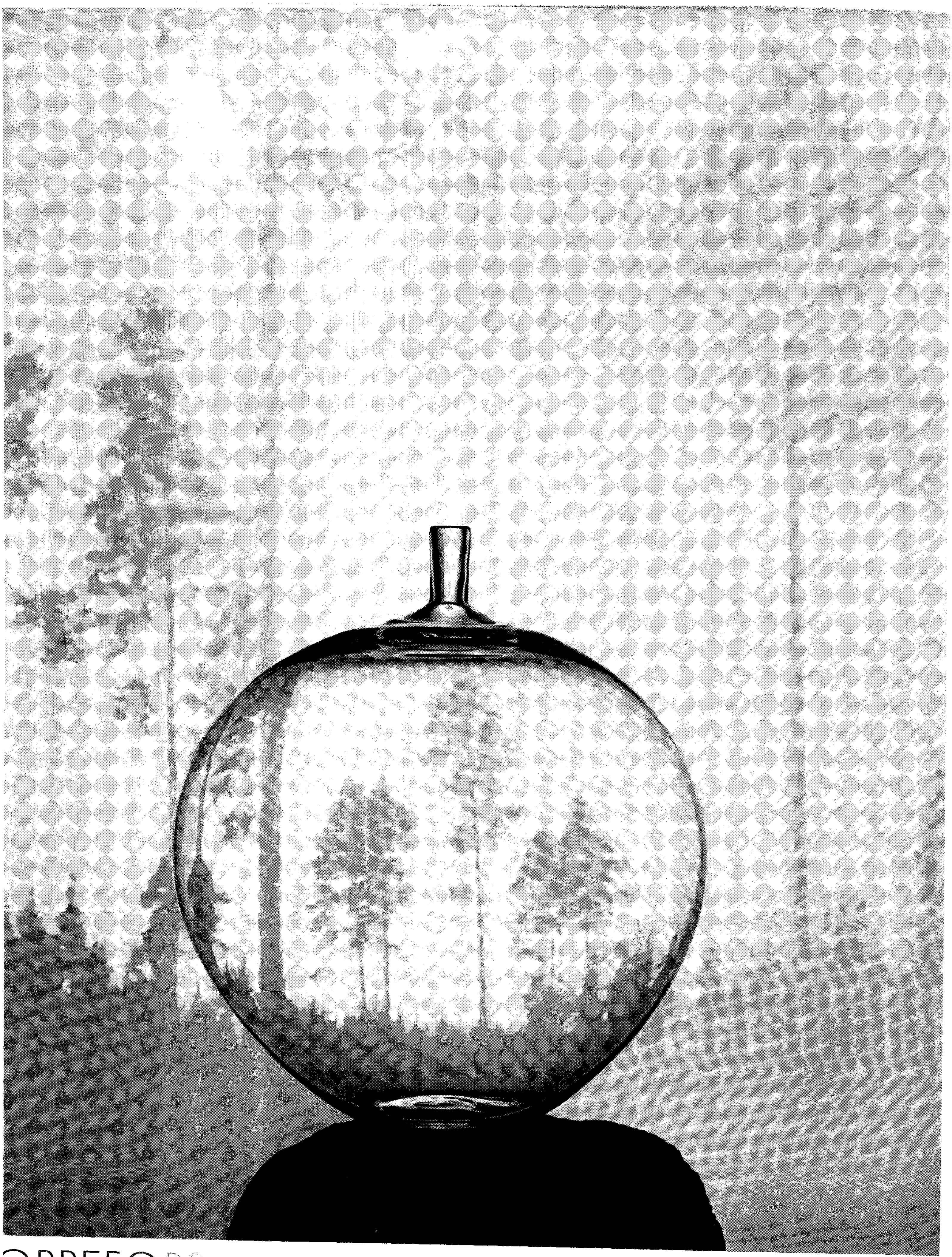
• • •

accounts covering their get-togethers to conceal the fact that they had all been in a certain city on a certain day. But their stratagems did not prevail. The federals, forcefully led by Robert A. Bicks, then head of the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice, succeeded in exposing them, with considerable help from some of the conspirators themselves, who, after an employee of a small conspirator company saw fit to spill the beans in the early fall of 1959, flocked to turn state's evidence.

The economic and social significance of the whole affair may be demonstrated clearly enough by citing just a few figures. In an average year, a total of more than one and three-quarters billion dollars is spent to purchase machines of the sort in question, nearly a fourth of it by federal, state, and local governments (which, of course, means the taxpayers), and most of the rest by private utility companies (which are inclined to pass along any rise in the cost of their equipment to the public in the form of rate increases). To take a specific example of the kind of money involved in an individual transaction, the list price of a five-hundred-thousand-kilowatt turbine-generator—a monstrous device for producing electric power from steam power—may be something like sixteen million dollars. Actually, manufacturers have sometimes cut their prices by as much as twenty-five per cent in order to make a sale, and therefore, if everything is aboveboard, it may be possible to buy the machine at a saving of four million dollars; if representatives of the companies making such generators hold a single meeting and agree to fix prices, they may, in effect, increase the cost to the customer by the four million. And in the end, the customer is almost sure to be the public.

In presenting the indictments in Philadelphia, Bicks stated that, considered collectively, they revealed "a pattern of violations which can fairly be said to range among the most serious, the most flagrant, the most pervasive that have ever marked any basic American industry." Just before imposing the sentences, Judge J. Cullen Ganey went even further; in his view, the violations constituted "a shocking indictment of a vast section of our economy, for what is really at stake here is the survival of . . . the free-enterprise system." The prison sentences showed that he meant it; although there had been many successful prosecutions for violation of the Sherman Act during the seven decades since its passage, it was rare indeed for executives to be jailed. Not surprisingly, therefore, the case kicked up quite a ruckus in the press. The *New Republic*, to be sure, complained that the newspapers and magazines were intentionally playing down "the biggest business scandal in decades," but the charge did not seem to have much foundation. Considering such things as the public's apathy toward switchgear, the woeful bloodlessness of criminal cases involving antitrust laws, and the relatively few details of the conspiracies that had emerged, the press in general gave the story a good deal of space, and even the *Wall Street Journal* and *Fortune* ran uncompromising and highly informative accounts of the debacle; here and there, in fact, one could detect signs of a revival of the spirit of old-time anti-business journalism as it existed back in the thirties. After all, what could be more exhilarating than to see several dignified, impeccably tailored, and highly paid executives of a few of the nation's most respected corporations being trooped off to jail like common pickpockets? It was certainly the biggest moment for business-baiters since 1938, when Richard Whitney, the president of the New York Stock Exchange at the time, was put behind bars for speculating with his customers' money. Some called it the biggest since Teapot Dome.

To top it all off, there was a prevalent suspicion of hypocrisy in the very high-



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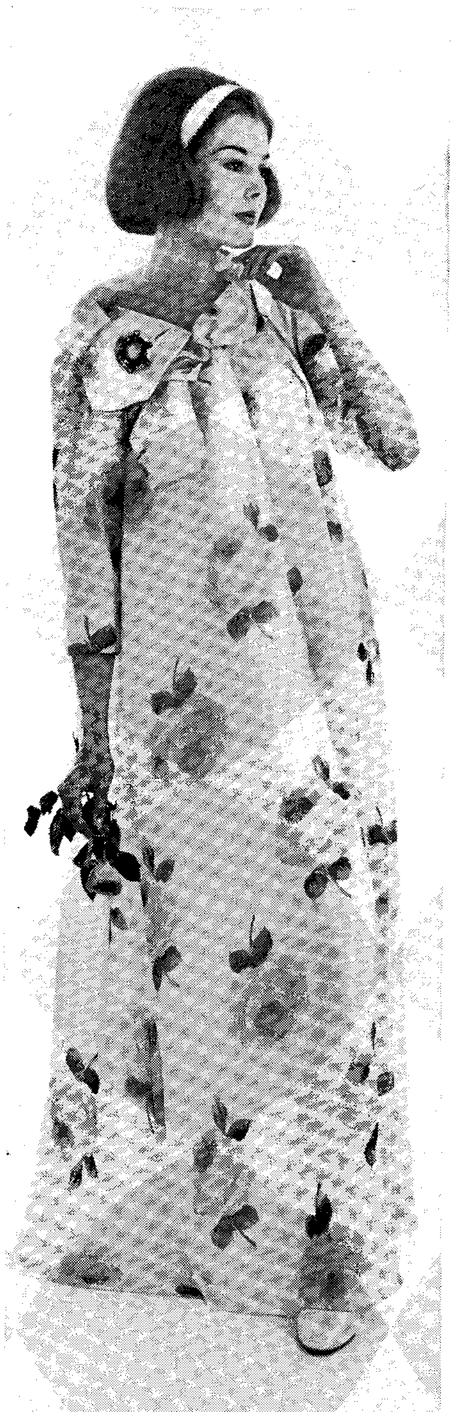

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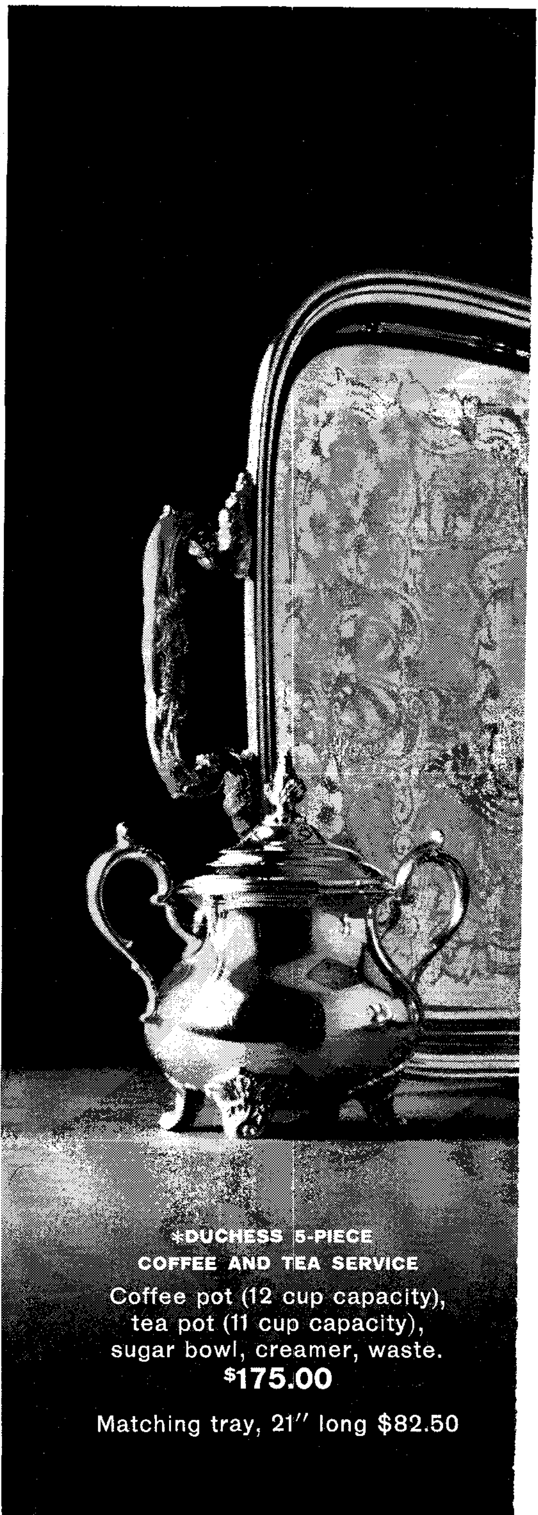
est places. Neither the chairman of the board nor the president of General Electric, the largest of the corporate defendants, had been caught in the government's dragnet, and the same was true of Westinghouse Electric, the second-largest; these four ultimate bosses let it be known that they had been entirely ignorant of what had been going on within their commands right up to the time the first testimony on the subject was given to the Justice Department. Many people, however, were not satisfied by these disclaimers, and, instead, took the position that the defendant executives were men in the middle, who had broken the law only in response either to actual orders or to a corporate climate favoring price fixing, and who were now being allowed to suffer for the sins of their superiors. Among the unsatisfied was Judge Ganey himself, who said at the time of the sentencing, "One would be most naïve indeed to believe that these violations of the law, so long persisted in, affecting so large a segment of the industry, and, finally, involving so many millions upon millions of dollars, were facts unknown to those responsible for the conduct of the corporation. . . . I am convinced that in the great number of these defendants' cases, they were torn between conscience and approved corporate policy, with the rewarding objectives of promotion, comfortable security, and large salaries."

The public naturally wanted a ringleader, an arch-conspirator, and it appeared to find what it wanted in General Electric, which—to the acute consternation of the men endeavoring to guide its destinies from company headquarters; at 570 Lexington Avenue—got the lion's share of attention both in the press and in the Subcommittee hearings. With some three hundred thousand employees around the world, and sales averaging some four billion dollars a year over the past ten years, it was not only far and away the biggest of the twenty-nine accused companies but, judged on the basis of sales in 1959, the fifth-biggest company in the country. It also drew a higher total of fines ($437,500) than any other company, and saw more of its executives sent to jail (three, with eight others receiving suspended sentences). Furthermore, as if to intensify in this hour of crisis the horror and shock of true believers—and the glee of scoffers—its highest-ranking executives had for years tried to represent it to the public as a paragon of successful virtue by issuing encomiums to the free competitive system, the very system that the



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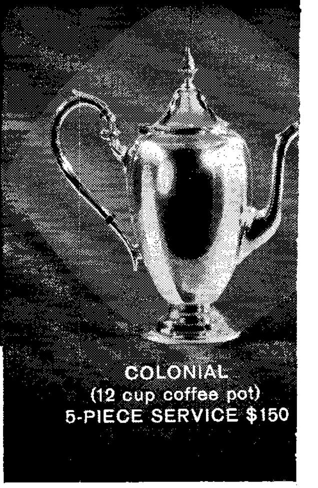

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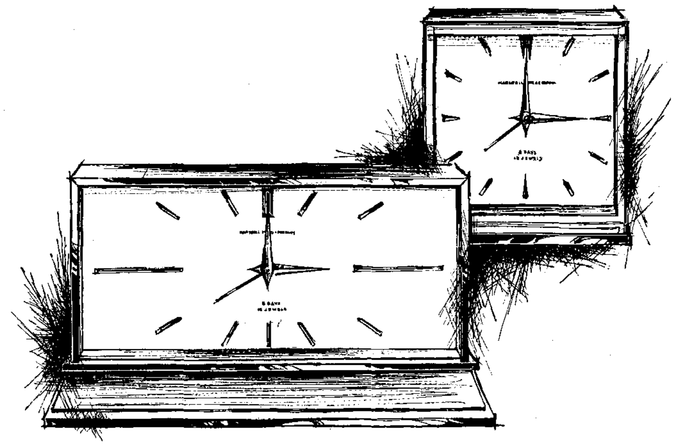

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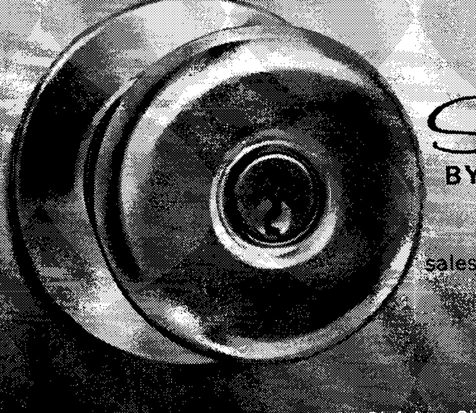

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price-fixing meetings were set up to mock. In 1959, shortly after the government's investigation of the violations had been brought to the attention of G.E.'s policymakers, the company demoted and cut the pay of those of its executives who admitted that they had been involved; one vice-president, for example, was informed that instead of the hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars a year he had been getting he would now get forty thousand dollars. (He had scarcely adjusted himself to that blow when Judge Ganey fined him four thousand dollars and sent him to prison for thirty days, and shortly after he regained his freedom, General Electric eased him out entirely.) The G.E. policy of imposing penalties of its own on these employees, regardless of what punishment the court might prescribe, was not adopted by Westinghouse, which waited until the Judge had disposed of the case and then decided that the fines and prison sentences he had handed out to its stable of offenders were chastisement enough, and did not itself penalize them at all. Some people saw this attitude as evidence that Westinghouse was condoning the conspiracies, but others regarded it as a commendable, if tacit, admission that management at the highest level in the conniving companies was responsible—morally, at least—for the whole mess and was therefore in no position to discipline its erring employees. In the view of these people, G.E.'s haste to penalize the acknowledged culprits on its payroll strongly suggested that the firm was trying to save its own skin by throwing a few luckless employees to the wolves, or—as Senator Philip A. Hart, of Michigan, put it, more pungently, during the hearings—"to do a Pontius Pilate operation."

EMBATTLED days at 570 Lexington Avenue! After years of cloaking the company in the mantle of a wise and benevolent corporate institution, the public-relations people at G.E. headquarters were faced with the ugly choice of representing its role in the price-fixing affair as that of either a fool or a knave. They tended strongly toward "fool." Judge Ganey, by his statement that he assumed the conspiracies to have been not only condoned but approved by the top brass and the company as a whole, clearly chose "knave." But his analysis may or may not have been the right one, and after reading the Kefauver Subcommittee testimony I have come to the melancholy conclusion that the truth will very likely never be known. For, as the testimony shows, the

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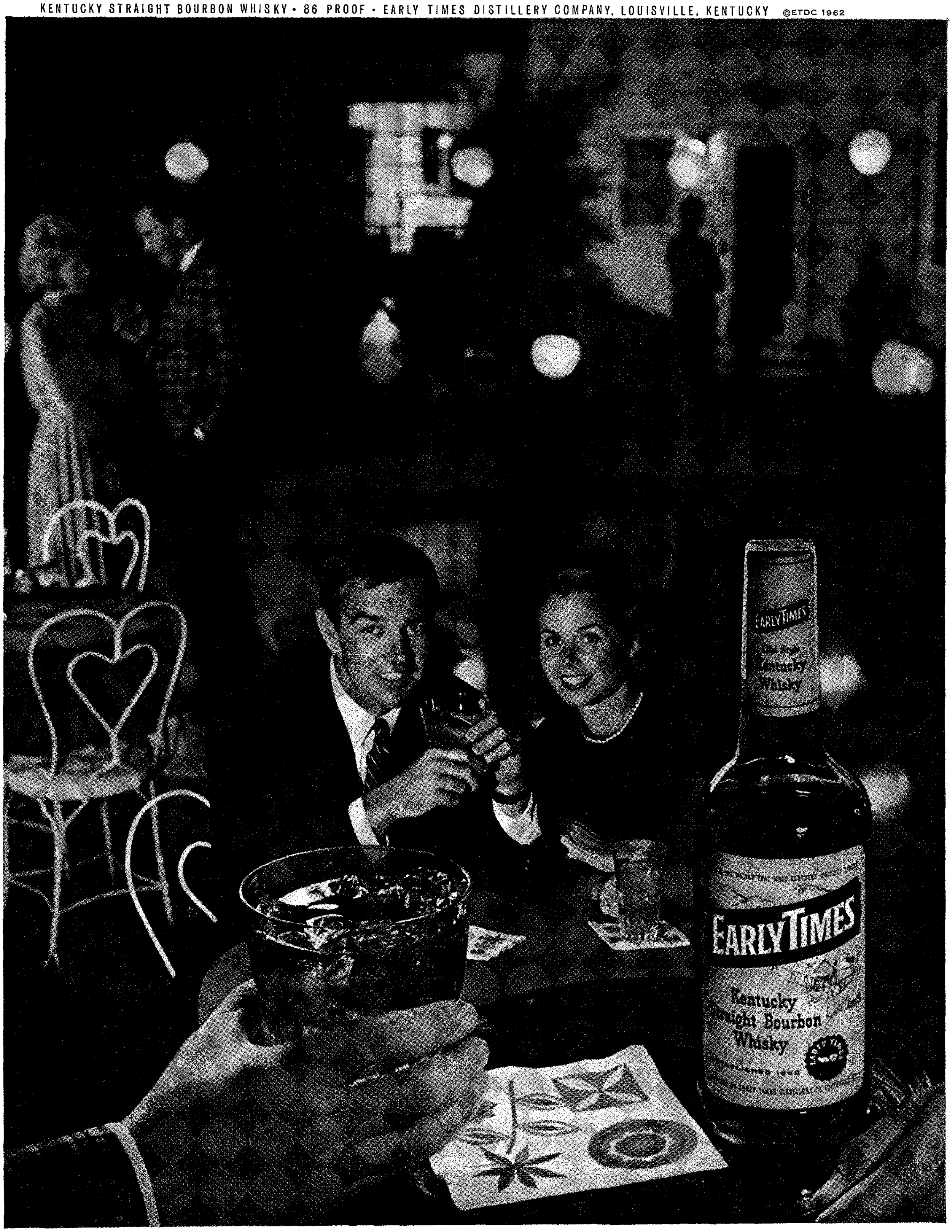
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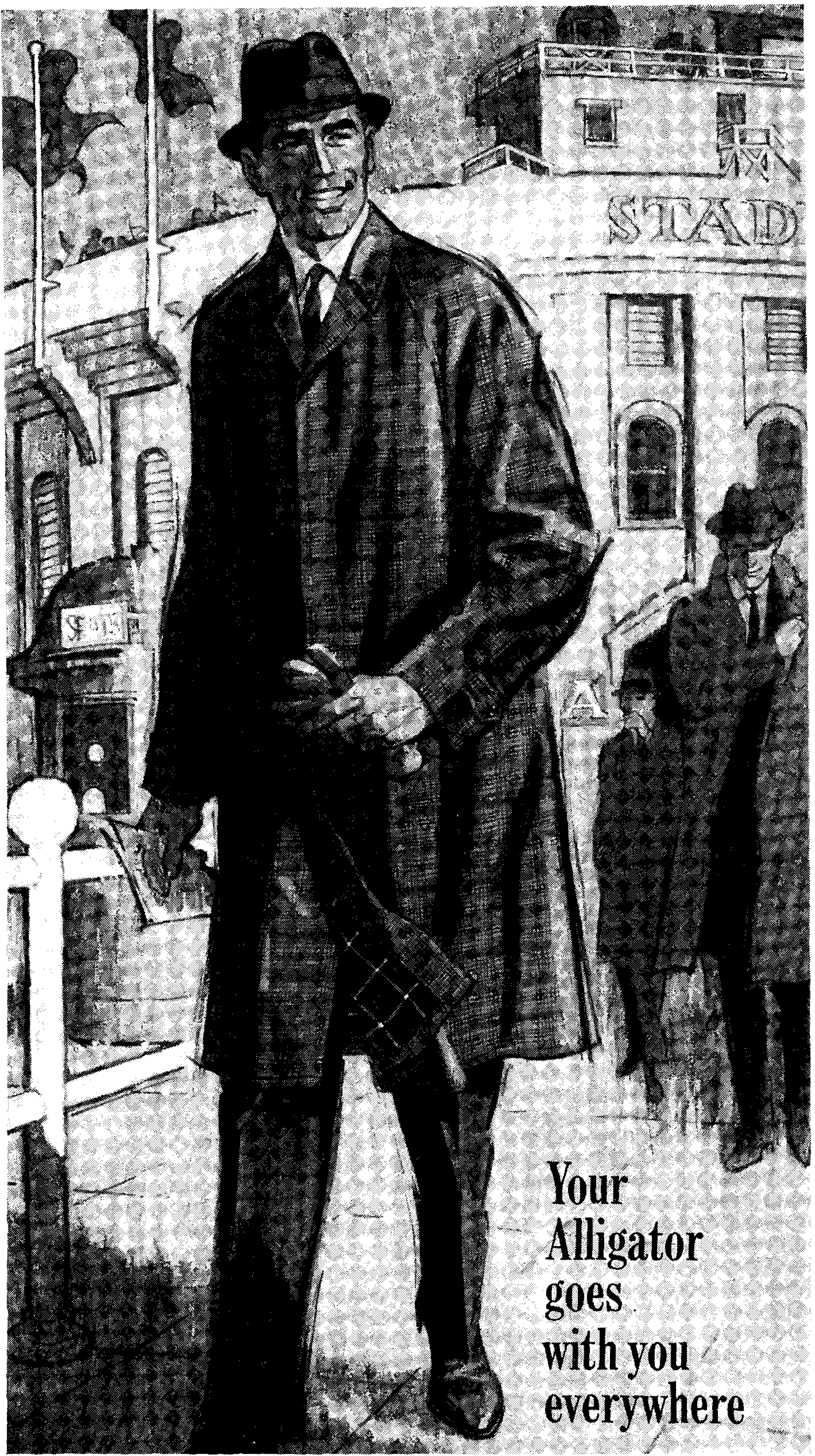
clear waters of moral responsibility at G.E. became hopelessly muddied by a struggle to communicate—a struggle so confused that in some cases, I am now convinced, if one of the big bosses at G.E. *had* ordered a subordinate to break the law, the message would somehow have been garbled in its reception, and if the subordinate *had* informed the boss that he was holding conspiratorial meetings with competitors, the boss might well have been under the impression that the subordinate was gossiping idly about lawn parties or pinochle sessions. Specifically, it would appear that a subordinate who received a direct oral order from his boss had to figure out whether it meant what it seemed to or the exact opposite, while the boss, in conversing with a subordinate, had to figure out whether he should take what the man told *him* at face value or should attempt to translate it out of a secret code to which he was by no means sure he had the key. That was the problem in a nutshell, and I state it here thus baldly as a suggestion for any potential beneficiary of a foundation who may be casting about for a suitable project on which to draw up a prospectus.

For the past seven years or so, G.E. has had a company rule called Directive Policy 20.5, which reads, in part, "No employee shall enter into any understanding, agreement, plan or scheme, expressed or implied, formal or informal, with any competitor, in regard to prices, terms or conditions of sale, production, distribution, territories, or customers; nor exchange or discuss with a competitor prices, terms or conditions of sale, or any other competitive information." In effect, this rule is simply an injunction to G.E.'s personnel to obey the federal antitrust laws, except that it is somewhat more concrete and comprehensive in the matter of price than they are. It is almost impossible for executives with jurisdiction over pricing policies at G.E. to be unaware of 20.5, or even hazy about it, because to make sure that new executives are acquainted with it and to refresh the memories of old ones, the company formally reissues and distributes it at intervals, and all such executives are asked to sign their names to it as an earnest that they are currently complying with it and intend to keep on doing so. The trouble—at least during the period covered by the court action, and apparently for a long time before that as well—was that some people at G.E., including some of those who regularly signed 20.5, simply did not believe that it was to be taken serious-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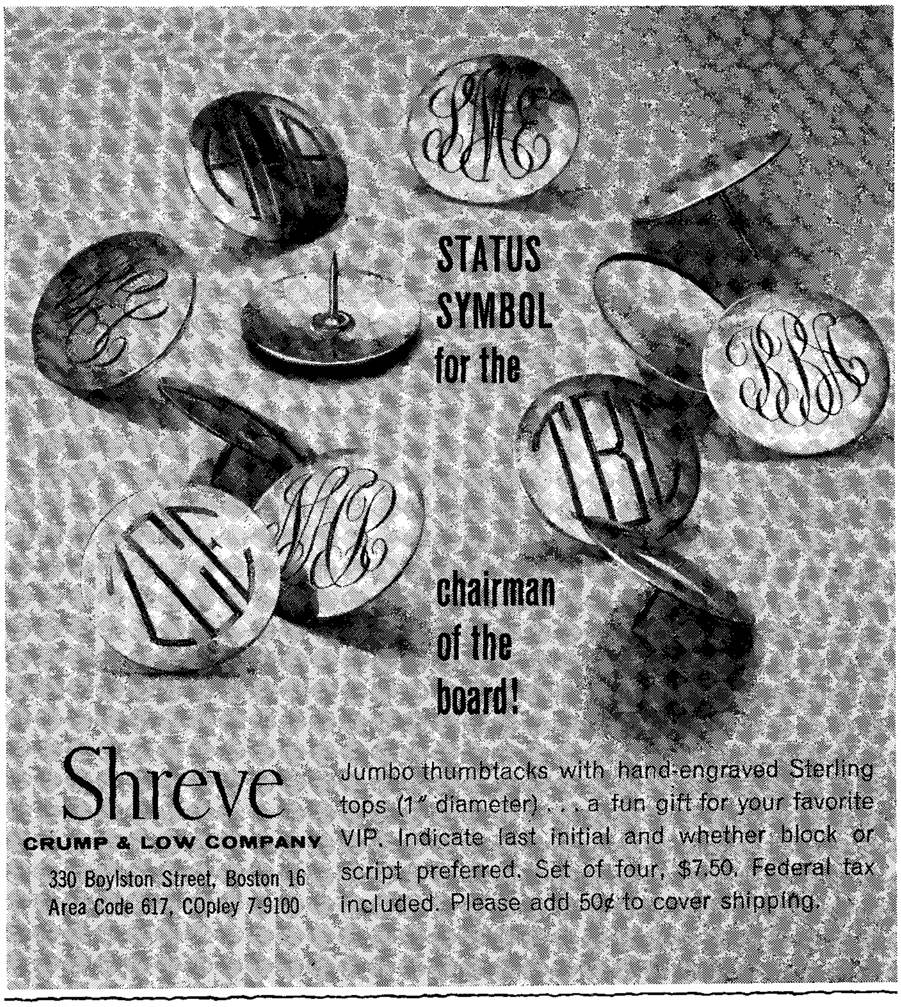
ly. They assumed that 20.5 was mere window dressing: that it was on the books solely to provide legal protection for the company and for the higher-ups; that meeting illegally with competitors was recognized and accepted as standard practice within the company; and that often when a ranking executive ordered a subordinate executive to comply with 20.5, he was actually ordering him to violate it. Illogical as it might seem, this last assumption becomes comprehensible in the light of the fact that, for a time, when some executives orally conveyed, or reconveyed, the order, they were apparently in the habit of accompanying it with an unmistakable wink. In May of 1948, for example, there was a meeting of G.E. sales managers during which the custom of winking was openly discussed. Robert Paxton, an upper-level G.E. executive who later became the company's president, addressed the meeting and delivered the usual admonition about antitrust violations, whereupon William S. Ginn, then a sales executive in the transformer division, under Paxton's authority, startled him by saying, "I didn't see you wink." Paxton replied firmly, "There was no wink. We mean it, and these are the orders." Asked by Senator Kefauver how long he had been aware that orders issued at G.E. were sometimes accompanied by winks, Paxton replied that he had first observed the practice way back in 1935, when his boss had given him an instruction along with a wink or its equivalent, and that when, some time later, the significance of the gesture dawned on him, he had become so incensed that he had with difficulty restrained himself from jeopardizing his career by punching the boss in the nose. Paxton went on to say that his objections to the practice of winking had been so strong as to earn him a reputation in the company for being an anti-wink man, and that he, for his part, had never winked.

Although Paxton would seem to have left little doubt as to how he intended his winkless order of 1948 to be interpreted, its meaning failed to get through to Ginn, for not long after it was issued, he went out and fixed prices to a fare-thee-well. (Obviously, it takes more than one company to make a price-fixing agreement, but all the testimony tends to indicate that it was G.E. that generally set the pattern for the rest of the industry in such matters.) Thirteen years later, Ginn—fresh from a few weeks in jail, and fresh out of a hundred-and-thirty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year job—appeared before the



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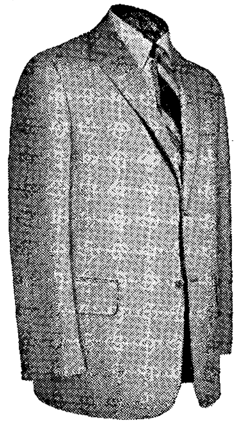

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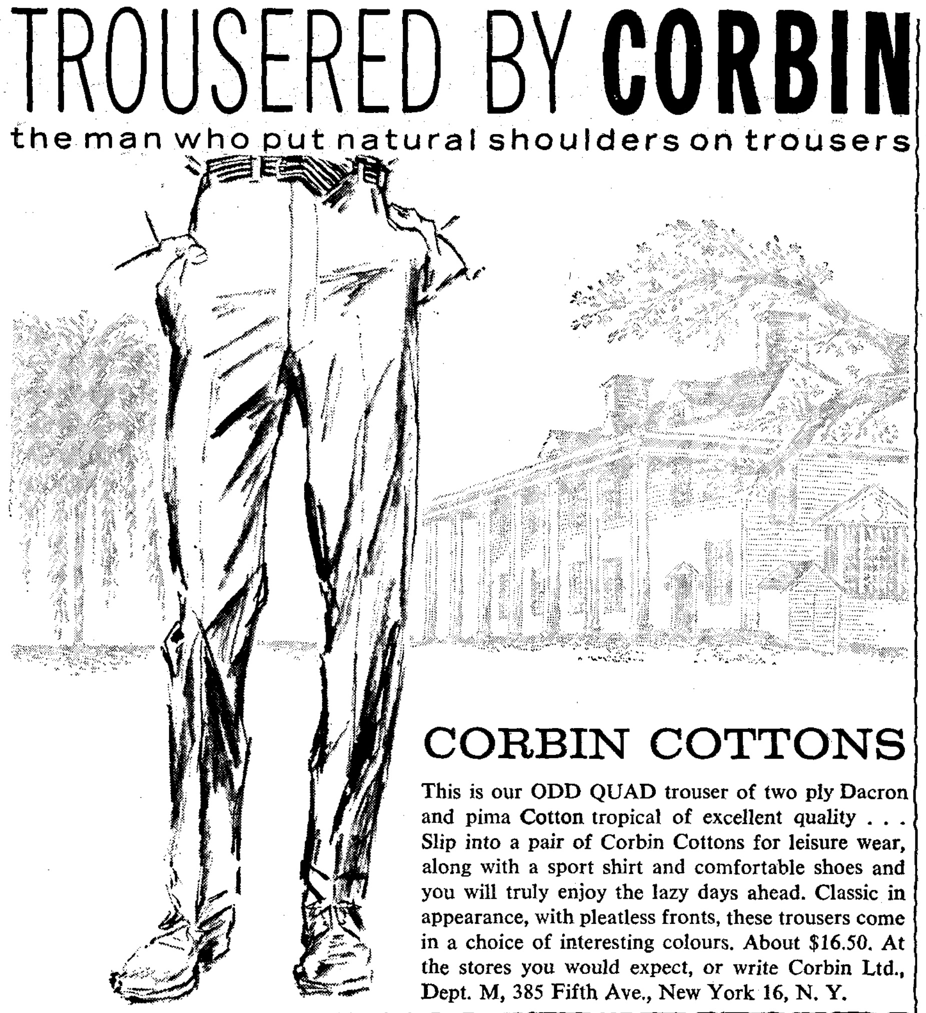
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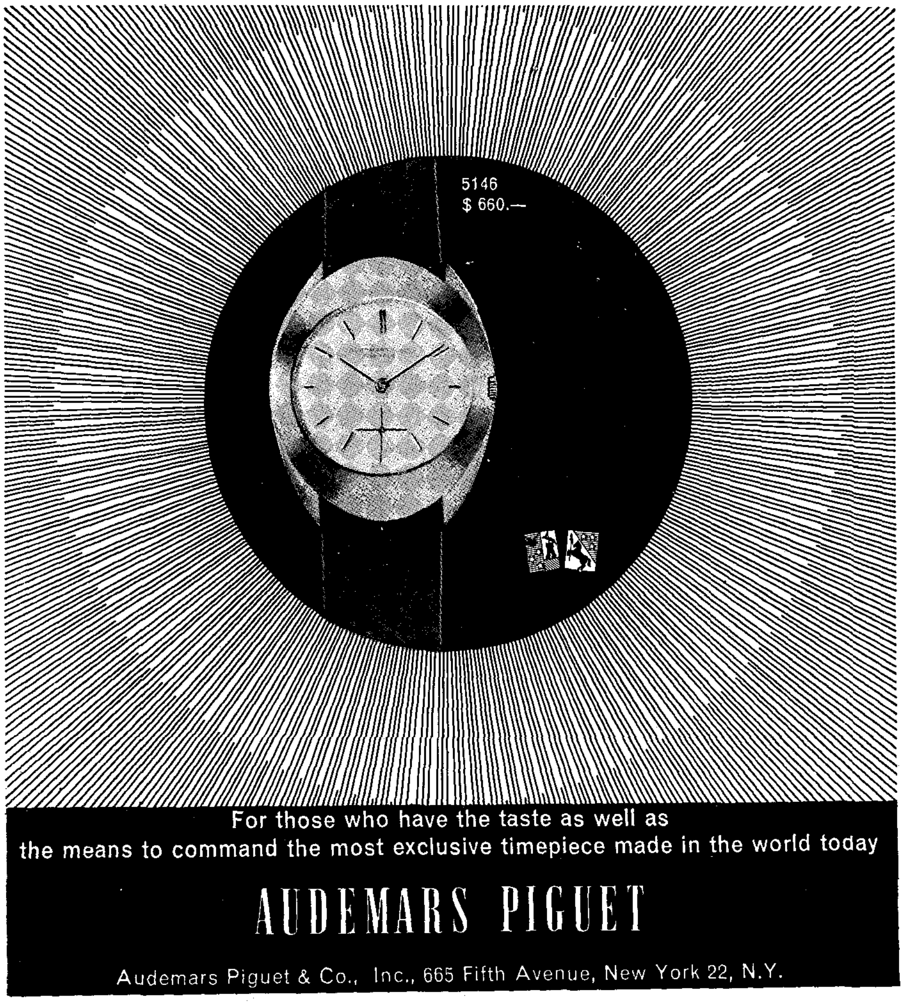

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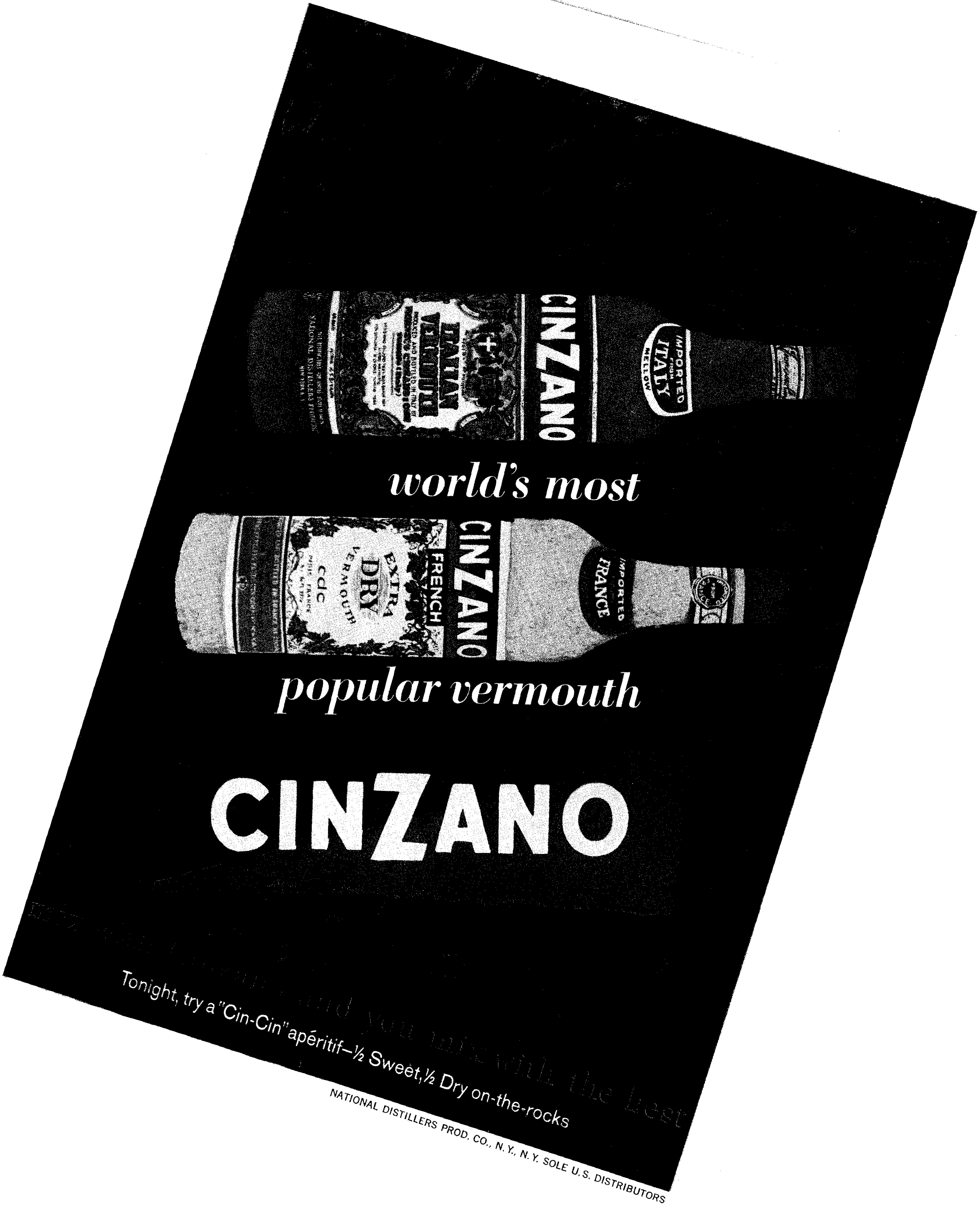
Subcommittee to account for, among other things, his strange response to the winkless order. He had disregarded it, he said, because he had received a contrary order from two of his other superiors in the G.E. chain of command, Henry V. B. Erben and Francis Fairman, and in explaining why he had heeded their order rather than Paxton's he introduced the fascinating concept of degrees of *communication*—another theme for a foundation grantee to get his teeth into. Erben and Fairman, Ginn said, had been more articulate, persuasive, and forceful in issuing their order than Paxton had been in issuing his; Fairman, especially, Ginn stressed, had proved to be "a great communicator, a great philosopher, and, frankly, a great believer in stability of prices." Both Erben and Fairman had dismissed Paxton as naïve, Ginn testified, and, in further summary of how he had been led astray, he said that "the people who were advocating the Devil were able to sell me better than the philosophers that were selling the Lord."

It would be helpful to have at hand a report from Erben and Fairman themselves on the communication technique that enabled them to prevail over Paxton, but unfortunately neither of these philosophers could testify before the Subcommittee, because by the time of the hearings both of them were dead. Paxton, who was available, was described in Ginn's testimony as having been at all times one of the philosopher-salesmen on the side of the Lord. "I can clarify Mr. Paxton by saying Mr. Paxton came closer to being an Adam Smith advocate than any businessman I have met in America," Ginn declared. Still, in 1950, when Ginn admitted to Paxton in casual conversation that he had "compromised himself" in respect to antitrust matters, Paxton merely told him that he was a damned fool, and did not report the confession to anyone else in the company. Testifying as to why he did not, Paxton said that when the conversation occurred he was no longer Ginn's boss, and that, in the light of his personal ethics, repeating such an admission by a man not under his authority would be "gossip" and "talebearing."

Meanwhile, Ginn, no longer answerable to Paxton, was meeting with competitors at frequent intervals and moving steadily up the corporate ladder. In November, 1954, he was made general manager of the transformer division, whose headquarters were in Pittsfield, Massachusetts—a job that put him in line for a vice-presidency. At the time of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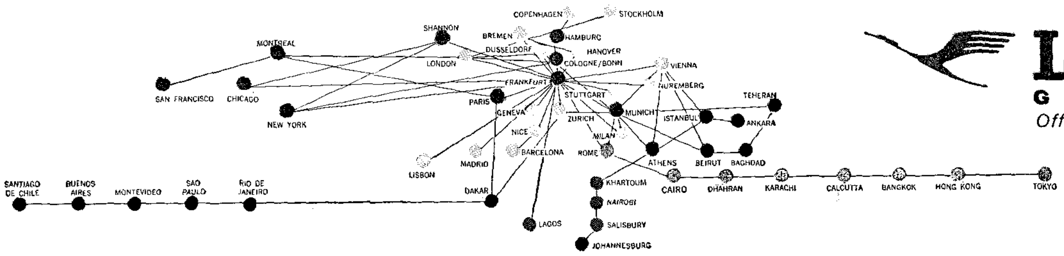
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Ginn's shift, Ralph J. Cordiner, who has been chairman of the board of General Electric since 1949, called him down to New York for the express purpose of enjoining him to comply strictly and undeviatingly with Directive Policy 20.5. Cordiner communicated this idea so successfully that it was clear enough to Ginn at the moment, but it remained so only as long as it took him, after leaving the chairman, to walk to Erben's office. There his comprehension of what he had just heard became clouded. Erben, who was head of G.E.'s distribution group, ranked directly below Cordiner and directly above Ginn, and, according to Ginn's testimony, no sooner were they alone in his office than he countermanded Cordiner's injunction, saying, "Now, keep on doing the way that you have been doing, but just be sensible about it and use your head on the subject." Erben's extraordinary communicative prowess again carried the day, and Ginn continued to meet with competitors. "I knew Mr. Cordiner could fire me," he told Senator Kefauver, "but also I knew I was working for Mr. Erben."

At the end of 1954, Paxton took over Erben's job and thereby became Ginn's boss again. Ginn went right on meeting with competitors, but, since he was aware that Paxton disapproved of the practice, didn't tell him about it. Moreover, he testified, within a month or two he had become convinced that he could not afford to discontinue attending the meetings under any circumstances, for in January, 1955, the entire electrical-equipment industry became embroiled in a drastic price war—known as the "white sale," because of its timing and the bargains it afforded to buyers—in which the erstwhile amiable competitors began fiercely undercutting one another. Such a manifestation of free enterprise was, of course, exactly what the intercompany conspiracies were intended to prevent, but just at that time the supply of electrical apparatus so greatly exceeded the demand that first a few of the conspirators and then more and more began breaking the agreements they themselves had made. In dealing with the situation as best he could, Ginn said, he "used the philosophies that had been taught me previously"—by which he meant that he continued to conduct price-fixing meetings, in the hope that at least *some* of the agreements made at them would be honored. As for Paxton, in Ginn's opinion that philosopher was not only ignorant of the meetings but so constant in his devotion to the concept of free and

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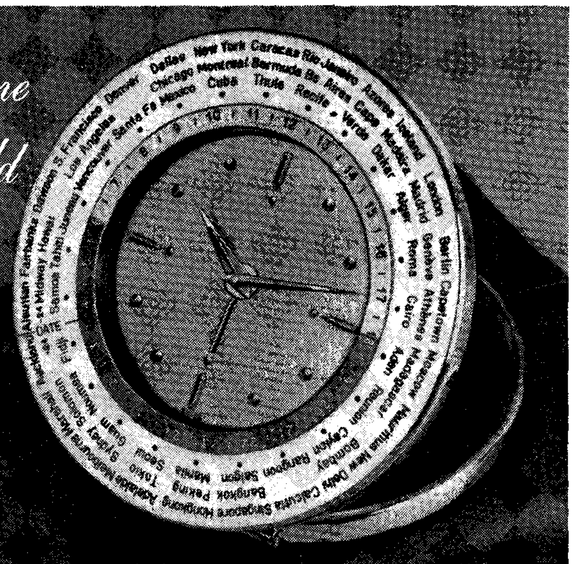

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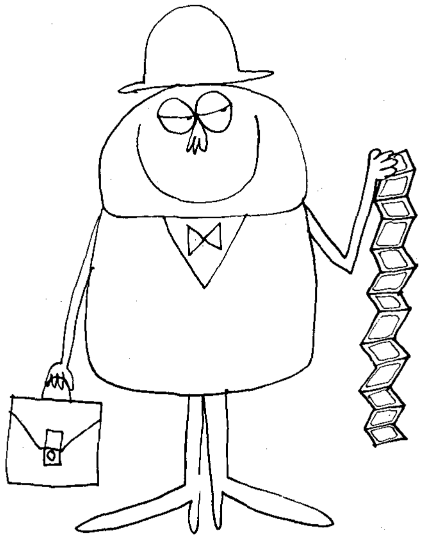

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aggressive competition that he actually enjoyed the price war, disastrous though it was to everybody's profits. (In his own testimony, Paxton vigorously denied that he had enjoyed it.)

Within a year or so, the electrical-equipment industry took an upturn, and in January, 1957, Ginn, having ridden out the storm relatively well, got his vice-presidency. At the same time, he was transferred to Schenectady, to become general manager of G.E.'s turbine-generator division, and Cordiner again called him into headquarters and gave him a lecture on 20.5. Such lectures were getting to be a routine with Cordiner; every time a new employee was assigned to a strategic managerial post, or an old employee was promoted to such a post, the lucky fellow could be reasonably certain that he would be summoned to the chairman's office to hear a rendition of the austere creed. In his book "The Heart of Japan," Alexander Campbell reports that a large Japanese electrical concern has drawn up a list of seven company commandments (for example, "Be courteous and sincere!"), and that each morning, in each of its thirty factories, the workers are required to stand at attention and recite these in unison, and then to sing the company song ("For ever-increasing production/Love your work, give your all!"). Cordiner did not require his subordinates to recite or sing 20.5—as far as is known, he never even had it set to music—but from the number of times men like Ginn had it read to them or otherwise recalled to their attention, they must have come to know it well enough to chant it, improvising a tune as they went along.

This time, Cordiner's message not only made an impression on Ginn's mind but stuck there in unadulterated form. Ginn, according to his testimony, became a reformed executive and dropped his price-fixing habits overnight. However, it appears that his sudden conversion cannot be attributed wholly to Cordiner's powers of communication, or even to the drip-drip-drip effect of repetition, for it was to a considerable extent pragmatic in character, like the conversion of Henry VIII to Protestantism. He reformed, Ginn explained to the Subcommittee, because his "air cover was gone."

"Your what was gone?" Senator Kefauver asked.

"My air cover was gone," replied Ginn. "I mean I had lost my air cover. Mr. Erben wasn't around any more, and all of my colleagues had gone, and I was now working directly for Mr.

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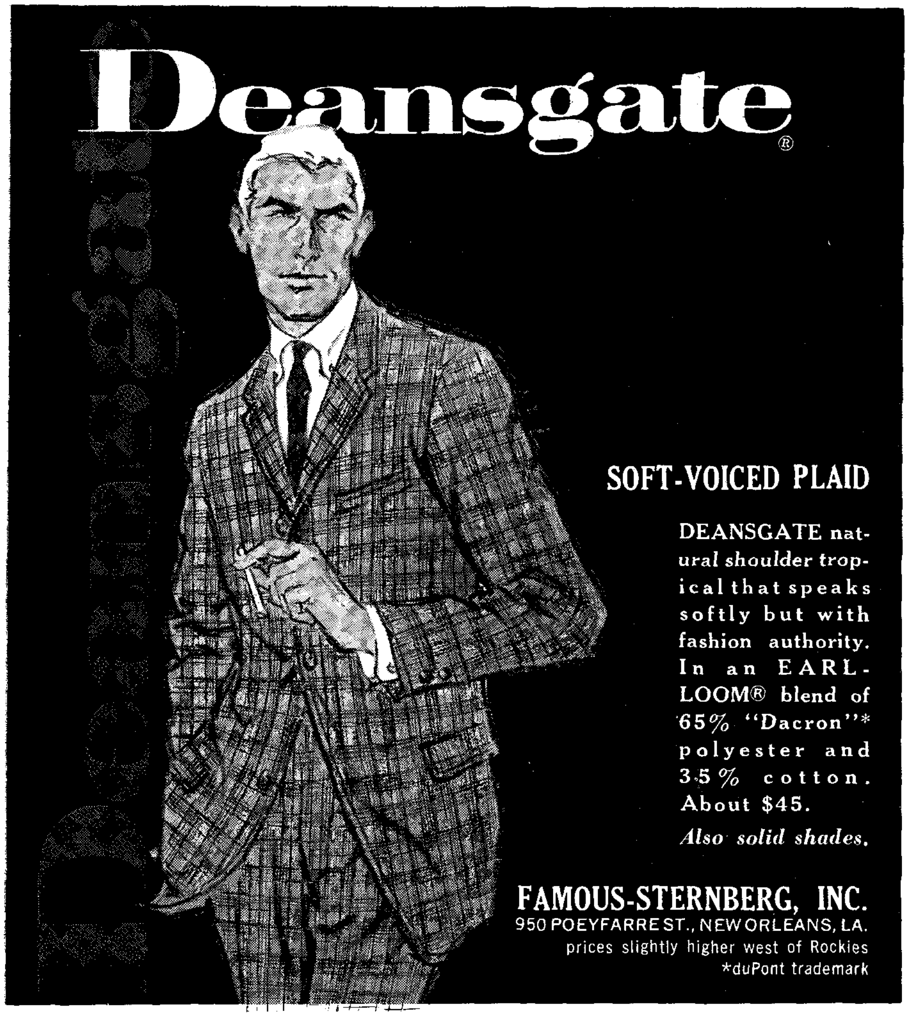

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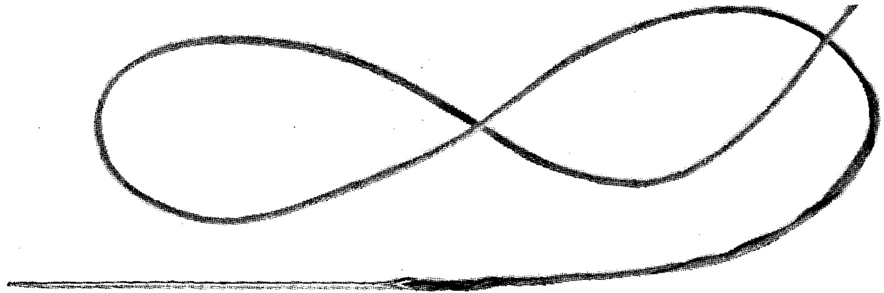

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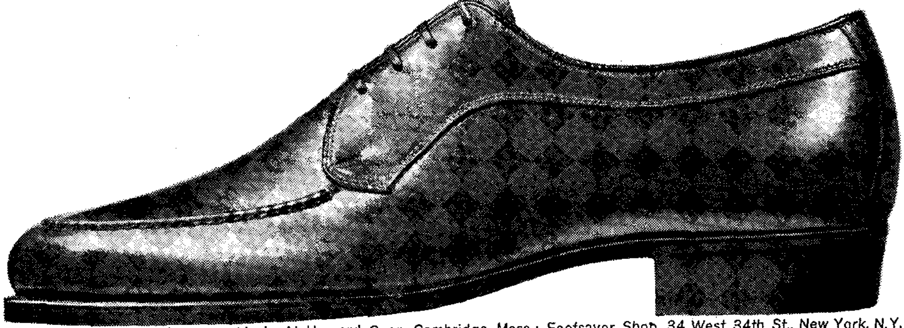

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Paxton, knowing his feelings on the matter. . . . Any philosophy that I had grown up with before in the past was now out the window."

If Erben, who had not been Ginn's boss since late in 1954, had been the source of his air cover, Ginn must have been without its protection for over two years, but, presumably, in the excitement of the price war he had failed to notice its absence. However that may have been, here he now was, a man suddenly shorn not only of his air cover but of his philosophy. Swiftly filling the latter void with a whole new set of principles, he circulated copies of 20.5 among his department managers in the turbine-generator division and topped this off by energetically adopting what he called a "leprosy policy;" that is, he advised his subordinates to avoid even casual social contacts with their counterparts in competing companies, because "once the relationships are established, I have come to the conclusion after many years of hard experience that the relationships tend to spread and the hanky-panky begins to get going." But now fate played a cruel trick on Ginn, and, all unknowing, he landed in the very position that Paxton and Cordiner had been in for years—that of a philosopher vainly endeavoring to sell the Lord to a flock that declined to buy his message and was, in fact, systematically engaging in the hanky-panky its leader had warned it against. Specifically, during the whole of 1957 and 1958 and the first part of 1959 two of Ginn's subordinates were piously signing 20.5 with one hand and, with the other, briskly drawing up price-fixing agreements at a whole series of meetings—in New York; Philadelphia; Chicago; Hot Springs, Virginia; and Skytop, Pennsylvania, to name a few of their gathering places.

It appears that Ginn had not been able to impart much of his shining new philosophy to others, and that at the root of his difficulty lay that old jinx, the problem of communicating. Asked at the hearings how his subordinates could possibly have gone so far astray, he replied, "I have got to admit that I made a communication error. I didn't sell this thing to the boys well enough. . . . The price is so important in the complete running of a business that, philosophically, we have got to sell people not only just the fact that it is against the law, but . . . that it shouldn't be done for many, many reasons. But it has got to be a philosophical approach and a communication approach. . . . Even though . . . I had told my associates not to do this, some of the boys

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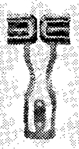

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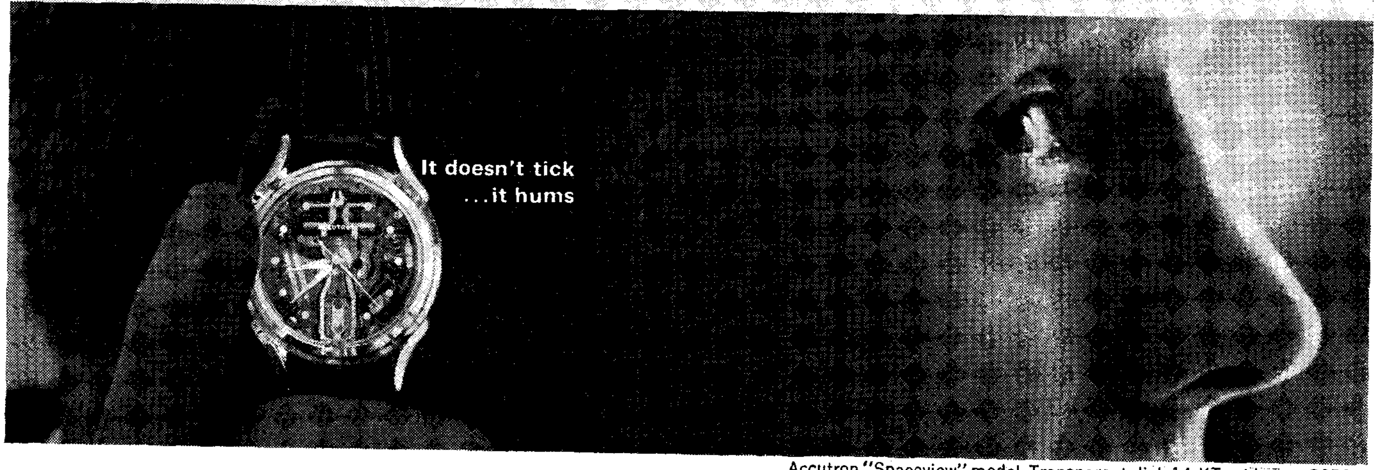

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did get off the reservation. . . . I have to admit to myself here an area of a failure in communications . . . which I am perfectly willing to accept my part of the responsibility for."

In earnestly striving to analyze the cause of the failure, Ginn said, he had reached the conclusion that merely issuing directives, no matter how frequently, was not enough; what was needed was "a complete philosophy, a complete understanding, a complete breakdown of barriers between people, if we are going to get some understanding and really live and manage these companies within the philosophies that they should be managed in."

Senator Hart permitted himself to comment, "You can communicate until you are dead and gone, but if the point you are communicating about, even though it be a law of the land, strikes your audience as something that is just a folklore . . . you will never sell the package."

Ginn ruefully conceded that that was true.

THE concept of degrees of communication was further developed, by implication, in the testimony of another defendant, Frank E. Stehlik, who had been general manager of the G.E. low-voltage-switchgear department from May, 1956, to February, 1960. (As all but a tiny minority of the users of electricity are contentedly unaware, switchgear serves to control and protect apparatus used in the generation, conversion, transmission, and distribution of electrical energy, and around a hundred and twenty-five million dollars' worth of it is sold annually in the United States.) Stehlik received some of his business guidance in the conventional form of orders, oral and written, and some—perhaps just as much, to judge by his testimony—through a less intellectual, more visceral medium of communication that he called "impacts." Apparently, when something happened within the company that made an impression on him, he would consult a sort of internal metaphysical voltmeter to ascertain the force of the jolt that he had received, and, from the reading he got, would attempt to gauge the true drift of company policy. For example, he testified that during 1956, 1957, and most of 1958 he believed that G.E. was frankly and fully in favor of complying with 20.5. But then, in the autumn of 1958, George E. Burens, Stehlik's immediate superior, told him that he, Burens, had been directed by Paxton, who by then was president of G.E., to have lunch with Max Scott,

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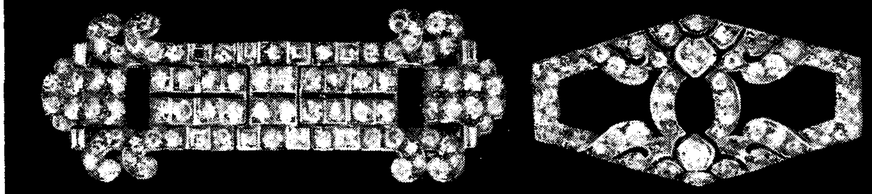

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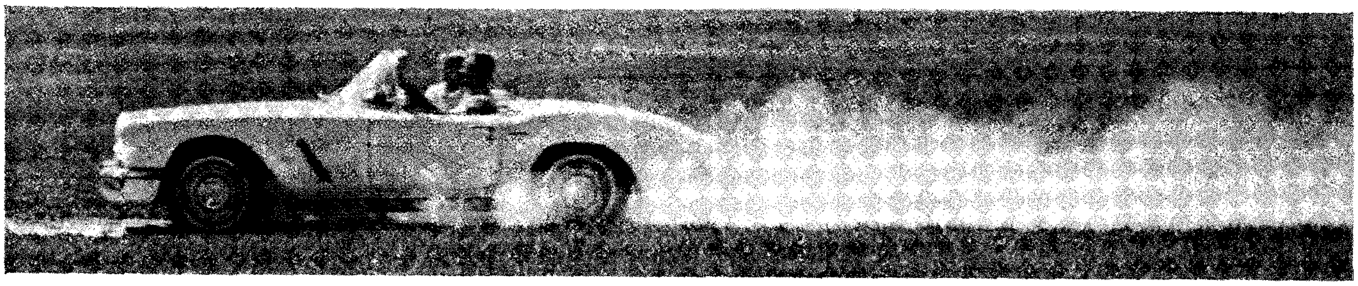

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"WORLD'S FINEST" SOLE IMPORTERS: THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY president of the I-T-E Circuit Breaker Company, an important competitor in the switchgear market. Paxton said in his own testimony that while he had indeed asked Burens to have lunch with Scott, he had instructed him categorically not to talk about prices, but apparently Burens did not mention this caveat to Stehlik; in any event, the disclosure that the high command had told Burens to lunch with an arch-rival, Stehlik testified, "had a heavy impact on me." Asked to amplify this, he said, "There are a great many impacts that influence me in my thinking as to the true attitude of the company, and that was one of them." As the impacts, great and small, piled up, their cumulative effect finally communicated to Stehlik that he had been wrong in supposing the company had any real respect for 20.5. Accordingly, when, late in 1958, Stehlik was ordered by Burens to begin holding price meetings with the competitors, he was not in the least surprised.

Stehlik's compliance with Burens' order ultimately brought on a whole new series of impacts, of a much more crudely communicative sort. In February, 1960, General Electric cut his annual pay from seventy thousand dollars to twenty-six thousand for violating 20.5; a year later Judge Ganey gave him a three-thousand-dollar fine and a suspended thirty-day jail sentence for violating the Sherman Act; and about a month after *that* G.E. asked for, and got, his resignation. Indeed, during his last years with the firm Stehlik seems to have received almost as many lacerating impacts as a Raymond Chandler hero. But testimony given at the hearings by L. B. Gezon, manager of the marketing section of the low-voltage-switchgear department, indicated that Stehlik, again like a Chandler hero, was capable of dishing out blunt impacts as well as taking them. Gezon, who was directly under Stehlik in the line of command, told the Subcommittee that although he had taken part in price-fixing meetings prior to April, 1956, when Stehlik became his boss, he did not subsequently engage in any antitrust violations until late 1958, and that he did so then only as the result of an impact that bore none of the subtlety noted by Stehlik in his early experience with this phenomenon. The impact came directly from Stehlik, who, it seems, left nothing to chance in communicating with his subordinates. In Gezon's words, Stehlik told him "to resume the meetings; that the company policy was unchanged; the risk was just as great as it ever had been; and that if our activities were discovered, I personally would be dismissed or disciplined

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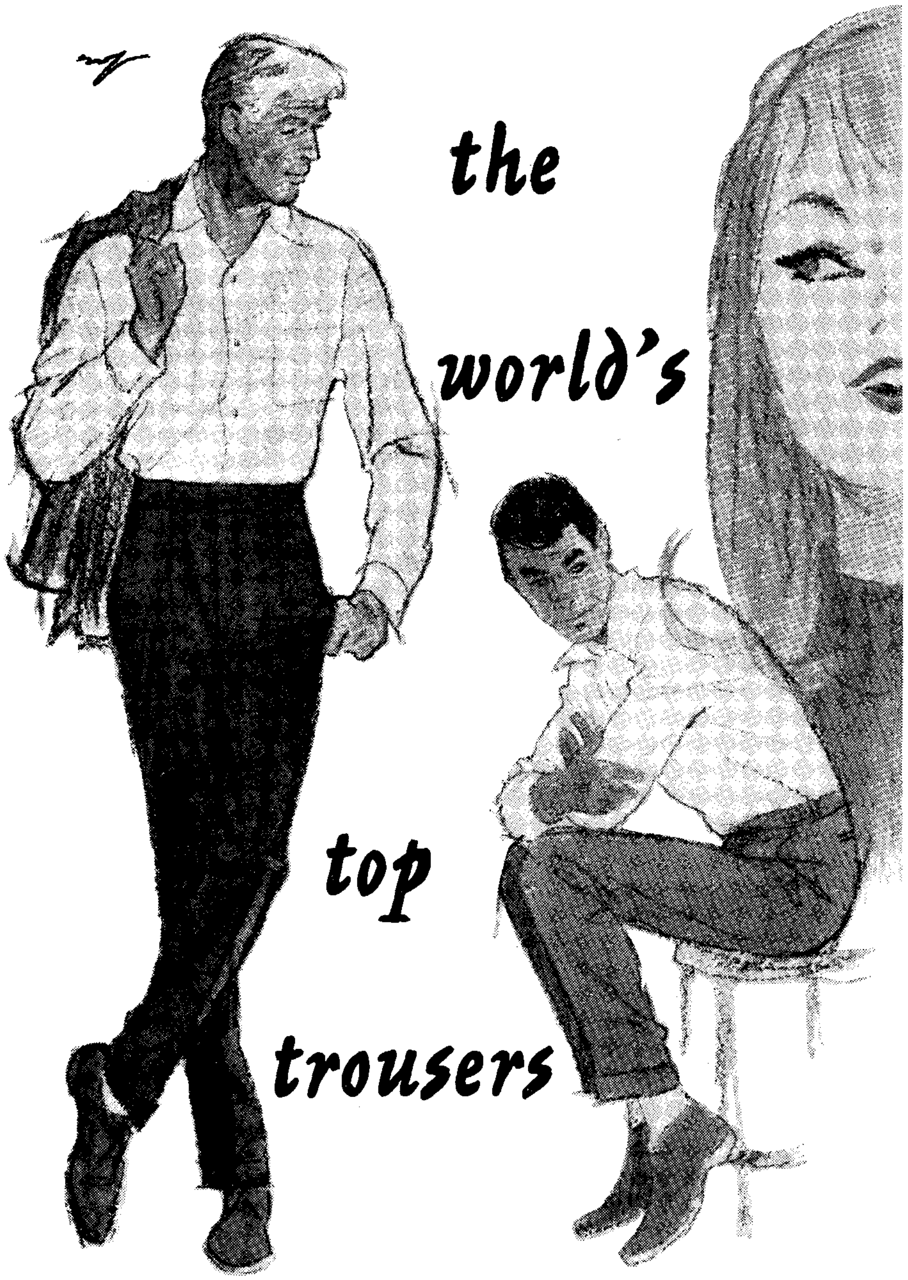

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[by the company], as well as punished by the government." So Gezon was left with three choices: to quit, to disobey the direct order of his superior (in which case, he thought, "they might have found somebody else to do my job"), or to obey the order, and thereby violate the antitrust laws, with no immunity against the possible consequences. In short, his alternatives were comparable to those faced by an international spy.

Although Gezon did resume the meetings, he was not indicted, possibly because he had been a relatively minor price-fixer. General Electric, for its part, demoted him but did not require him to resign. Yet it would be a mistake to assume that Gezon was relatively untouched by his experience. Asked by Senator Kefauver if he did not think that Stehlik's order had placed him in an intolerable position, he replied that it had not struck him that way at the time. Asked whether he thought it unjust that he had suffered demotion for carrying out the order of a superior, he replied, "I personally don't consider it so." To judge by his answers, the impact on Gezon's heart and mind would seem to have been heavy indeed.

THE other side of the communication problem—the difficulty that a superior is likely to encounter in understanding what a subordinate tells him—is graphically illustrated by the testimony of Raymond W. Smith, who was general manager of G.E.'s transformer division from the beginning of 1957 until late in 1959, and of Arthur F. Vinson, who in October, 1957, was appointed vice-president in charge of G.E.'s apparatus group, and also a member of the company's executive committee. Smith's job was the one Ginn had held for the previous two years, and when Vinson got *his* job, he became Smith's immediate boss. Smith's highest pay during the period in question was roughly a hundred thousand dollars a year, while Vinson reached a basic salary of a hundred and ten thousand dollars and also got a variable bonus, ranging from forty-five thousand dollars to a hundred thousand. Smith testified that on January 1, 1957, the very day he took charge of the transformer division—and a holiday, at that—he met with Chairman Cordiner and Executive Vice-President Paxton, and Cordiner gave him the familiar admonition about living up to 20.5. However, later that year, the competitive going got so rough that transformers were selling at discounts of as much as thirty-five per cent, and Smith decided on his own hook that the time had come to

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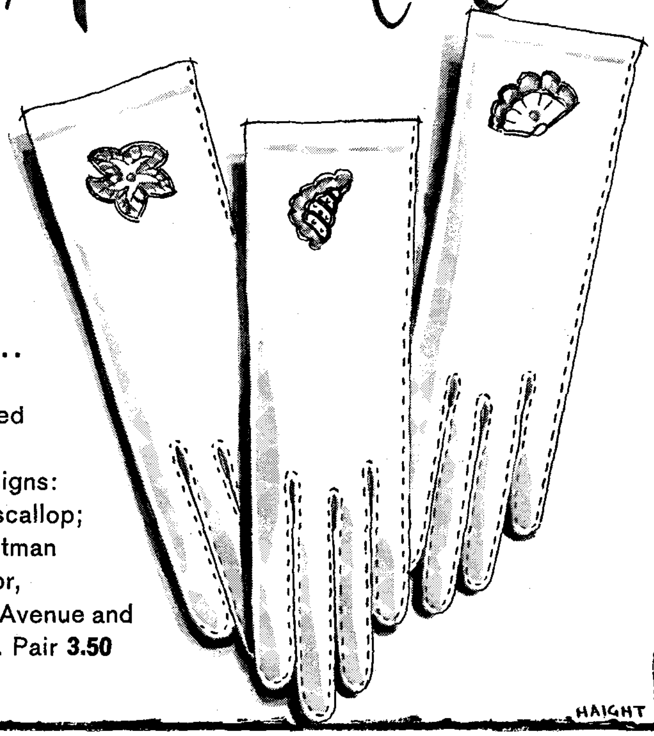

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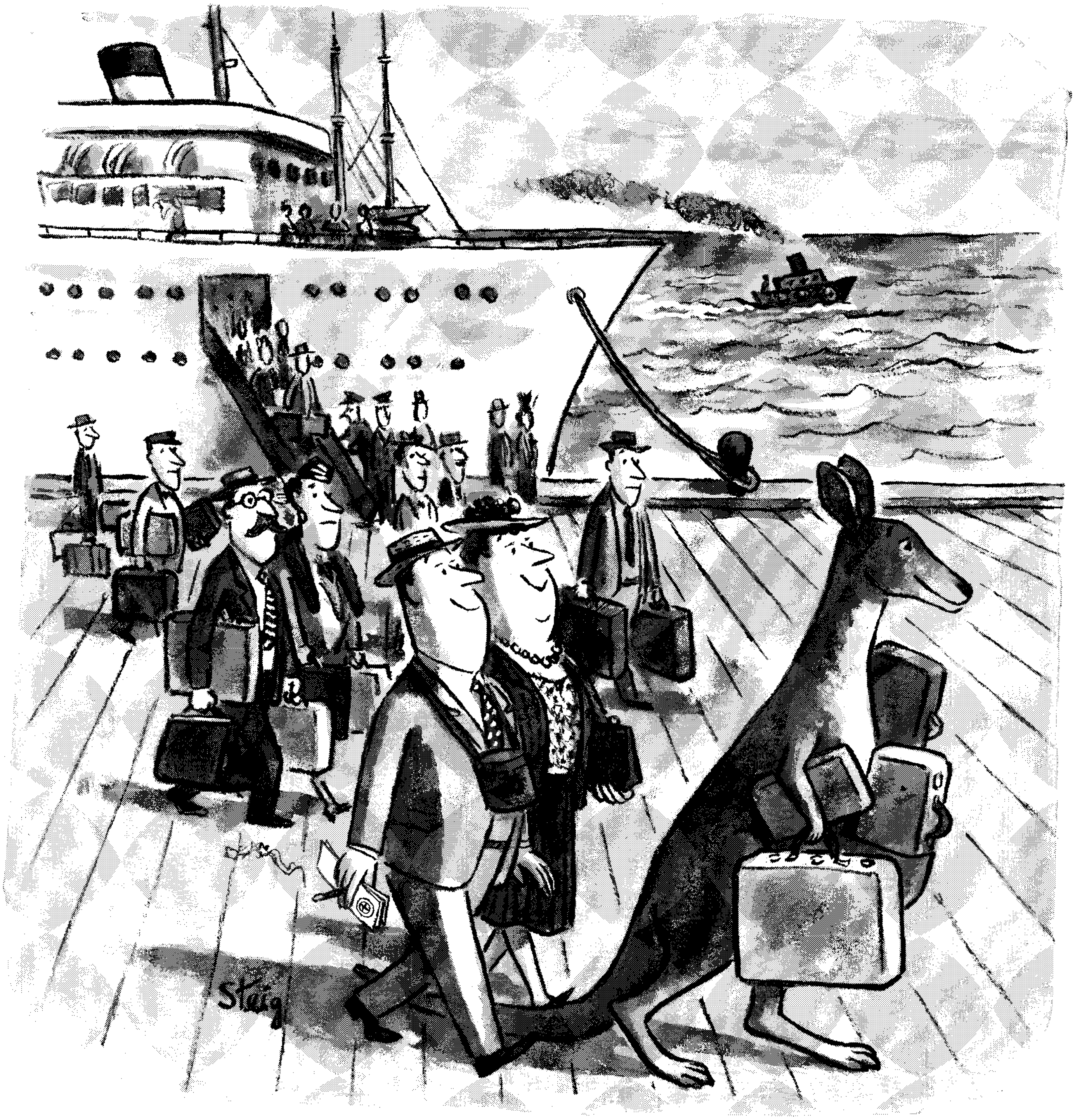

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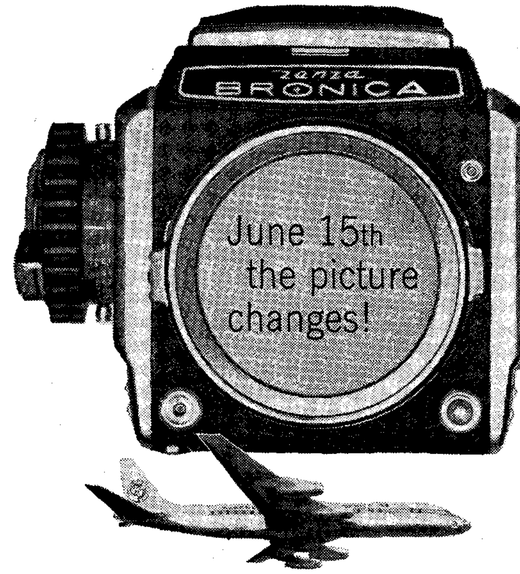

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begin negotiating with rival firms in the hope of stabilizing the market. He felt that he was justified in doing this, he said, because he was convinced that both in company circles and in the whole industry negotiations of this kind were "the order of the day."

By the time Vinson became his superior, in October, Smith was regularly attending price-fixing meetings, and he felt that he ought to let his new boss know what he was doing. Accordingly, he told the Subcommittee, on two or three occasions when the two men found themselves alone together in the normal course of business, he said to Vinson, "I had a meeting with the clan this morning." Counsel for the Subcommittee asked Smith whether he had ever put the matter more bluntly—whether, for example, he had ever said anything like "We're meeting with competitors to fix prices. We're going to have a little conspiracy here and I don't want it to get out." Smith replied that he had never said anything remotely like that—had done nothing more than make remarks on the order of "I had a meeting with the clan this morning." He did not elaborate on why he did not speak with greater directness, but two logical possibilities present themselves. Perhaps he hoped that he could keep Vinson informed about the situation and at the same time protect him from the risk of becoming an accomplice. Or perhaps he had no such intention, and was simply expressing himself in the oblique, colloquial way that characterized much of his speaking. (Paxton, a close friend of Smith's, had once complained to Smith that he was "given to being somewhat cryptic" in his remarks.) Anyhow, Vinson, according to his own testimony, had flatly misunderstood what Smith meant; indeed, he could not recall ever hearing Smith use the expression "meeting of the clan," although he did recall his saying things like "Well, I am going to take this new plan on transformers and show it to the boys." Vinson testified that he had thought the "boys" meant the G.E. district sales people and the company's customers, and that the "new plan" was a new marketing plan; he said that it had come as a rude shock to him to learn—a couple of years later, after the case had broken—that in speaking of the "boys" and the "new plan," Smith had been referring to competitors and a price-fixing scheme. "I think Mr. Smith is a sincere man," Vinson testified. "I am sure Mr. Smith . . . thought he was telling me that he was going to one of these meetings. This meant nothing to me."

Smith, on the other hand, was con-

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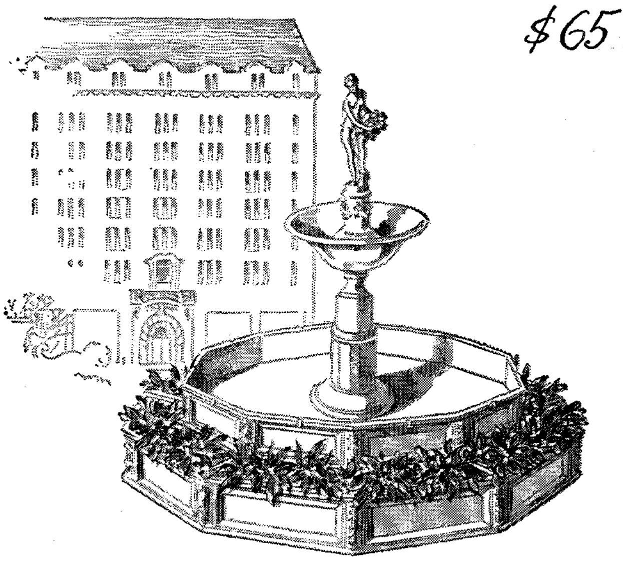
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED SOLELY BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY ©1959 fident that his meaning had got through to Vinson. "I never got the impression that he misunderstood me," he insisted to the Subcommittee. Questioning Vinson later, Kefauver asked whether an executive in his position, with thirty-odd years' experience in the electrical industry, could possibly be so naïve as to misunderstand a subordinate on such a substantive matter as grasping who the "boys" were. "I don't think it is too naïve," replied Vinson. "We have a lot of boys. . . . I may be naïve, but I am certainly telling the truth, and in this kind of thing I am sure I am naïve."

Senator Kefauver: Mr. Vinson, you wouldn't be a vice-president at $200,000 a year if you were naïve.

Mr. Vinson: I think I could well get there by being naïve in this area. It might help.

Here, in a different field altogether, the communication problem again comes to the fore. Was Vinson really saying to Kefauver what he seemed to be saying—that naïveté about antitrust violations might be a help to a man in getting and holding a two-hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year job at General Electric? It seems unlikely. And yet what else could he have meant? Whatever the answer, neither the federal antitrust men nor the Senate investigators were able to prove that Smith succeeded in his attempts to communicate to Vinson the fact that he was engaging in price-fixing. And, lacking such proof, they were unable to establish what they gave every appearance of going all out to establish if they could; namely, that at least some one man at the pinnacle of G.E.'s management—some member of the sacred executive committee itself—was implicated. Actually, when the story of the conspiracies first became known, Vinson

Judith Shahn



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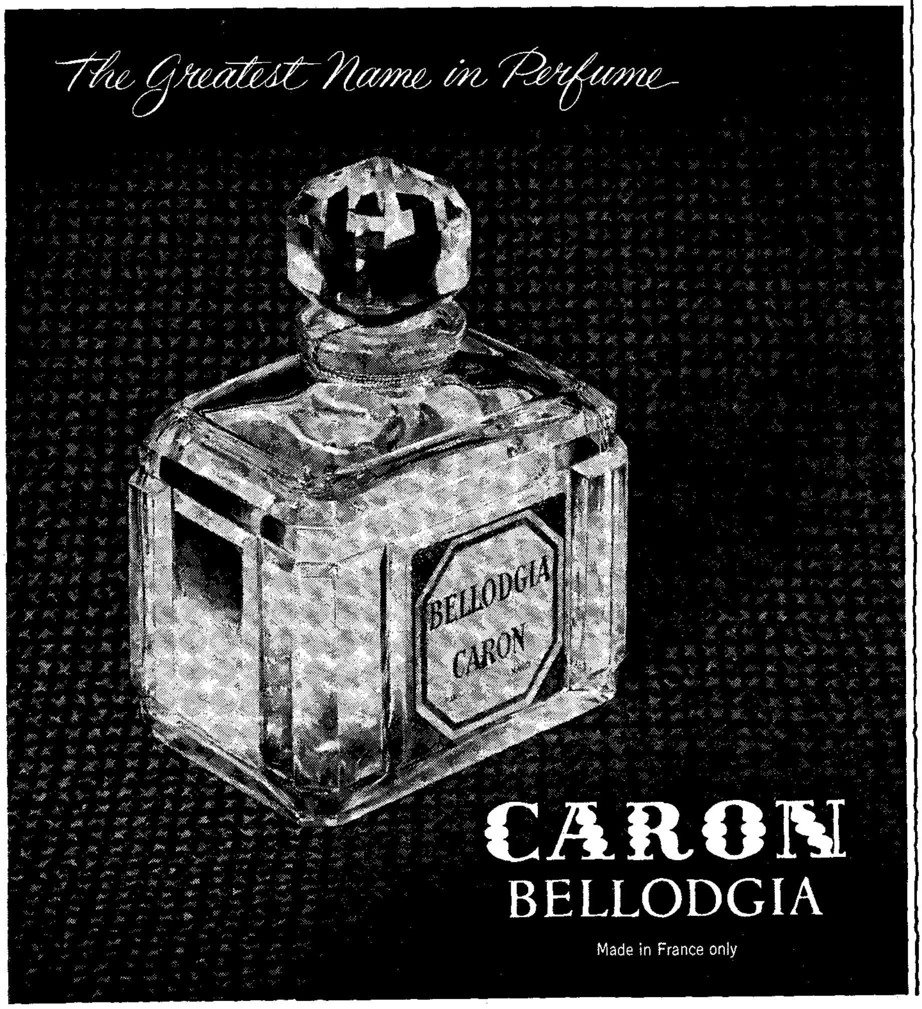
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not only concurred in a company decision to punish Smith by drastically demoting him but personally informed him of the decision—two acts that, if he had grasped Smith's meaning back in 1957, would have denoted a remarkable degree of cynicism and hypocrisy. (Smith, by the way, rather than accept the demotion, quit General Electric and, after being fined three thousand dollars and given a suspended thirty-day prison sentence by Judge Ganey, found a job elsewhere, at ten thousand dollars a year.)

This was not Vinson's only brush with the case. He was also among those named in one of the grand-jury indictments that precipitated the court action, this time in connection not with his comprehension of Smith's jargon but with the conspiracy in the switchgear department. On this aspect of the case, four switchgear executives—Burens, Stehlik, Clarence E. Burke, and H. Frank Hentschel—testified before the grand jury (and later before the Subcommittee) that at some time in July, August, or September of 1958 (none of them could establish the precise date) Vinson had had lunch with them in Dining Room B of G.E.'s switchgear works in Philadelphia, and that during the meal he had instructed them to hold price meetings with competitors. As a result of this order, they said, a meeting attended by representatives of G.E., Westinghouse, the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company, the Federal Pacific Electric Company, and the I-T-E Circuit Breaker Company was held at the Hotel Traymore in Atlantic City on November 9, 1958, at which sales of switchgear to federal, state, and municipal agencies were divvied up, with General Electric to get thirty-nine per cent of the business, Westinghouse thirty-five per cent, I-T-E eleven per cent, Allis-Chalmers eight per cent, and Federal Pacific Electric seven per cent. At subsequent meetings, agreement was reached on allocating sales of switchgear to private buyers as well, and an elaborate formula was worked out whereby the privilege of submitting the lowest bid to prospective customers was rotated among the conspiring companies at two-week intervals. Because of its periodic nature, this was called the phase-of-the-moon formula—a designation that in due time led to the following lyrical exchange between the Subcommittee and L. W. Long, an executive of Allis-Chalmers:

Senator Kefauver: Who were the phasers-of-the-mooners—phase-of-the-mooners?

Mr. Long: As it developed, this so-

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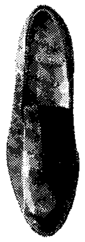

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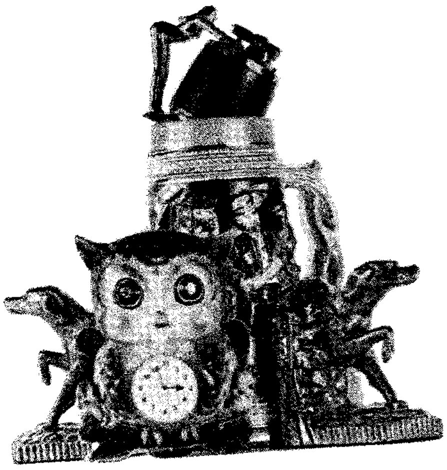

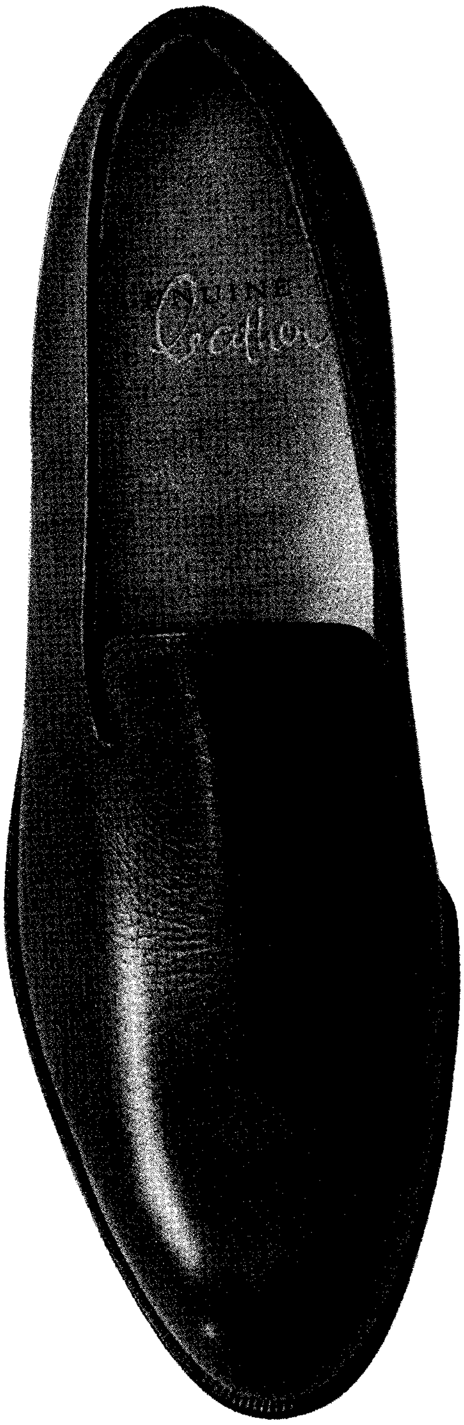

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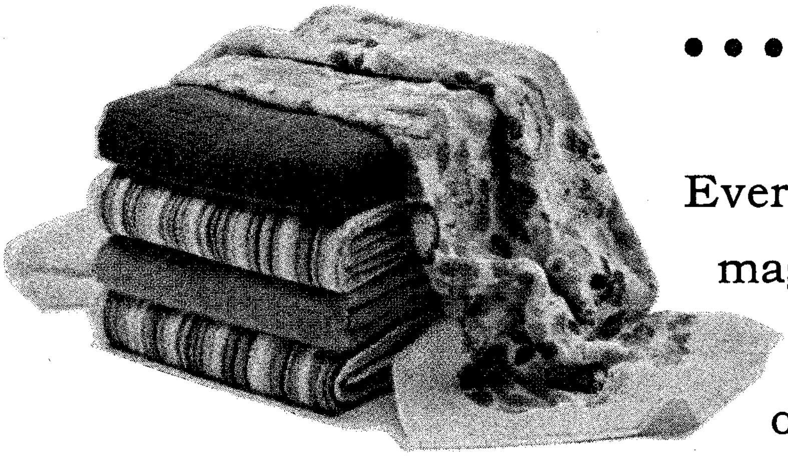

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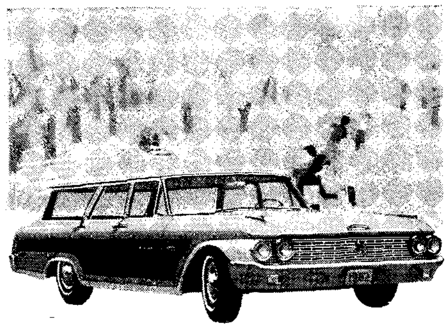

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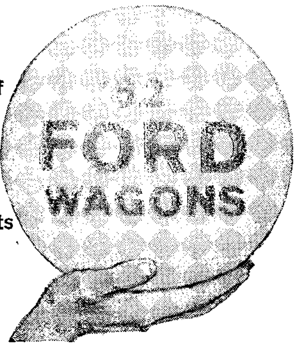

called phase-of-the-moon operation was carried out at a level below me, I think referred to as a working group. . . .

MR. FERRALL (counsel for the Subcommittee): Did they ever report to you about it?

MR. LONG: Phase of the moon? No.

Vinson told the Justice Department prosecutors, and repeated to the Subcommittee, that he had not known about the Traymore meeting, the phase-of-the-mooners, or the existence of the conspiracy itself until the case broke; as for the lunch in Dining Room B, he insisted that it had never taken place. On this point, Burens, Stehlik, Burke, and Hentschel submitted to lie-detector tests, administered by the F.B.I., and passed them. Vinson refused to take a lie-detector test, at first explaining that he was acting on advice of counsel and against his personal inclination, and later, after hearing how the four other men had fared, arguing that if the machine had not pronounced them liars, it couldn't be any good. It was established that on only eight business days during July, August, and September had Burens, Burke, Stehlik, and Hentschel all been together in the Philadelphia plant at the lunch hour, and Vinson produced some of his expense accounts, which, he pointed out to the Justice Department, showed that he had been elsewhere on each of those days. Confronted with this evidence, the Justice Department dropped its case against Vinson, and he has stayed on as a vice-president of General Electric. Nothing that the Subcommittee elicited from him cast any substantive doubt on the defense that had impressed the government prosecutors.

Thus, the uppermost echelon at G.E. came through unscathed; the record showed that participation in the conspiracy went fairly far down in the organization but not all the way to the top. Gezon, everybody agreed, had followed orders from Stehlik, and Stehlik had followed orders from Burens, but that was the end of the trail, because although Burens said he had followed orders from Vinson, Vinson denied it and made the denial stick. The government, at the end of its investigation, stated in court that it could not prove, and did not claim, that either Chairman Cordiner or President Paxton had authorized, or even known about, the conspiracies, and thereby officially ruled out the possibility that they had resorted to at least a figurative wink. Later, Paxton and Cordiner showed up in Washington to testify before the Subcommittee, and its interrogators were similarly unable to establish that

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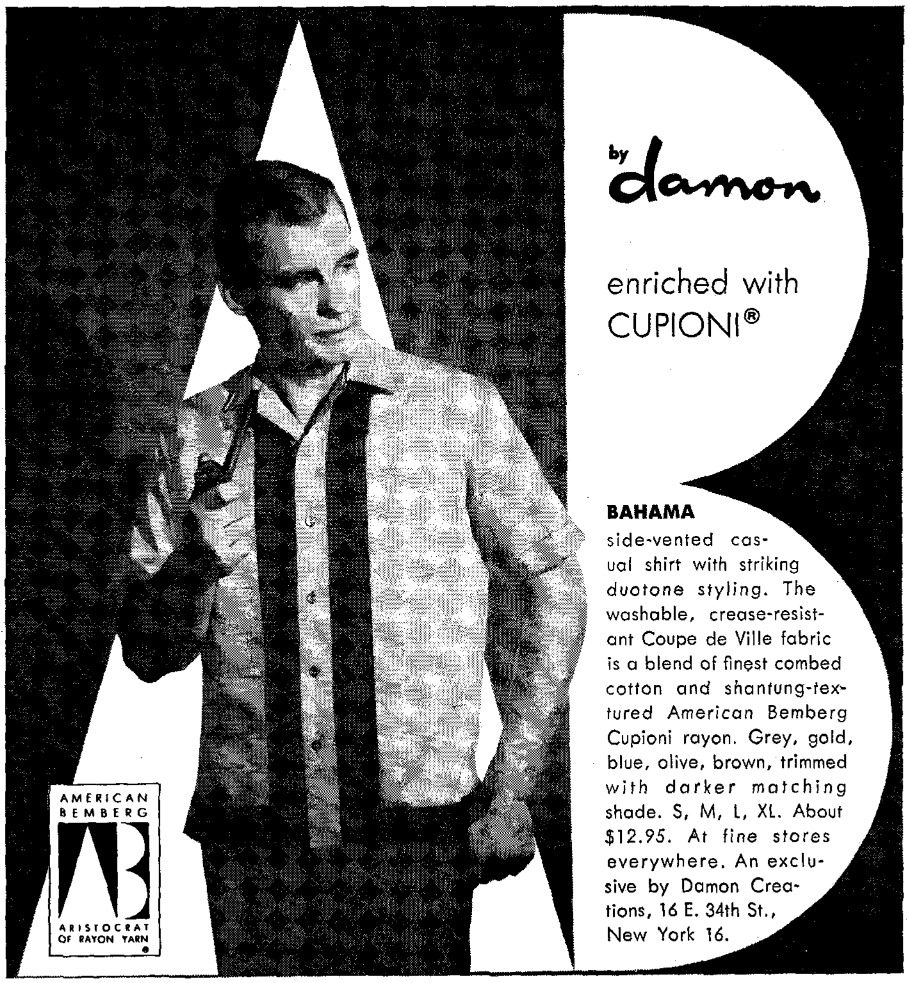

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they had ever indulged in any variety of winking.

AFTER being described by Ginn as General Electric's stubbornest and most dedicated advocate of free competition, Paxton explained to the Subcommittee that his thinking on the subject had been influenced not directly by Adam Smith but, rather, by way of a former G.E. boss he had worked under—the late Gerard Swope. Swope, Paxton testified, had always believed firmly that the ultimate goal of business was to produce more goods for more people at lower cost. "I bought that then, I buy it now," said Paxton. "I think it is the most marvellous statement of economic philosophy that any industrialist has ever expressed." In the course of his testimony, Paxton had an explanation, philosophical or otherwise, of each of the several situations related to price-fixing in which his name had earlier been mentioned. For instance, it had been brought out that in 1956 or 1957 a young man named Jerry Page, a minor employee in G.E.'s switchgear division, had written directly to Cordiner alleging that the switchgear divisions of G.E. and of several competitor companies were involved in a conspiracy in which information about prices was exchanged by means of a secret code based on different colors of letter paper. Cordiner had turned the matter over to Paxton with orders that he get to the bottom of it, and Paxton had thereupon conducted an investigation that led him to conclude that the color-code conspiracy was "wholly a hallucination on the part of this boy." In arriving at that conclusion, Paxton had apparently been right, although it later came out that there had been a conspiracy in the switchgear division during 1956 and 1957; this, however, was a rather conventional one, based simply on price-fixing meetings, rather than on anything so gaudy as a color code. Page could not be called to testify because of ill health.

Paxton conceded that there had been some occasions when he "must have been pretty damn dumb." (Dumb or not, for his services as the company's president he was, of course, remunerated on a considerably grander scale than Vinson—receiving a basic annual salary of a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, plus annual incentive compensation of about a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, plus stock options designed to enable him to collect much more, at the comparatively low tax rate on capital gains, if General

Electric's stock should go up.) As for Paxton's attitude toward company communications, he emerges as a pessimist on this score. Upon being asked at the hearings to comment on the Smith-Vinson conversations of 1957, he said that, knowing Smith, he just could not "cast the man in the role of a liar," and went on:

> When I was younger, I used to play a good deal of bridge. We played about fifty rubbers of bridge, four of us, every winter, and I think we probably played some rather good bridge. If you gentlemen are bridge players, you know that there is a code of signals that is exchanged between partners as the game progresses. It is a stylized form of playing. . . . Now, as I think about this—and I was particularly impressed when I read Smith's testimony when he talked about a "meeting of the clan" or "meeting of the boys"—I begin to think that there must have been a stylized method of communication between these people who were dealing with competition. Now, Smith could say, "I told Vinson what I was doing," and Vinson wouldn't have the foggiest idea what was being told to him, and both men could testify under oath, one saying yes and the other man saying no, and both be telling the truth. . . . [They] wouldn't be on the same wavelength. [They] wouldn't have the same meanings. I think, I believe now that these men did think that they were telling the truth, but they weren't communicating between each other with understanding.

Here, indeed, is the gloomiest possible analysis of the communications problem.

Chairman Cordiner's status, it appears from his testimony, was approximately that of the Boston Cabots in the celebrated jingle. His services to the company, for which he was recompensed in truly handsome style (with, for 1960, a salary of just over two hundred and eighty thousand dollars, plus contingent deferred income of about a hundred and twenty thousand, plus stock options potentially worth hundreds of thousands more), were indubitably many and valuable, but they were performed on such an exalted level that, at least in antitrust matters, he does not seem to have been able to have any earthly communication at all. When he emphatically told the Subcommittee that at no time had he had so much as an inkling of the network of conspiracies, it could be deduced that his was a case not of faulty communication but of no communication. He did not speak to the Subcommittee of philosophy or philosophers, as Ginn and Paxton had done, but from his past record of ordering reissues of 20.5 and of peppering his speeches and public statements with praise of free enterprise, it seems clear that he was *un*

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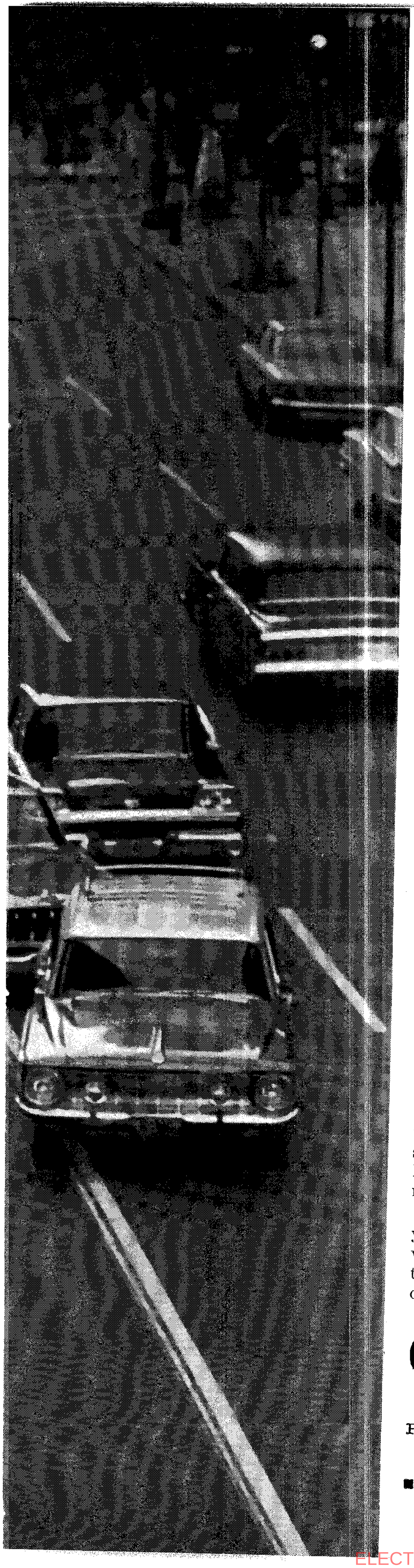

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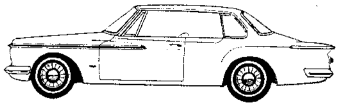

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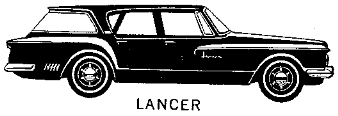

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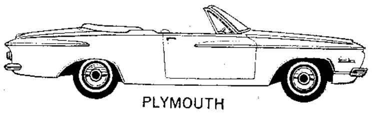

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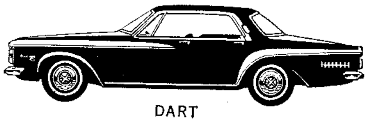

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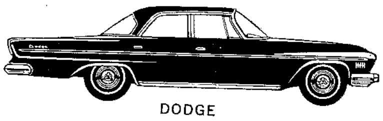

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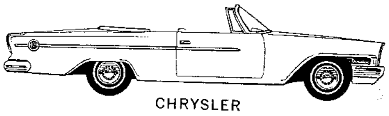

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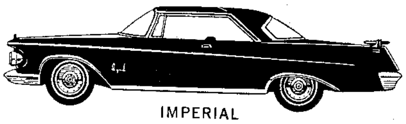

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philosophe sans le savoir—and one on the side of selling the Lord, since no evidence was adduced to suggest that he was given to winking in any form. Kefauver ran through a long list of antitrust violations of which General Electric had been accused over the past half century, asking Cordiner, who joined the company in 1922, how much he knew about each of them; usually, he replied that he had known about them only after the fact. In commenting on Ginn's testimony that Erben had countermanded Cordiner's direct order in 1954, Cordiner said that he had read it with "great alarm" and "great wonderment," since Erben had always indicated to him "an intense competitive spirit," rather than any disposition to be friendly with rival companies.

Throughout his testimony, Cordiner used the curious expression "be responsive to." If, for instance, Kefauver inadvertently asked the same question twice, Cordiner would say, "I was responsive to that a moment ago," or if Kefauver interrupted him, as he often did, Cordiner would ask politely, "May I be responsive?" This, too, offers a small lead for a foundation grantee, who might want to look into the distinction between being responsive (a passive state) and answering (an act), and their relative effectiveness in the process of communication.

Summing up his position on the case as a whole, in reply to a question of Kefauver's about whether he thought that G.E. had incurred "corporate disgrace," Cordiner said, "No, I am not going to be responsive and say that General Electric had corporate disgrace. I am going to say that we are deeply grieved and concerned. . . . I am not proud of it."

CHAIRMAN CORDINER, then, had been able to fairly deafen his subordinate officers with lectures on compliance with the rules of the company and the laws of the country, but he had not been able to get all those officers to comply with either, and President Paxton could muse thoughtfully on how it was that two of his subordinates who had given radically different accounts of a conversation between them could be such poor communicators. Philosophy seems to have reached a high point at G.E., and communication a low one. If executives could just learn to understand one another, most of the witnesses said or implied, the problem of antitrust violations would be solved. But perhaps the problem is cultural as well as technical, and has something

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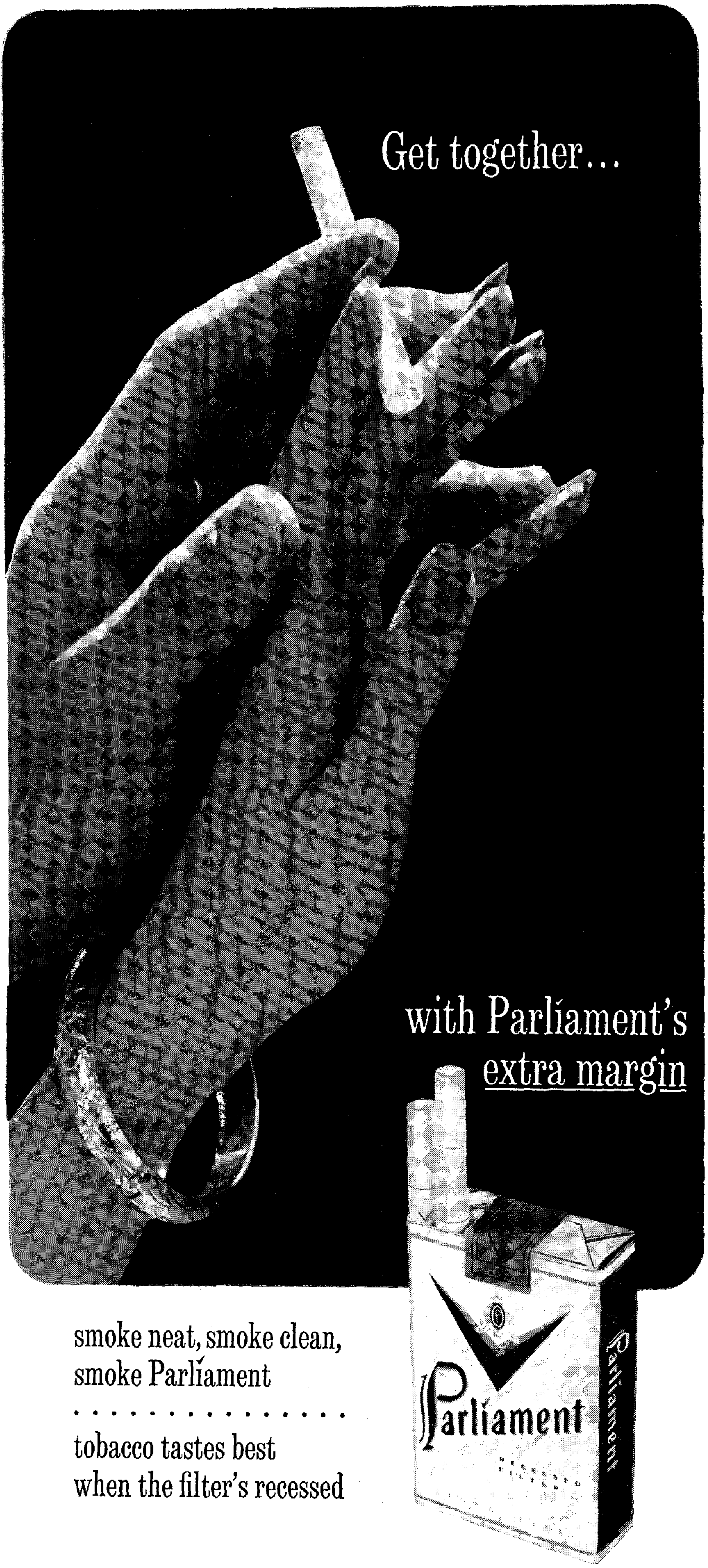
to do with a loss of personal identity that comes from working in a huge organization. The cartoonist Jules Feiffer, contemplating the communication problem in a non-industrial context, has said, "Actually, the breakdown is between the person and himself. If you're not able to communicate successfully between yourself and yourself, how are you supposed to make it with the strangers outside?" Suppose, purely as a hypothesis, that the owner of a company who orders his subordinates to obey the antitrust laws has such poor communication with himself that he does not really know whether he wants the order to be complied with or not. If his order is disobeyed, the resulting price-fixing may benefit his company's coffers; if it is obeyed, then he has done the right thing. In the first instance, he is not personally implicated in any wrongdoing, while in the second he is positively involved in *right*doing. What, after all, can he lose? It is perhaps reasonable to suppose that such an executive might communicate his uncertainty more forcefully than his order. Possibly yet another foundation grantee should have a look at the reverse of communication failure, where he might discover that messages the sender does not even realize he is sending sometimes turn out to have got across only too effectively.

Meanwhile, in the eleven months since the Subcommittee concluded its investigation, the defendant companies have by no means been allowed to forget their transgressions. The law permits customers who can prove that they have paid artificially high prices as a result of antitrust violations to sue for damages—in most cases, triple damages—and suits running into many millions of dollars are piling up. (By last January, they had piled up so high that Chief Justice Warren set up a special panel of federal judges to plan how they should all be handled.) Needless to say, Cordiner has not been allowed to forget about the matter, either; indeed, it would be surprising if he had been allowed a chance to think about much else, for, in addition to the suits, he has had to contend with active efforts by a minority group of stockholders to unseat him. Paxton retired as president in April, 1961, because of ill health dating back at least to the previous January, when he underwent a major operation. As for the executives who pleaded guilty and were fined or imprisoned, most of those who had been employed by companies other than G.E. are still with them, either in their old jobs or in similar ones. Of those who had been employed by G.E., none are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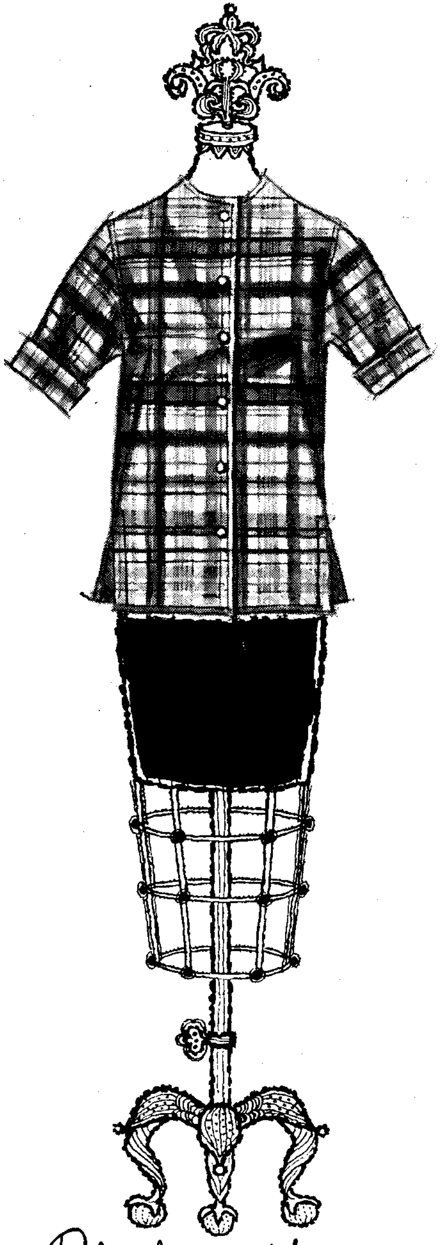

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still there, some having retired permanently from business, others having settled for comparatively small jobs, and a few having landed big ones—most spectacularly Ginn, who last June became president of Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton, manufacturers of heavy machinery. And as for the future of price-fixing in the electrical industry, it seems safe to say that what with the Justice Department, Judge Ganey, Senator Kefauver, and the triple-damage suits, the impact on the philosophers who guide corporate policy has been such that they, and even their subordinates, are likely to try to hew scrupulously to the line for quite some time. The big question, however, is whether they have made any headway in their ability to communicate.

—JOHN BROOKS

•

Ernest A. Medeiros, West Tisbury resident, was taken to the Martha's Vineyard Hospital early Sunday morning for examination and treatment of injuries following an automobile accident on the South Road, Chilmark, occurring shortly after 1 a.m.

As described by State Trooper George Mallett who investigated the accident, Mr. Medeiros was proceeding easterly when, he said, a deer crossed the road. Swerving to avoid the deer his car went out of control and turned completely over, demolishing the vehicle.

Mr. Medeiros was bruised and shaken and his wrist was badly slashed, and an artery was severed, causing a considerable loss of blood. But for service training in the medical corps, the trooper said, the situation of Mr. Medeiros might have been serious indeed. As it was, he was able to exert pressure with his uninjured hand, and so walked to the nearest house from which he telephoned for a doctor.

Dr. Joseph Frisch responded, and took the injured man to the hospital from which he was released a few hours later.

Court action is anticipated, according to Trooper Mallett.—*Martha's Vineyard (Mass.) Vineyard Gazette.*

First thing to do is round up a few character witnesses for the deer.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Sunday Times*]

Many people in North Weirs, Brockenhurst, Hampshire, are walking a little farther to post their letters these days. But they do not mind. The explanation is given in a G.P.O. notice on their usual letter-box:

"A great tit has built a nest in this letter-box and despite the necessary interruptions has hatched out her eggs. A temporary screen has been placed around the nest for protection from falling letters, but it is felt that the public may wish to help by posting only essential items and, if avoidable, nothing heavy."

A postman said yesterday: "The public are co-operating and mother and baby birds are doing well."

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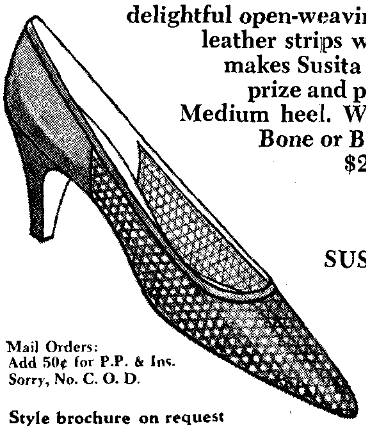

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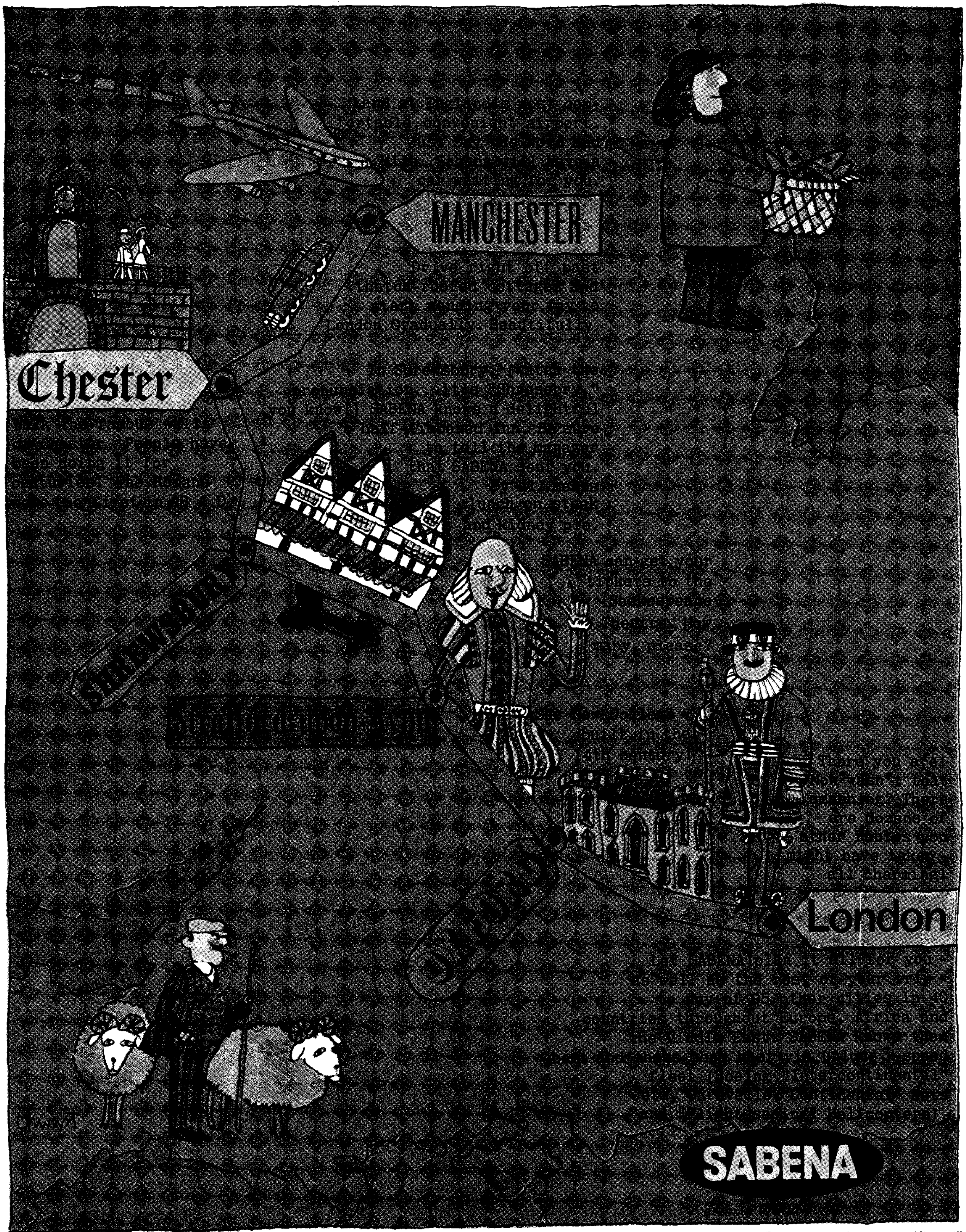
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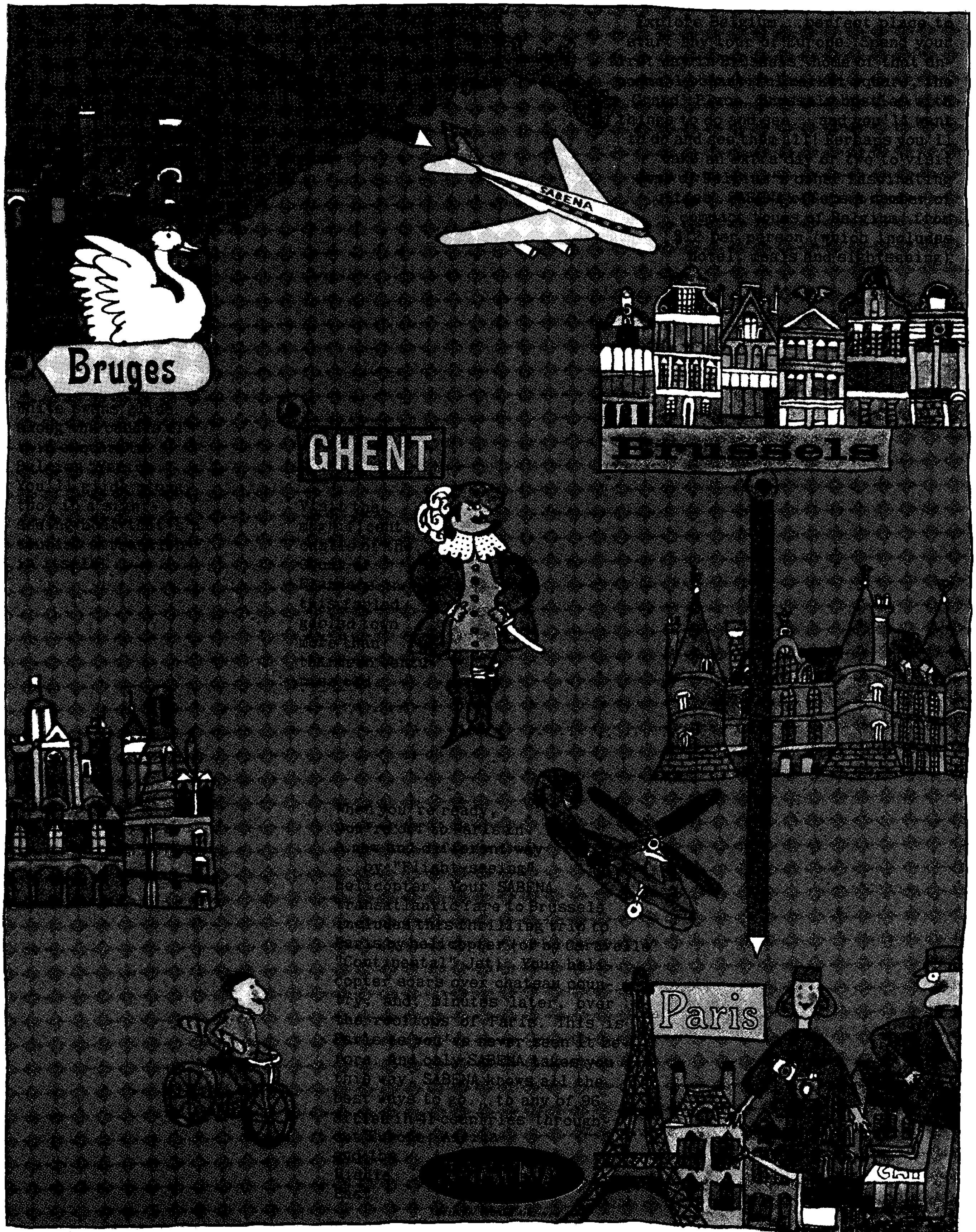
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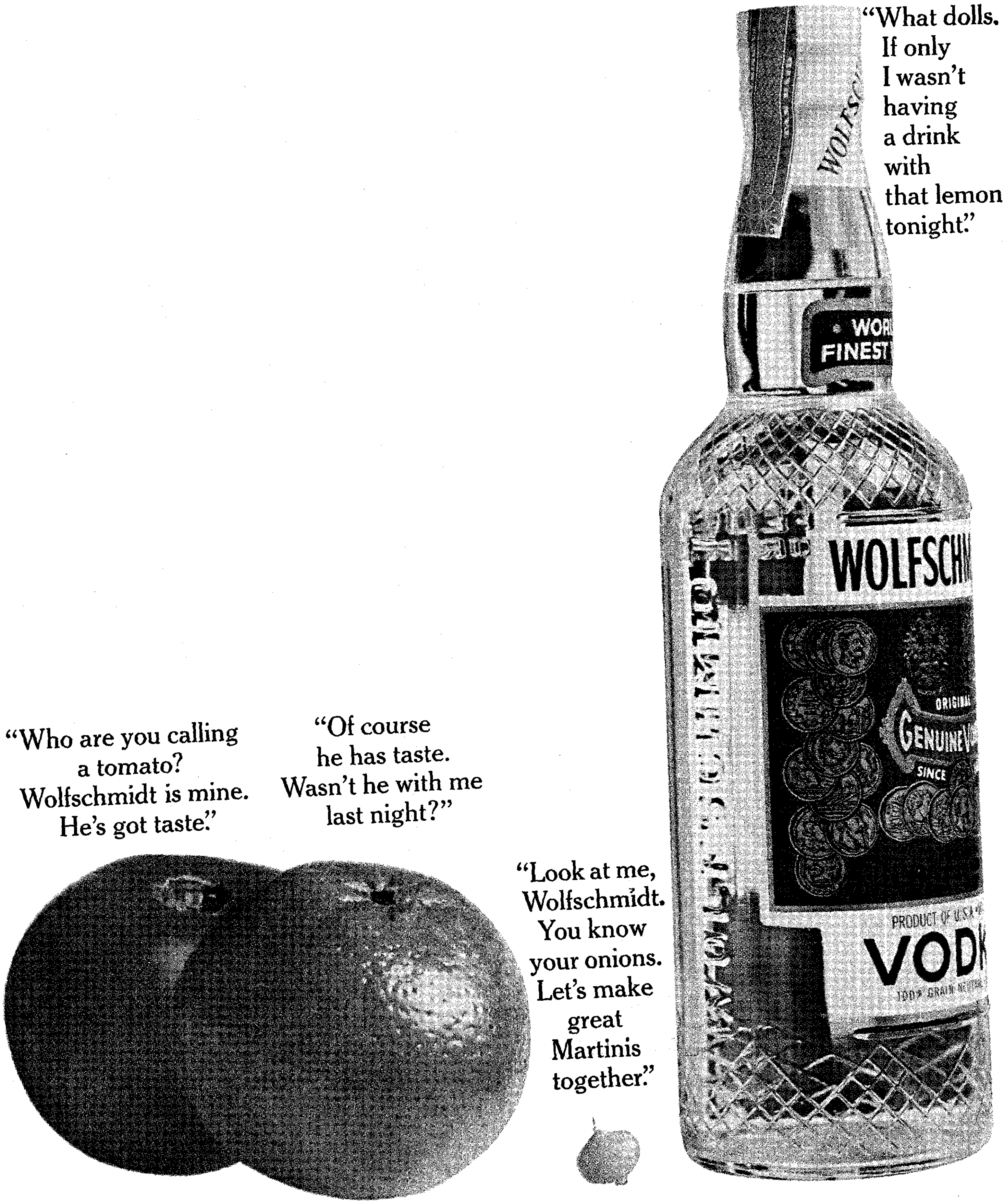
"What dolls. If only I wasn't having a drink with that lemon tonight."
"Who are you calling a tomato? Wolfschmidt is mine. He's got taste."
"Of course he has taste. Wasn't he with me last night?"
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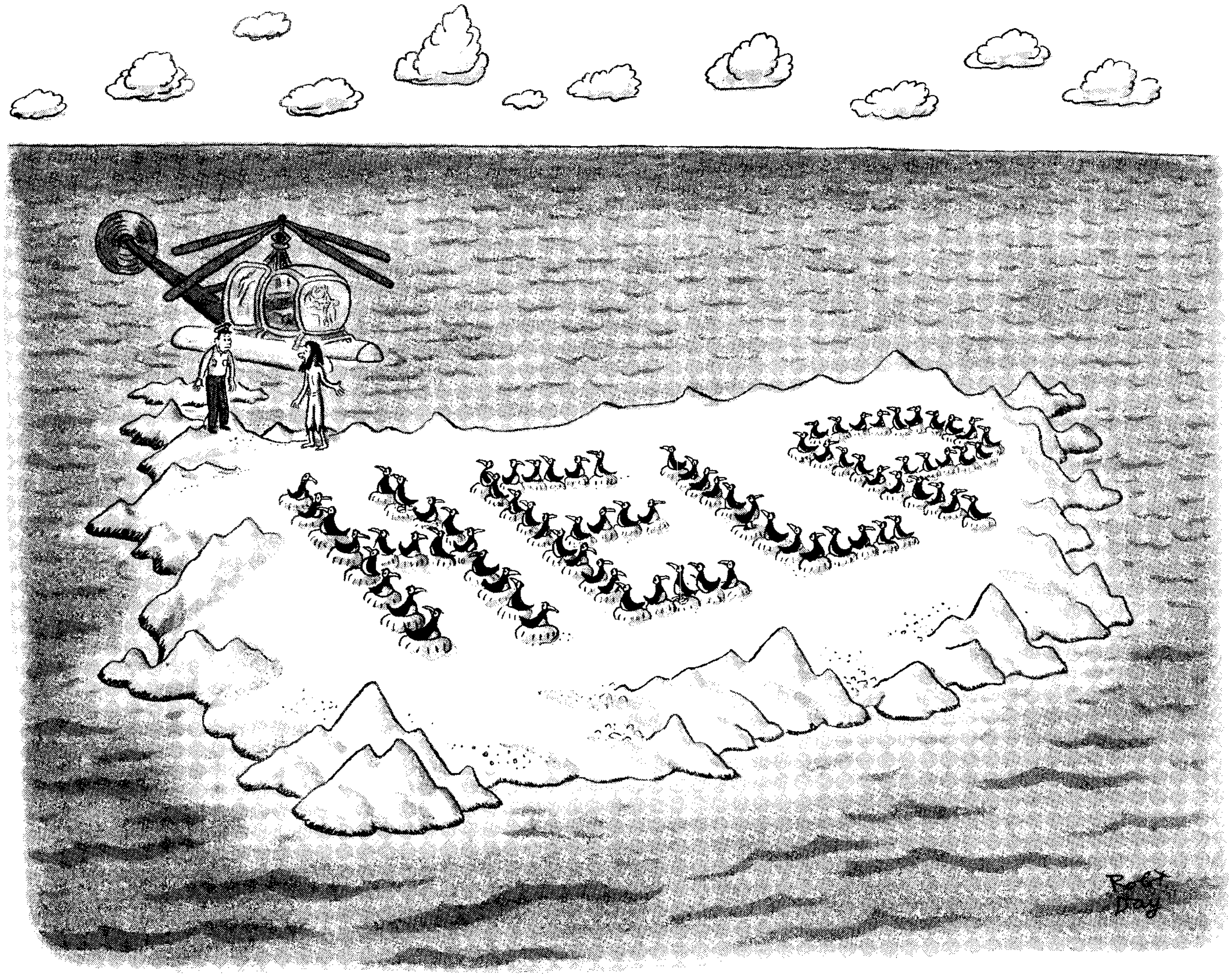
THE THEATRE

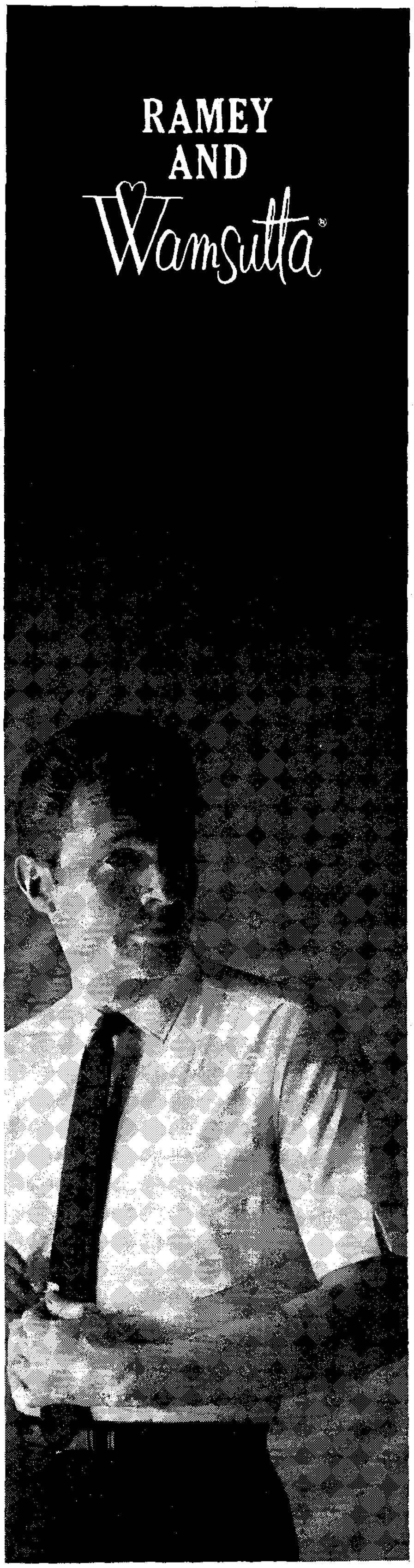
PETTY LARCENY

"BRAVO GIOVANNI," at the Broadhurst, which introduces the celebrated basso Cesare Siepi to Broadway, includes some ingenious production numbers, but the music is bedraggled stuff, even when it issues from Mr. Siepi's powerful pipes, and the comic content is negligible. A good many people had a hand in assembling this show, which deals with the worries and woes and machinations of a restaurant owner in Rome who is trying to keep his establishment going in the face of opposition provided by an eating-chain outfit that has opened one of its highly efficient units right next door. It would be impossible to list here all the cooks who tried to make "Bravo Giovanni" palatable, but conspicuous among them are A. J. Russell, who did the book, based on a novel by Howard Shaw; Ronny Graham and Milton Schafer, who devised the lyrics and the music, respectively; Robert Randolph, who created the sets; Carol Haney, who supervised the choreography; and Stanley Prager, who directed the affair. Miss Haney's choreography occasionally brings a bit of bounce to the show, particularly in a scene revealing a crew of culinary Stakhanovites at work in a streamlined kitchen, but Mr. Prager's direction is seldom vivacious enough to contribute much buoyancy of its own.

It would serve no purpose to go into all the intricacies of the plot—something that can be said of most musical comedies—but here's a brisk rundown on what happens when our restaurant proprietor joins battle with the eating-chain octopus. At first, he tries to fight fairly, but then he is persuaded by a clever chum of his (David Opatoshu) that he is doomed to disaster if he doesn't employ extra-legal means to save the old macaroni manse. Mr. Opatoshu proposes that a tunnel be bored from our hero's place to the cellar of the house where the chain operation is going on. With the help of a chef who works for the chain, it will then be possible to pilfer meals from a dumbwaiter, which the chef will send down instead of up every now and then, and the pilfered meals can be served in our hero's joint at a price that will knock the enemy out of business. This is farfetched, Lord knows, but so is the fact that in the course of digging the tunnel our hero and his friends uncover an Etruscan tomb. According to the law, the tomb and its contents belong to the state, but our hero keeps the discovery under his



"It wasn't easy!"



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hat, and presently transforms his restaurant into a very swank rendezvous with an Etruscan décor. All the beauty and chivalry of Rome immediately flock to it, but in the long pull is our hero happy? No, because somewhere along the line he has been abandoned by the girl (Michele Lee) who has been working with him and who loves him, although he is too blind to see it. That's about enough of that.

In the title role Mr. Siepi is vocally impressive and certainly handsome to look at. His acting, though, is rather leaden, and while his cohorts do their best to enliven the proceedings, the book keeps putting roadblocks in their way. Besides Mr. Siepi, Mr. Opatoshu, and Miss Lee, the cast includes Maria Karnilova, George S. Irving, Lu Leonard, Buzz Miller, Arnold Soboloff, Harry Davis, and Gene Varrone.

—John McCarten

OFF BROADWAY

It Goes

The revival of "Anything Goes," at the Orpheum, is so young, skillful, and jolly that it doesn't seem to be a nostalgic occasion at all. Lawrence Kasha, who directed it, and the members of his company have made it their own, and nobody has been boning up on anybody else's old phonograph records. Of course, Cole Porter is the real star, and everyone concerned does well by him. But the remarkable stamina of the show after twenty-eight years—not only of the songs but of that lovely, sappy book! (The authors of that lovely, sappy book, in case you've forgotten, are P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Howard Lindsay, and Russel Crouse.) Once the performance is over, you may fondly remember the sly, leathery innocence of Ethel Merman as Reno Sweeney, the evangelist turned night-club singer, and the superb, quavery clowning of Victor Moore as Moon, Public Enemy No. 13 masquerading in clericals, but while it is going on, everything on board the S.S. America is so satisfying and moves so fast that there is no chance to miss anyone. Some of the performers may lack the variety and subtlety that come with seasoning, but they are straightforward and attractive all the same. Eileen Rodgers, the girl who sang "Gentleman Jimmy" in "Fiorello!," plays Reno. She is a brassy, humorous brunette with a good, brassy voice, and she sings with relish and excitement. Opposite her, Hal Linden also sings well—and acts pretty well—as the young business executive who sneaks

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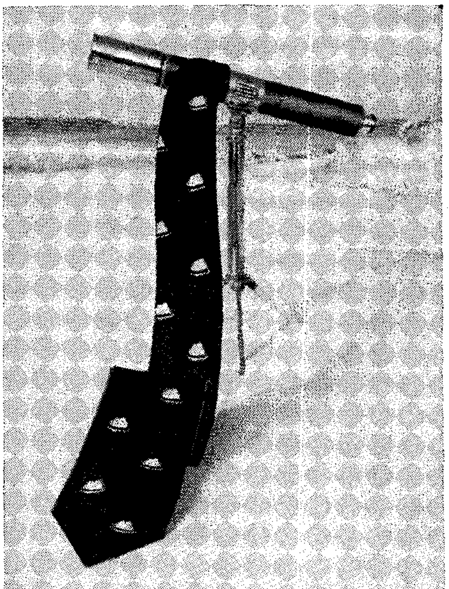

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aboard with the passport of a gangster. A stubby fellow named Mickey Deems makes a comic, amiable Moon. Kenneth Mars is first-rate as a Wodehousian British aristocrat, particularly as he slowly warms from tepid to 98.6° at the hearty seductiveness of Miss Rodgers, and I also enjoyed Jeff Siggins and Martin J. Cassidy, as a couple of Chinese converts to Christianity and strip poker; Margery Gray, as a cute and limber gangster's moll; Neal Patrick, as an adenoidal bishop; and Warren Wade, as an American tycoon. The ingénue, Barbara Lang, sings nicely, though not much can be said for her acting. While the dancing—the strenuous, eyes-front hoofing and the ballroom swooping of the nineteen-thirties—is funny and ingenious, Ronald Field, the choreographer, never allows parody to get out of hand. The stage, though roomy by Off Broadway standards, is still pretty small, but Don Jensen, who designed the set, has been able to make it look like a spacious luxury ship. The costumes, by Bill Hargate, are appropriately gaudy.

I do have one complaint, however, and it is a serious one. Given a score like that of "Anything Goes," there is no moral or musical justification that I can see for dipping into the collected works of Cole Porter for additional numbers; either you do a musical comedy or you do a stadium concert. With that out of the way, I must add, as reassurance, that there has been no monkeying around with the lyrics. "You're the Top" has been an irresistible temptation to monkeyers through the years, but down at the Orpheum you're still the pants on that Roxy usher.

—Edith Oliver

*

Progress Report
RE: Saturday 21st—Gra-Y Softball
FROM: Gene Steele

The following is a list of things that need to be improved upon in our personal softball skills.

1. Fielding right and left handed batters.
2. What to do with the ball after we have caught or stopped it.
3. What to do at the different positions in the infield.
4. The *art* of throwing the ball to another player.—*Bulletin from a Chicago Y.M.C.A.*

Same damn list the Mets have.

*

Tapei, May 11 (AP).—Jayne will become the third international port on Formosa.—*The News.*

It's amazing what a good press agent can do.

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THE RACE TRACK

Timeo Danaos

MAURICE FREED

THE Preakness at Pimlico last weekend was such a smasher that it would have been regrettable if it had ended in the disqualification that threatened for twelve suspenseful minutes after Greek Money beat Ridan by a nose in Maryland's classic for three-year-olds. Ycaza, who rode Ridan, lodged an objection, claiming that Rotz, on Greek Money, had bumped him during the run through the stretch. Happily, the stewards dismissed the charge after questioning the jockeys and studying slow-motion movies of the race. Then they fined Ycaza two hundred dollars for making a frivolous claim, suspended him for ten days for elbowing Rotz as they came to the winning post, and recommended that the Maryland Racing Commission penalize him twenty days more. Altogether, it was as thrilling and surprising a Preakness as I've seen in many years. It had been expected that Ridan, who is as fast as they come, would be the first of the eleven runners to show in front, because the track had been worked over and would be especially to his liking, but it was Jaipur who led passing the stand the first time, and then around the turns and into the backstretch. Sunrise County was closest to him, and Ridan was third, under stout restraint, with Roman Line and Greek Money about a length behind. On the far turn, Ridan, who was nearest the rail, slipped into the lead. He appeared hard to handle, but he didn't try to bear out, as he had done in the Kentucky Derby. At this point, Jaipur shortened his stride, and a little farther on he faded out of the picture, finishing tenth. Turning into the homestretch, Ridan was still in front, but Greek Money—easy to distinguish by the bright blue of his jockey's jacket—was coming up fast on the rail. About a furlong from home, Greek Money got his head in front, but in the next dozen strides Ridan took the lead again, and looked a certain winner. Then, in the last twenty yards, Greek Money somehow summoned up an astonishing burst of speed, and Rotz seemed to lift him over the finish line. More than five lengths behind, Roman Line came in for third money, and

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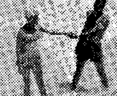

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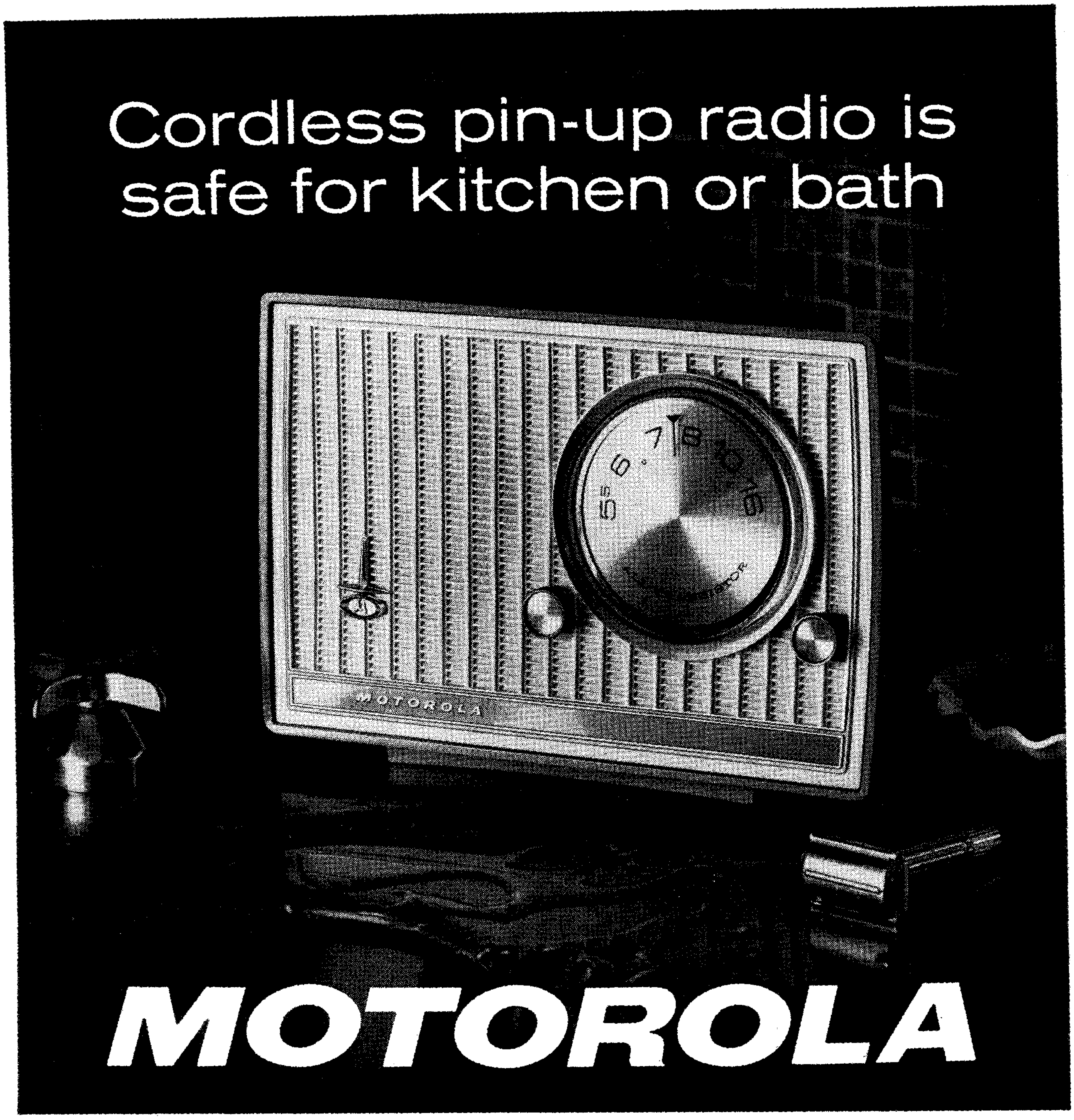

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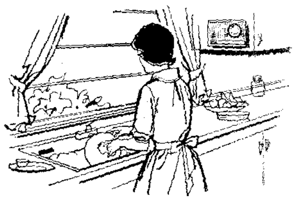

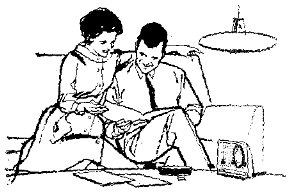

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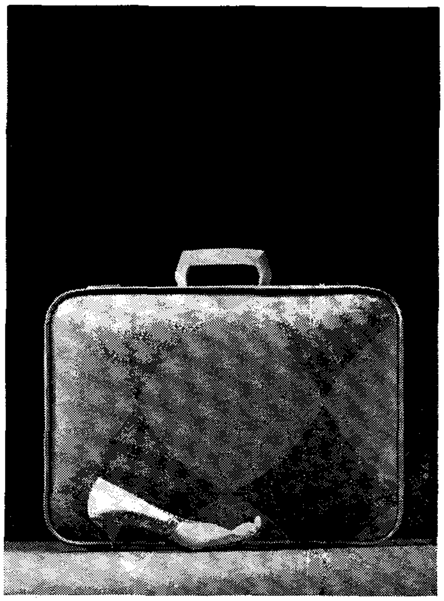
Vimy Ridge popped out of nowhere to be fourth. Prego was last, thirty lengths down the course.

Though the Preakness was enthralling to watch, I've seen few races in which there were so many bay horses—Ridan, Vimy Ridge, Sunrise County, and Green Hornet—whose jockeys' silks were combinations of black and white. Decidedly's colors were black and white, too, but he's a gray. Decidedly was bumped about at the start, I thought, and just didn't appear to feel like running thereafter. Jaipur let everybody down badly. I hate to say this, for he's one of my favorites, but I think he has too much of his daddy, Nasrullah, in him. Nasrullah was temperamental, hard to guess, and harder to handle. So are all his sons. Perhaps Jaipur resented Ussery's hustling him to the front at the start. The obvious thing to say of the Irish-bred Vimy Ridge, though I may be hanged in effigy at the Curragh for it, is that he is a perfect British type, even to his bobbed tail. He's on the small side, but he's a colt of high quality, and a lot of people are picking him to win the Belmont Stakes next month. As for Greek Money, early in the afternoon my favorite observer at the Maryland tracks—and I don't know a better judge of horses—suggested that I take more than a casual look at him. "He's a nice colt," my friend said. "Besides, he has been lightly raced this year—only three starts, and he won two of them impressively. He'll go well." If you must know, I didn't go near a tote window—and he paid a $23.80 mutuel! Bred and owned by Donald Ross, who is president of Delaware Park, and who has now won the Preakness for the first time, Greek Money is a welcome addition to the three-year-old division. His share of the purse, by the way, was $135,800. Racing is fun at Pimlico, and I wish I could get down there oftener. If I may say so, Preakness Day is managed better than Derby Day.

As you probably know, Affectionately won the Fashion Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, at Aqueduct last week, and did it as easily as everybody expected she would. Leading from start to finish, she sailed home a couple of lengths ahead of Fashion Verdict, who is regarded as a very promising runner by her trainer, Mr. Fitz. It was Affectionately's fourth victory in as many starts. Speedwell, who also ran, showed none of the brilliance that marked her performance in the Debutante in Kentucky. She was fifth. However, Speedwell's stablemate, Cicada, made some



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amends for that in the Acorn Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, at Aqueduct on Saturday. From all accounts, it wasn't an easy victory, and she had to withstand a claim of foul. It seems that Shoemaker, who rode her, allowed her to swerve, bothering Some Song and then blocking Tamarona in the stretch, but the stewards didn't think this warranted taking her number down.

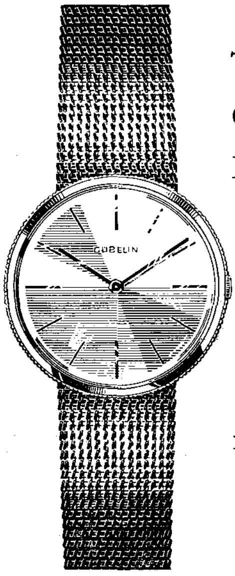
I SUPPOSE it was inevitable that electronics would get into racing, as it has into everything else. I saw an electronic pari-mutuel betting system put through its paces at the Biltmore the other morning, and it left me wondering what in automation would be brought out next. Actually, this mechanical nonesuch, offered by the Electronics Assistance Corporation, of Red Bank, New Jersey, is a tote, but it's a do-it-yourself tote. You buy one or more cards, which are slightly larger than playing cards and come in denominations of two, five, ten, twenty, and fifty dollars. Then you put your card in a slot in an oblong box that looks like a glorified parking meter, push a button with your horse's number on it, and push another button to indicate whether you're betting straight, place, or show, and the machine, clicking industriously, punches the card and registers your bet. If your horse wins, you take your card to a cashier's window, where it is put into a machine that computes the value of the ticket electronically, and the man pays you off. What's more, you can cash all kinds of tickets—two, five, ten, twenty, or fifty dollars, straight, place, or show—at the same window. No doubt if such facilities were set up all over a grandstand, in the restaurants, and beside those closed-circuit-television outlets where people sit all afternoon, it would be a great convenience for horseplayers, and it seems to me that the electronic tote would be just the thing if New York ever has off-course betting. You should live so long!

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Donald P. Haggerty, speaking for Laboratory Technicians Local 683, wrote a poem of praise to Jerry: "Accolades to you for your very commendable decision to junk two contemplated European pictures and remain in Hollywood as announced in Louella Parsons' column. It is gratifying to us in the Hollywood unions to know that you are sticking by the skilled craftsmen who built motion pictures into the great industry it is today."—*Boston Record American.*

It sounds better when Sandburg sings it.



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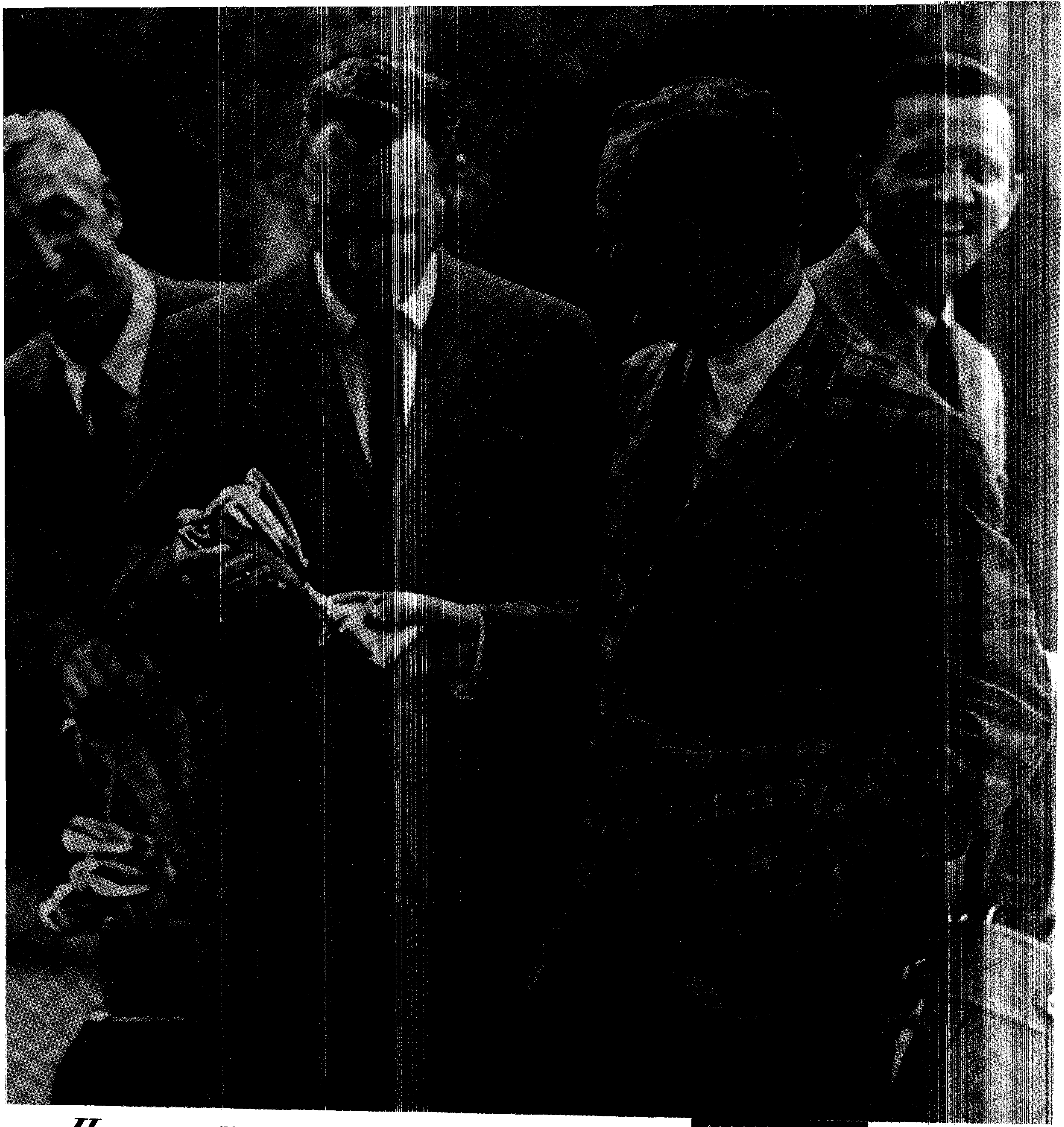

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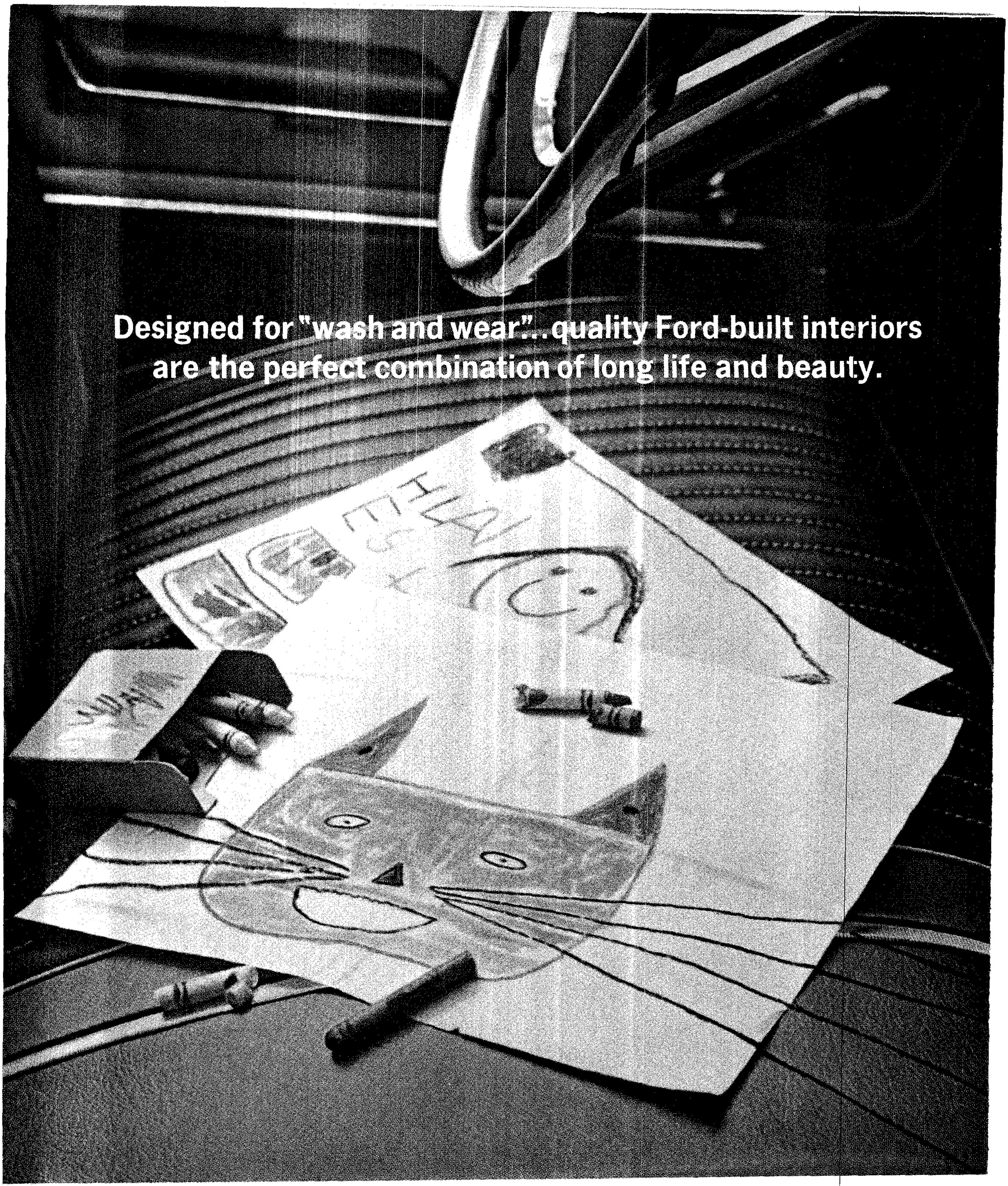
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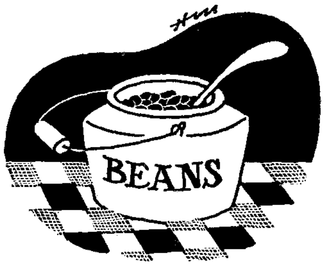
YOU ARE GOING TO SLEEP

SOME time ago, here in England, there was a considerable outcry in the press about hypnotism. The subject is always good for a little space, and on this occasion it got more than that. Even the *Times* mentioned it. The less majestic papers ran front-page headlines. It was alleged that a stage hypnotist had failed to restore to a female member of his audience, who had volunteered her help (“If any lady or gentleman would care to step up . . .”) and had submitted to his control, her normal degree of mental independence. The girl had brought suit. Eventually the clamor petered out, and I'm not sure how matters ended. However, the affair left an unpleasant flavor about the word “hypnotism” that still lingered when, a good deal later, it was brought once more to public attention.

This time, the news had nothing to do with entertainment. On the contrary. It seemed that a young woman, nervous about her impending driving test, had had the bright idea of consulting a professional hypnotist. He had given her treatment that calmed her, and she had passed the test and told her friends about it. Those who were themselves about to take driving tests had immediately rushed off to the hypnotist, acquired their own supply of self-confidence, and passed their tests. Inevitably, the papers got hold of the story, and many letters to the editor were written expressing indignation and demanding that hypnotism before driving tests be outlawed. The letter writers said that it was cheating, and that once the control wore off, the drivers would be menaces on the road. The hypnotist who had started all the fuss retorted that he didn't claim to make good drivers out of bad, even temporarily; he was only helping out the sort of people who get examination nerves.



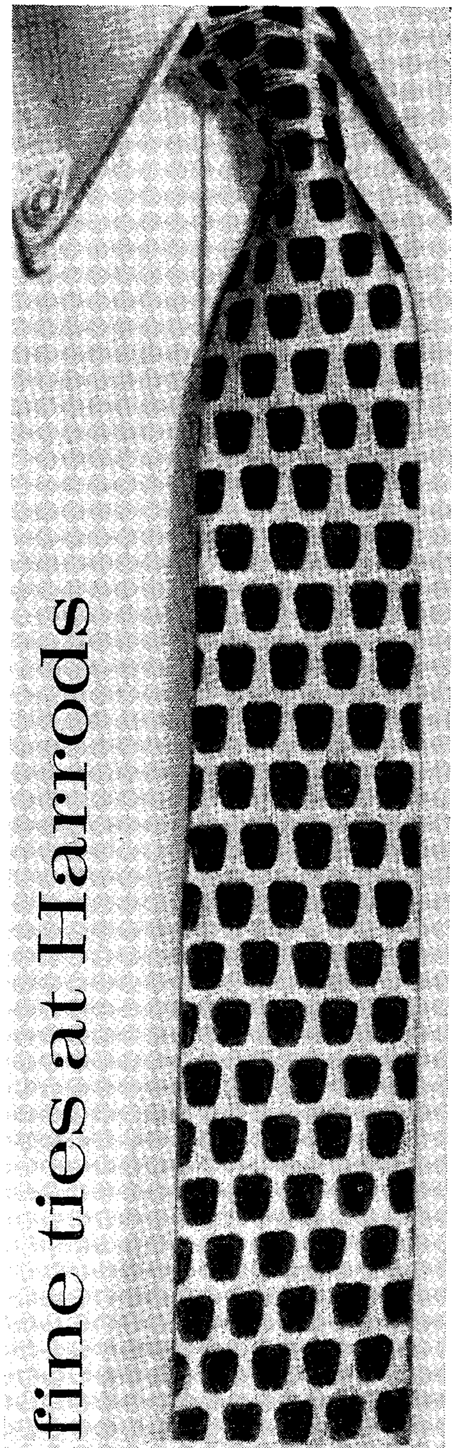
It is true that driving tests in Britain are tough, as is driving itself. I read of the controversy with special interest, for I myself was bedevilled by a tremendous lack of confidence at the wheel. I had an L complex. Perhaps I should explain what an L complex is. Americans—I am one—who drive in England are likely to notice and be diverted by the quaint devices and customs of the natives on the road. “No Overtaking” say signs that mean you are not to pass, and “Dual Carriageway” say others that indicate a divided street. The hand signal given by the driver ahead of you is likely to look as if he were stirring a cup of tea with his forefinger. Most picturesque of all, to me, are the plates some cars wear—a large red “L” on a white ground, hanging fore and aft. The L plate means that the car is propelled by someone who has not yet passed his driving test. One does not pass an L car without giving it plenty of room—as much room, at least, as you would leave for a skittish horse, even though an L driver must not drive alone but be accompanied by a license-holding companion.

American drivers in Britain don't have to display L plates if they have recently arrived there and can show their own American licenses. They can drive for the space of a year, after which, if still alive, they've got to take the test like everybody else. As it happened, I never had the year's grace, because when I came to live in England, in 1946, I didn't own a license that hadn't lapsed. I'd held two, one in America and one in China, but I had neglected to renew them. Anyway, during my first years in England I never had to give the matter a thought. Cars were hard to get, so was petrol, and it seemed simpler not to run a car at all. Finally, however, cars were taken off the scarcity list, and a few years after that—things move slowly in our family—we did get one. And there I was, without a scrap of paper to prove that I could drive.

The salesman who sold us the car said, “Oh, that's easily remedied. You simply write to your local traffic office, they'll tell you when to drop in for your driving test, and Bob's-your-uncle.”

THE date proposed by the officials for the test was, rather surprisingly, three months away. This delay was explained by a number of acquaintances, who told me that we were not the only family that had bestirred itself after many years of doing without a car and had recently bought one. In fact, the country was full of them. The roads were jammed with new cars with L plates, and the lists of candidates for licenses were so long that I should be thankful I had to wait only three months.

I put on my L plates and tried obedi-



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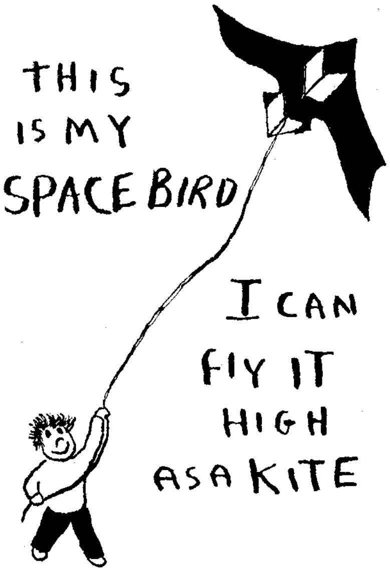
ently to be thankful, but all the talk and the delay somehow had a bad effect on me. I began to wonder if I could pass the test. Lots of candidates, it seemed, did not. As the traffic-control mills went on grinding, the air was filled with the lamentations of the failures, not to mention bits and pieces of disturbing information: One man had failed nine tests, another twelve, though both were experienced drivers. On some days, the examiners seemed determined not to pass anybody at all; word had gone out from headquarters to do this every so often, to keep down traffic. The more of this talk I heard, the more jittery I got. It was no use reminding myself that never in all my driving life had I been involved in an accident. The L plates clanking away on the car constantly brought to mind my humiliating status; I was a learner-driver and a danger on the roads. Besides, there was the gardener-handyman who usually accompanied me. He was watchful as a bulldog, but not for my protection. He loved the car with grim passion, polishing it whenever he got the chance. He hated having anyone else touch it. I would come back from our outings shaky and depressed.

The three months wore on. "You'll fail the first time—they always fail you the first time," said some of my friends. And that was bad enough, but the ones who said, "Don't be silly; of course you'll pass," were worse. They were wrong as well. I failed. One of the odd things about the British system of testing is that the examiner is not allowed to tell you outright why you have failed, if you have. Perhaps it's to avoid unseemly argument. What he does instead is underline certain phrases on a printed slip he gives you—hints as to where you have fallen short of perfection. It was thus delicately indicated that I hadn't watched out properly at a pedestrian crossing and that my technique in backing up, or reversing, around a corner into a side lane had been less than adept.

"Of course you failed," said the friends who had predicted it. "You always fail the first time; the country needs the money." (Each test costs the learner a pound.) "Now, you'd better take a few lessons from a regular instructor before you go up the next time. They simply hate it if you don't, especially when you're American."

I would answer doubtfully, "Well, I don't know. It wasn't so much the British rules that got me down as that brooding presence next to me."

"The examiner is on orders to brood silently," my advisers would say. "Peo-



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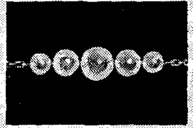

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ple have complained that some of the examiners talk and try to take their attention off their driving. Next time will be all right, you'll see."

BUT next time, according to the traffic office, would not be for another three months, and I had planned to be abroad by then. I wrote suggesting that they make it sooner, but they made it later instead, so it was five months before I failed the second time. After that, I took my friends' advice and had lessons with an instructor they recommended highly. They said he had a practically unblemished record of getting his pupils through. Day after day, I drove him, following his directions, over the course the examiners used, while he kept me informed on news from the front. "A young lady of mine went up today and got through the first time," he might say proudly. "After only three lessons, at that." This gave me an inferiority complex, but when he told me about another candidate who had taken eight tests and was still unsuccessful, that was just as bad.

At last he thought I was ready for my third test. That day it snowed, and all tests were cancelled until better weather. They sent me another date, but the instructor was unhappy. "Blast!" he said. (He was a gentle-spoken man.) "You were in just the right frame of mind."

This remark, indicating that when the next time came around I would not be in the right frame of mind, scared me. I failed.

"This is ridiculous," said my favorite expert, a brisk type of woman. "After all, you've driven all your life."

"Maybe I haven't. Maybe I dreamed it," I said.

She said, "I'm coming over tomorrow to get you, in my bubble car, and you can drive me home for tea in it. We'll soon find out what the trouble is."

I said that this might be a good idea. I admitted that, discouraged, I had given up practicing. She said that was fatal.

At three the next afternoon, on the dot, she rolled up the driveway in her little car, and I meekly let her install me behind the wheel. "Now," she said, before we started, "let's go at this in orderly fashion. First, why did you fail your tests?"

"Because I drove so badly," I said.

"Oh, nonsense," she said. "Here, this is how the thing shifts. You'll find she's apt to stick a bit between second and third. Let's get going."

She hadn't exaggerated when she said

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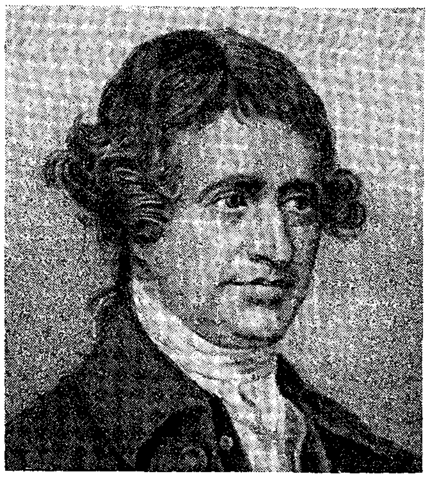

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the gearshift got stuck. At one traffic light, it took our combined strength to get it out of second. Later, I did so badly reversing that she yelled at me, though afterward she apologized and said it was really because she'd had a rough morning with the children. From then on, things went quite well, until we got back to my house, after tea. I was still driving, and I didn't do anything wrong, but as we went up the drive and I braked, something in the brake pedal went "snap." The pedal didn't rise when the car stopped and I removed my foot.

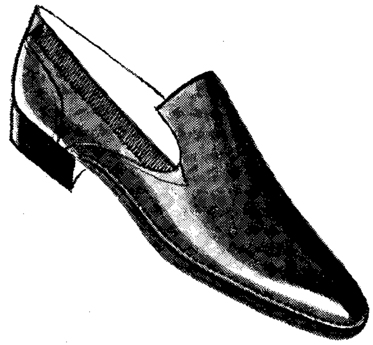
My mentor gave an anguished cry. "Oh, no, not again!"

"I didn't do a thing," I said.

"It's nothing to do with you, my dear," she said quickly, "but the bloody cable's given way. I know, because it's happened before. It seems to break every three hundred miles or so, but the garage people promised they'd put on a stronger one last time. You see, it's only a teeny little motor, rather like a motor bike's, and the whole thing depends on the steel cable." She bit her lip, thinking, then went on, "Would you terribly mind not mentioning to my husband that you were driving when it broke? He'd have a fit."

PEOPLE stopped asking when I was going to take my next test, and I heard my husband say to one persistent questioner, "She's given it up. Much wiser not to go on trying, at her age." Say what you will, it was not encouraging. Then one day I saw an advertisement in a London weekly—a small, restrained notice to the effect that a Mr. Watson, hypnotist, gave treatment for depression, fears, and driving-test nerves. I probably wouldn't have been captured by it if it hadn't been for the splendid comprehensiveness of that word "fears." As it was, in my heart a tired old hope stirred and sat up, and before I could think it over and come to a wise decision, I dialled Mr. Watson's telephone number and made an appointment.

Next afternoon, on Mr. Watson's doorstep, I looked around and saw that I was in one of those neighborhoods favored by rich people who live in the country but want a smart town address near the club. Mr. Watson's plate was fixed to one of the smartest-looking doors in sight. The girl who answered the bell had silver-gilt hair, a waist like a willow, and wore the kind of clothes models were wearing that season. In Knightsbridge diction, she asked me in and said Mr. Watson would be down



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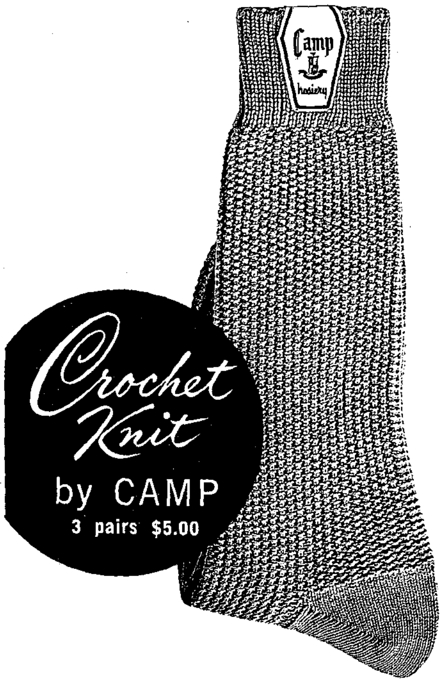

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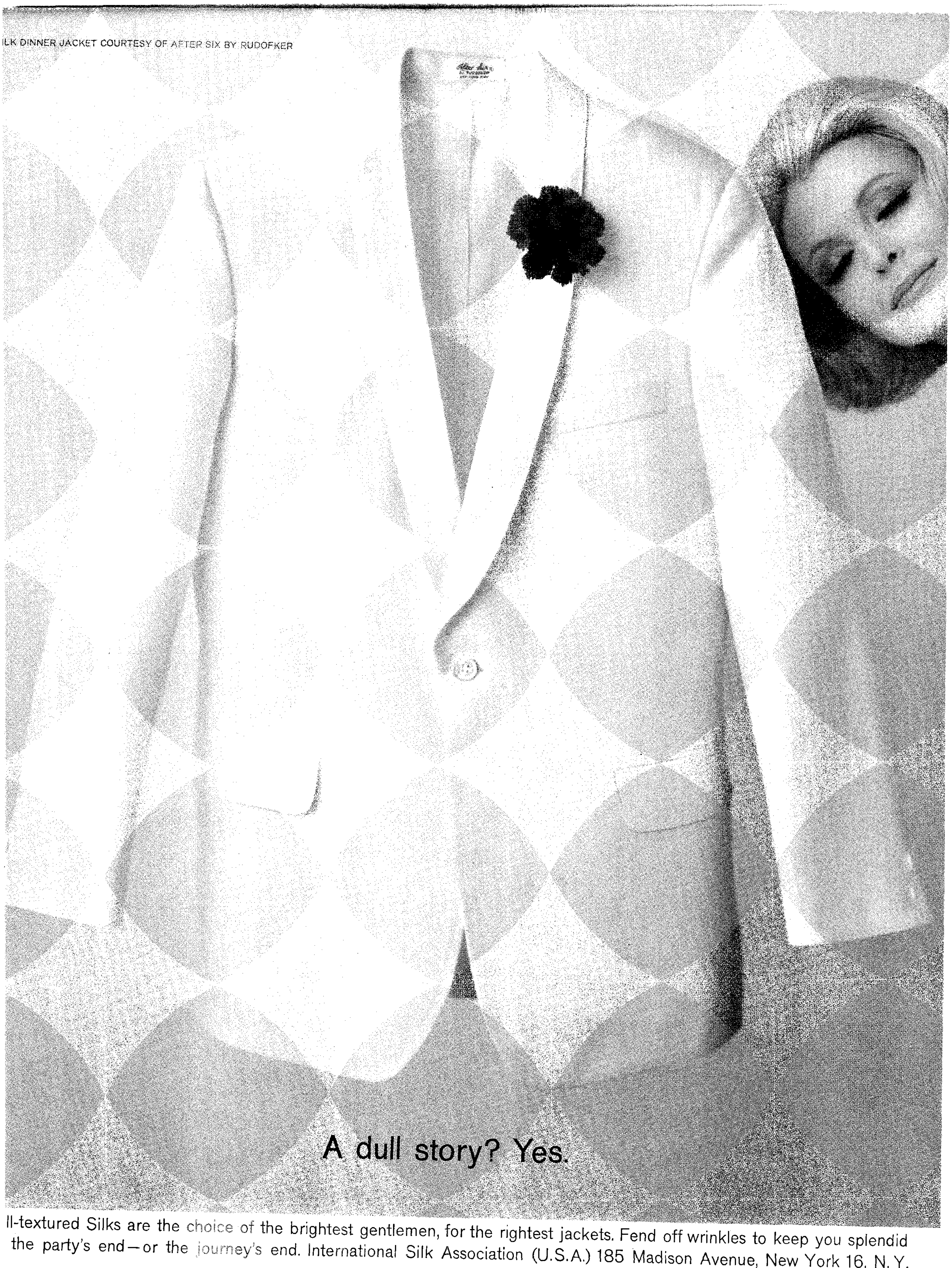

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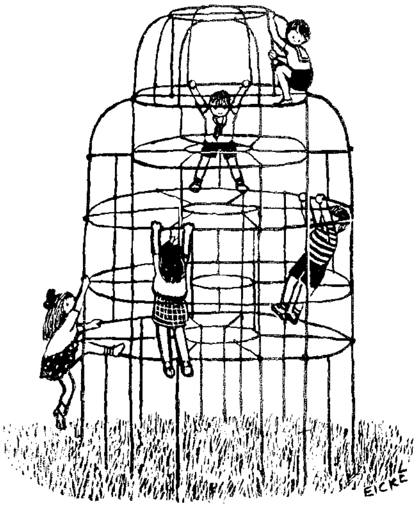
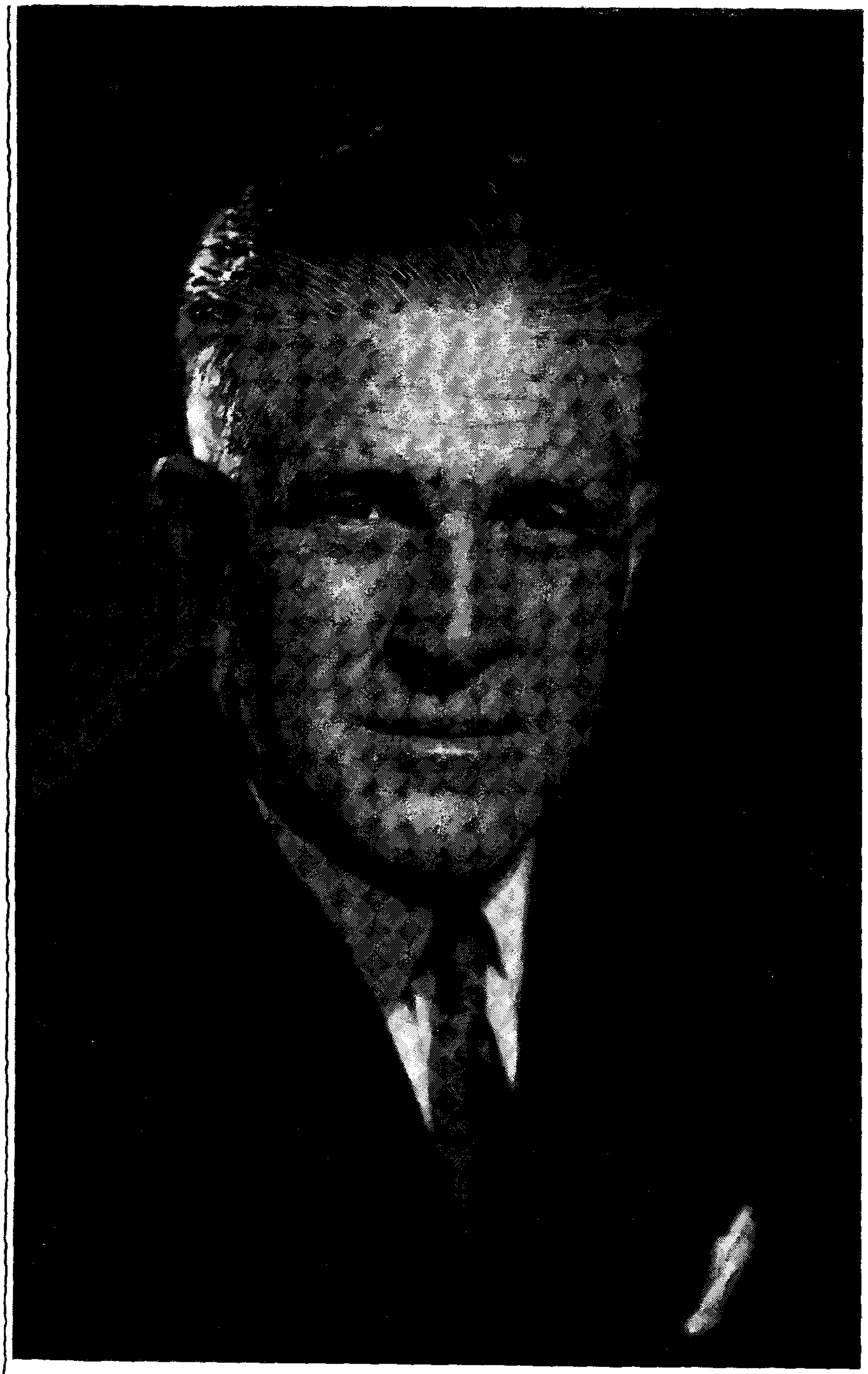
directly. She was breathless about him and, under a veneer of hauteur, clearly pleased to see me, and I deduced that she was either married to Mr. Watson or wanted to be, and that she was very young. For that matter, Mr. Watson, too, when he appeared, looked very young; he couldn't conceal his youth, but he had grown a glossy little black beard in the attempt. "My wife will take your name and address, and then we'll go to the consultation room," he said.

I looked at the furniture. The setup was touching. They were trying hard. Leaving Mrs. Watson at her Swedish desk, on which sat one piece of abstract sculpture, her husband and I made our way down a short passage, papered in violent colors, to a small, square room. The curtains were drawn, and one gooseneck lamp, shining down on an armchair, gave the only light. Another chair, of padded leather, had its movable back tilted to a reclining angle. A footstool stood in front of it. Mr. Watson waved me into this throne and told me to relax. He shut the door and took his place under the light. He asked me if I'd ever been hypnotized before, but though I said at some length that I had, at medical students' parties, he wasn't listening. I think he was marshalling his powers. He moistened his lips, and his brave beard could not hide the fact that Mr. Watson had stagefright. I knew. I knew just how he felt.

Taking a grip on himself, he told me to look at a small flashlight he held in his hand and to let my muscles go. In a soft, soothing voice, he told me that I was going to sleep, I was going to sleep, I was going to sleep. It should have been effective, but the awkward fact was, I felt more and more wakeful. "Sleep," crooned Mr. Watson. "Sleep."

My thoughts were racing like a locomotive. I dredged up something I had

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once heard about hypnosis—that the more a subject resists, the easier it is to put him under. Perhaps I was trying too hard not to resist? The minutes ticked by. "You are going to sleep. You are going to sleep."

It was more and more embarrassing. I doubted if Mr. Watson had ever had such a difficult patient before. Indeed, this might be a calamity for him. A failure might be fatal to his self-assurance; he might no longer be able to rid people of their fears. I regretted having formulated the thought, but it only carried me on to worse ones. What if he didn't make a go of his career? Could he dispose of the furniture? Would he be able to keep the admiration and love of his silver-gilt wife? I saw Mr. Watson drearily spending his last few shillings in a second-rate pub, his beard untrimmed, saying to himself or anyone else who would listen, "It all began to go wrong the day that American woman came in for a treatment before her driving test."

"You are going to sleep," the real Mr. Watson was saying, his voice showing signs of fraying.

No decent human being could stand it any longer. I closed my eyes and breathed gently. Without raising his voice, Mr. Watson said, "You're asleep. You're asleep. Are you asleep?"

He wouldn't catch me like that. I remained silent until he said, "Even though you are asleep you can talk, you can answer my questions. Are you asleep?" I said I was.

From then on, it was striking how the social atmosphere in the room improved. Mr. Watson put me through the usual paces. He told me to hold out my arm, straight in front of me, and I did. He told me the arm was rigid as iron; that I couldn't bend it, however hard I tried. I agreed. Then he told me that it wasn't rigid any more, and let me bend it. Satisfied, he settled back comfortably to discuss the driving test. He asked what I was most afraid of when I drove.

I said, "I have fears. I'm afraid of hitting something or killing somebody."

"No, I meant specifically—while you're taking your test. What's your greatest fear then?"

"I'm afraid of failing it," I said.

Mr. Watson gave me a pep talk. He said I didn't believe in myself enough. I must believe; I must practice driving every single day. What was the thing I did that made me fail? I said that there were different things every time; last time it had been reversing.

"Then you must go out every day and reverse, over and over," he said.

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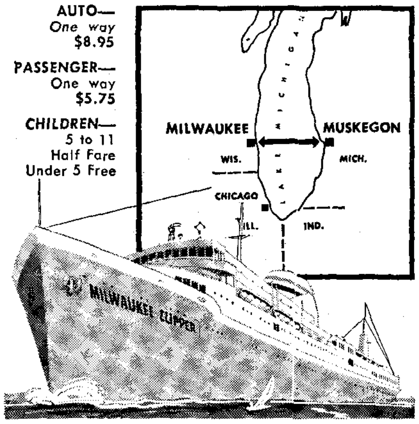

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"I suppose you have somewhere to go to for this purpose?"

"I could do it in the driveway, where I wouldn't need anyone with me," I said, "but the gardener would see me, and he wouldn't like it at all. He doesn't like me driving the car."

Mr. Watson said I shouldn't pay any attention to the gardener. "Ignore him. Ignore all other people. Just practice. Remember, practice."

An alarm clock rang. The hour was over. We hadn't talked much, for a good deal of time had been used up putting me to sleep. It was quite easy to wake me; Mr. Watson said I would wake up as soon as he snapped his fingers, and I did. That was that. I shook hands with him and went to the waiting room, and paid his wife the fee—three guineas—and started home.

I was cross with myself. Of all the idiotic performances! It had been a complete waste of time and money. I was still cross the next morning when I got up, and, worse than that, I was guilty. I reflected that though it is not wrong to throw away three guineas on certain things—as, for example, a bottle of brandy—to dissipate it as I had done was so silly as to be wicked. I was a fool, I was a weakling, I was a drifter. I paused hopefully and looked at my guilt. It was still there.

"Three guineas!" I said to myself again, rubbing it in, but it was no use. The burden would not go away. I sighed, accepted it, and went out to the driveway to practice reversing.

—EMILY HAHN

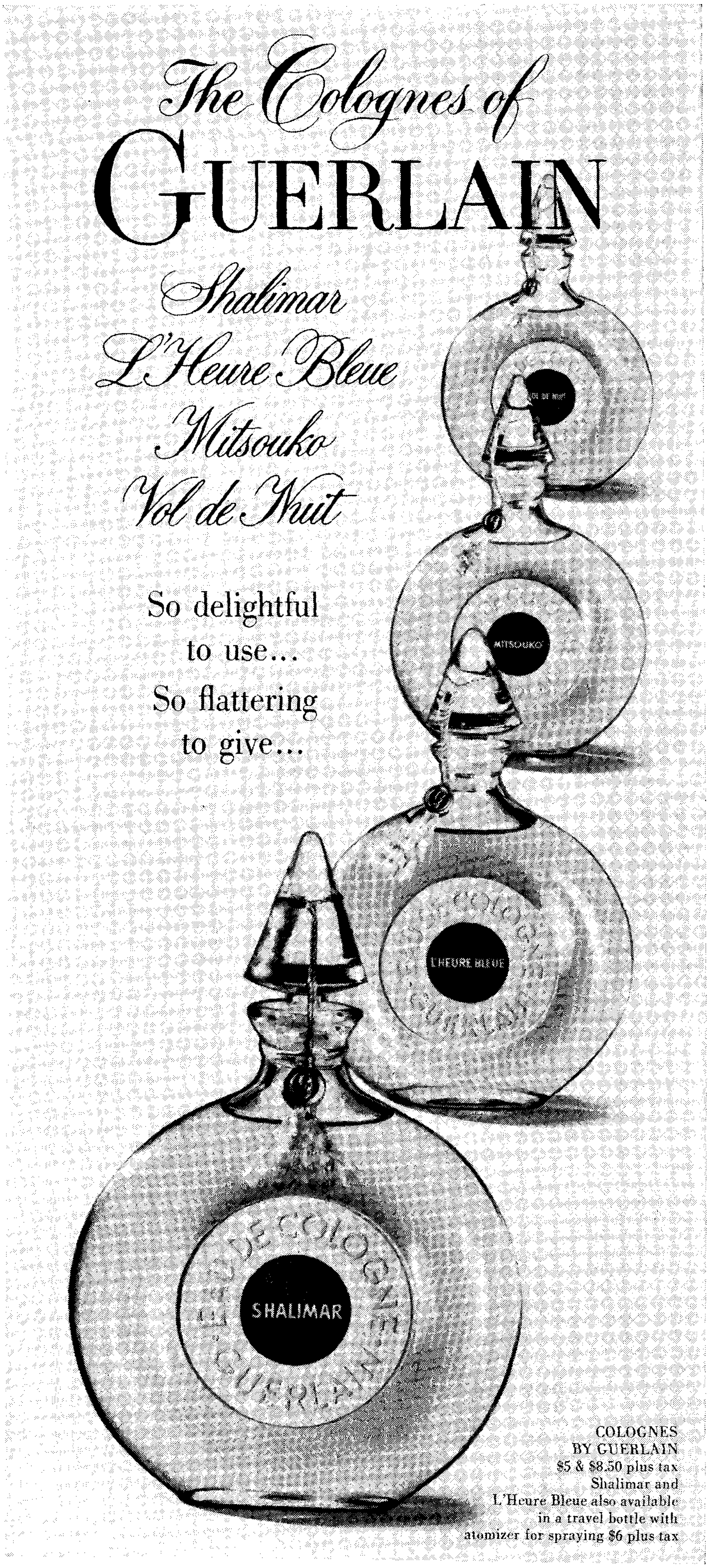
◆

MR. RUSSELL. . . . Mr. President, we have seen a great many remarkable things transpire in the Senate. Yet this is the first time in 173 years that the Senate has found it necessary to use the method it has used, which at best is a stretching of the rules of the Senate to an extreme to which they have never before been stretched in 173 years. It was the first time that this method had ever been employed in 173 years. . . .

The last vestige of the legislative proposal was extirpated, dug up, thrown away, and burned with the thorns in such a way that they give life, vitality, and propriety to this remarkable procedure that we have followed today.

When the Senator from Illinois retires to his beautiful estate along the banks of the Shenandoah or Potomac, where the Senator lives, and picks up the pruning hook and prunes the bushes and burns the trash, he can imagine that he is also burning the last remnant of the legislative proposal that was called up and used as a vehicle to transmit a proposal to the Senate.

I hope the Senator from Illinois feels better. I have no feeling of resentment,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but I must comment on the fact that this has been a day of extremely unusual and remarkable events in the Senate.

Mr. Dirksen. Mr. President, I am deeply distressed by the infelicity and pain that I have caused my distinguished friend and brother in the faith.

Mr. Russell. The Senator has caused me no pain. The only pain I felt was when the Senator voted wrong.

Mr. Dirksen. I believe I detected a note of pain and distress. However, I thought I should first invite my distinguished friend from Georgia to come and share with me the beauties of what he calls my estate, but which in reality is a very humble property on which I grow some flowers, some of which I obtained from Atlanta. I hope they will bring great comfort to me. So I hope the Senator from Georgia will come and share that comfort with me.

I believe it is written in the Good Book, as my distinguished friend from Georgia knows, that one man clad in righteousness is a match for all the hosts of error.

I believe that today we see righteousness triumphant, and the doing of a job that should have been done a long time ago. I know it brings pain. It is not unlike the labor that produces a new child in the world. Perhaps if this process is finally *consummated*, both in the House and in the Senate, the new child in the form of a world without a poll tax will have been born. Obviously that will be of some importance.

So I am sure, Mr. President, that I have violated no rule. I am sure that my summation of the situation has been quite circumspect. I am equally sure that I detected some confusion earlier in the afternoon. I hope that now the votes will be correct, and that we can send this proposal off to the other branch of the Congress and wish it well. So I apologize if I have offended my affectionate friend.

Mr. Russell. Mr. President, I assure the Senator from Illinois that I was not offended. I was shocked, astonished, and surprised, but I felt no offense. I have been around the Senate too long to take any offense whatever at any position which any other Senator takes. I hope the other 99 Members of this body will be as kind to me in not being offended at any position I may take.

I thank the Senator for his very kind invitation to visit him at his cottage. I will accept the Senator's modification. I thought it was a lovely home; I went to visit it.

Mr. Dirksen. But modest.

Mr. Russell. Perhaps by some standards. Judging by homes where I come from, down in the country, the Senator has an elegant home. But I will accept the Senator's standard concerning his own home. I appreciate the invitation to visit it and to share the glories of the flowers, the flora, and the fauna that may be on his lands. I appreciate the invitation, and I shall accept it sometime.

I will share with the Senator from Illinois almost anything except an increase in the confusion that he has caused by the statement he has made in seeking to clarify the situation.

Mr. Dirksen. Come with me tonight.

—*Congressional Record.*

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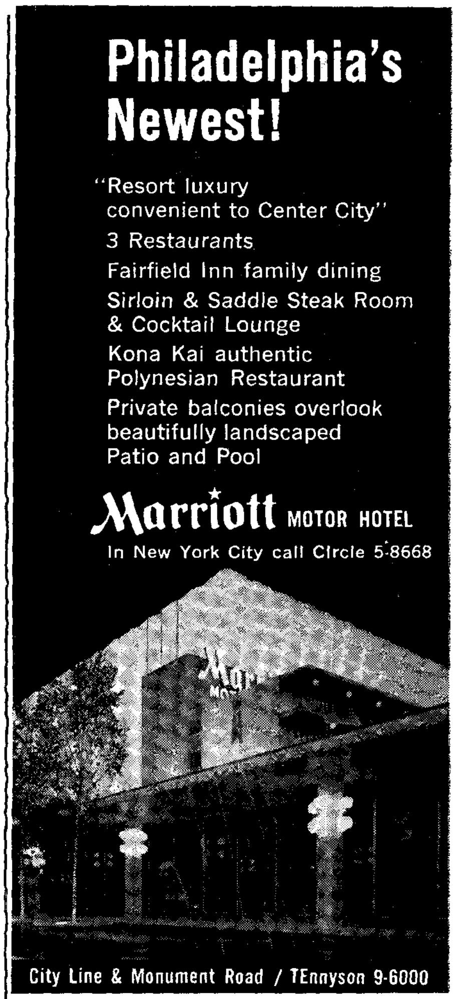

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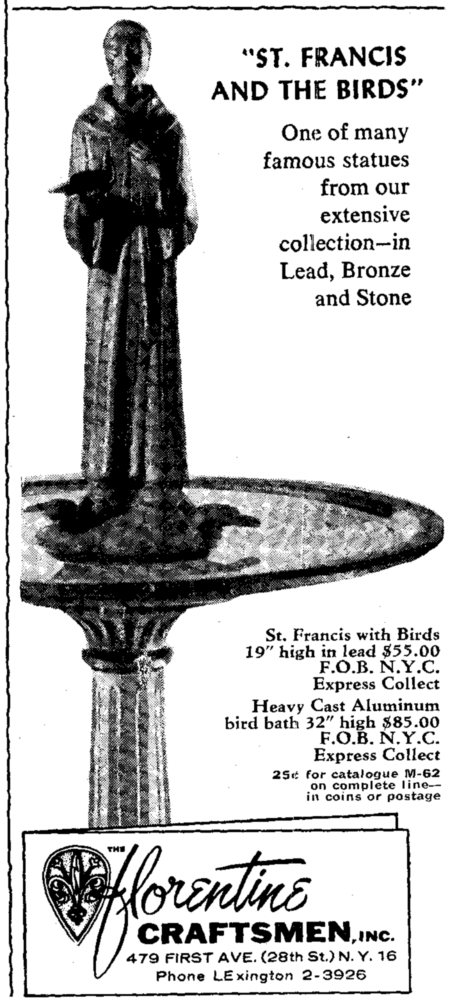

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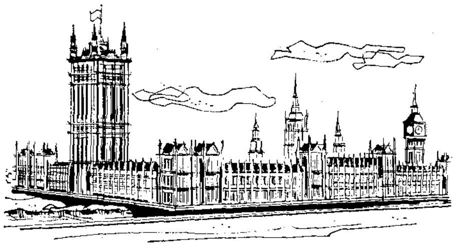
LETTER FROM BERLIN

JUST after my plane landed at Tempelhof Airport, in West Berlin, a few evenings ago, another plane touched down, bringing forty or fifty deeply sunburned men, women, and children home from a holiday in the Balearic Islands. A few years back, this flock would have been an unusual sight here; West Berliners complained then that their city had been left out of the German economic miracle, and few of them could afford to travel. Nowadays, though, West Berlin has its share of playboys of the Western world who are just off to Madeira or Capri or just back from Spain or the Arlberg, and a winter or spring suntan, acquired somewhere down south, is as common in Berlin as it is in Frankfurt or Düsseldorf, and serves as the same sort of status symbol. In fact, a large part of the population of West Berlin seems to be either going away or coming back. The newspapers carry many pages of travel advertisements, offering anything from an all-expenses-paid two-week vacation in the nearby Harz Mountains (a hundred and forty-nine marks, or thirty-seven dollars) to a six-week Mediterranean cruise (anywhere from fifteen hundred marks on up). This year's Easter traffic out of Berlin was the heaviest in history. On Good Friday, the Autobahn to West Germany was jammed with cars, bumper to bumper—all morning, all afternoon, and all night—and over the weekend Pan American Airways, which handles most of the air traffic into and out of Berlin, had to schedule dozens of extra westbound flights. Meanwhile, a hundred thousand West Germans trooped to Berlin, on regular and special flights and along the roads. (Those who drove paid the East German toll of thirty West marks a car for a round trip on the Autobahn, and the East Germans happily put on extra men to take in the flood of Western currency.) A month or so earlier, airplane fares from anywhere in West Germany to Berlin had been cut by about twenty per cent—the government of the Federal Republic makes up the difference—and travel agencies in such cities as Hamburg and Munich had begun showing placards saying "*Berlin ist eine Reise wert*" ("Berlin is worth a journey"). Some of the visitors, who are still pouring in, want to see the wall. Others, who perhaps used to go to Venice or Paris, choose Berlin out of a mixture of patriotism and a slight sense of guilt. And still others come for the theatres, the cabarets, and the music. But by no means all the West German tourists are after pleasure or patriotic edification. Most of them have a sad mission. West Berliners are no longer permitted to enter East Berlin, but other West Germans may still venture through the wall, and many come to see aunts and grandmothers and cousins on the other side.

On the whole, people in West Berlin appear to be carefree and easygoing, and it is only after a while that one discovers that the current mood of the city is a complex, Proustian thing; one has to peel off many layers to get to its core, and often that core seems to be what Germans call *Unbehagen*—uneasiness. Visitors see the outward signs of prosperity: the many new buildings, including I.B.M.'s recently opened Glaspalast, in Ernst Reuter Square; the crowded open-air cafés in the Kurfürstendamm; the elegant models who take part in Berlin's fashion shows. Visitors hear that savings accounts, always a local barometer of confidence, are back to normal after the heavy withdrawals that followed the shock of last August 13th, when the wall went up. And West Berliners can be heard talking of new investments and other plans for the future. But then, suddenly, a man may say, almost to himself, "*If* we are still here then." A friend of mine wound up a spirited discussion of his long-term plans with the proviso "But, of course, everything depends on Berlin's ability to survive the process of erosion." Moving out of Berlin is no longer the No. 1 topic of conversation at the family dinner table, but it is a possibility that many people keep thinking of.

This latent uneasiness erupts in moments of crisis, and it erupted on April 11th, after the unexpected announcement by the White House that General Lucius D. Clay, President Kennedy's personal representative in Berlin, was returning to America. The news came in the morning, and the first papers that carried the story were *Der Abend* and *Nacht-Depesche*, which often go in for sensationalism, and which many people simply do not believe. There were turbulent scenes at newspaper kiosks, with angry Berliners accusing some innocent venders of making money on "damned lies." There had been a widespread belief here that Clay would never leave Berlin. He was a symbol, and the Berliners like to have their symbols ever present. That Clay might be recalled seemed as improbable to many people as that the Brandenburg Gate—another symbol—might suddenly be torn down. (Since April 11th, some pessimists have been saying that they wouldn't be surprised if Ulbricht *did* tear down the Brandenburg Gate.) Eventually, though, the truth sank in, and the legendary cabdriver who had supposedly said after August 13th, "We are sold but not yet delivered," began to be heard from again. Things grew worse when it was reported that the announcement of Clay's recall had come as a surprise to Clay himself, and it took the patient efforts of Mayor Willy Brandt and the responsible West Berlin papers to avert a minor panic; in fact, confidence was restored only after Clay said he thought



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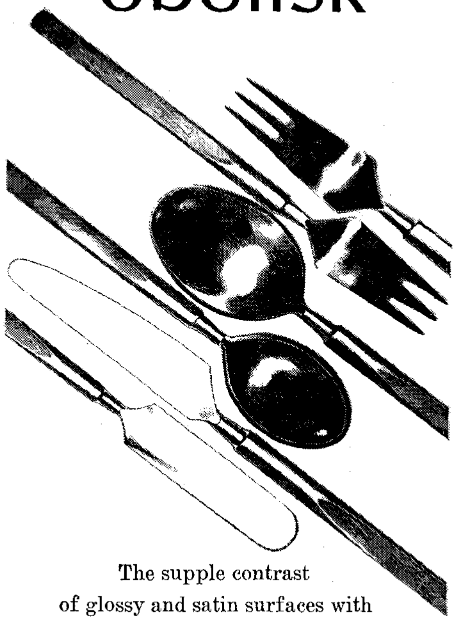
he might be of more use to the Berliners in Washington than in Berlin.

A Berliner I've known for a long time calls his fellow-Berliners *Krisenprofis*—crisis professionals. Certainly they seem to have more than the usual amount of insight into the scope and meaning of a crisis. On this occasion, after a couple of days of bewilderment, the political instincts of the *Krisenprofis* asserted themselves. "After all, we can't expect Clay to stay here forever," said some, and others said, "At least now we'll know when things are *really* bad, because then Clay will come back." Many Americans here who were just as concerned as the Berliners about the consequences of General Clay's recall were amazed to see Berlin's morale bounce back so fast. My Berlin friend has an explanation, in the form of a question. "How much crisis can you stomach?" he says. The question reflects the Berliners' specific brand of *Galgenhumor*, or gallows humor, which has seen them through the major and minor crises of postwar history, and which is helping to see them through the crises, real and potential, of today.

General Clay's return to the United States marked the end of Berlin's second Clay era. When he left the city in May, 1949, after the end of the Russian blockade and the Allied airlift, the Berliners named a beautiful avenue after him. This time, the municipal senate has made him an honorary citizen of Berlin—a distinction he shares with just one other non-German in all history, Czar Nicholas I of Russia, and with only a few dozen Germans, including such martial figures as Bismarck and von Moltke. Clay has known Berlin since early in 1934, when, as a captain in the Corps of Engineers, he paid a short visit to the city and was deeply shocked by the Nazis and by a lot of things he heard in the home of one of his hosts, a Jewish professor at the Technical University. Eleven years later, in June, 1945, Clay, by that time a lieutenant general, returned to Berlin as Deputy Military Governor under General Eisenhower—a job in which he helped establish the Zones of Occupation and the Allied Control Council, and signed a great many Four Power documents, whose value has since become debatable. He had the task of getting the Russians, who were all over Berlin, out of those parts of the city that became the Western sectors, and though American troops had not yet arrived, his characteristic blend of tact and firmness sufficed to

obelisk



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[A Final Announcement of Public Interest by The Salada Tea Co., Woburn, Mass.]

GYPSY STRIKE SETTLED!

At 11:58 P.M. Sunday last, a settlement was reached between the American Federation of Gypsies and the Salada Tea Company, bringing to an end the paralyzing fourteen-day strike which threatened to bring tea bag production to a dribble.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED UP UNTIL NOW:

The A. F. of G. in an organized move to block Salada's "Instant Fortunes" from the tags of our tea bags marched on the plant here at Woburn to protest this "unfair competition" with the Gypsy. The first of the caravan appeared at approximately 7:15 A.M. on the morning of May 1st and was spotted by our night watchman, Mr. Mulvaney, who was just going off duty. Within a matter of minutes tentstakes had been put down, and wagons rolled rudely onto our new lawn. By the time our Vice President and General Manager, Mr. Beeby, drove, or attempted to drive, up the driveway at 8:30, campfires were blazing all over the parking lot and the spectacle was on. Now we are not ones to hold a grudge here at Salada, so we will not rehash any more of these uncalled-for abuses, such as the total destruction of our new lawn, the incessant playing of "When A Gypsy Makes His Violin Cry" by The Viennese String Quartet with the volume turned up, and many other inconveniences including, but not limited to, the premature graying of Mr. Beeby's hair. "All's well that end's well" is a phrase we are fond of in Woburn, and we are proud to announce that the American Federation of Gypsies will report to work here at Home Plant No. 1, immediately.

With their knowledge of tea, they'll help us make sure only the larger, more mature leaves go into Salada Tea Bags. They will also assist in the writing of our famous Instant Fortunes which are to be found interspersed with our "Tag Lines" on the tags of our bountiful bags. Just a little reading material while you sit waiting for the world's finest cup of tea to brew. Oh, yes. The folks in Washington will be somewhat relieved to learn that "The Bureau of Gypsy Affairs" has been moved right here to Woburn as it should be, so the post office there on the hill can relax. If you're motoring around New England this Summer, and your travels take you to Boston, swing up Route 128 to Woburn, and drop in on us here at Salada Tea. Just ask our receptionist to show you to Mr. Vladamir Krimm who heads up the Gypsy bureau and will be happy to shake your hand personally, or read it as the case may be.

If you are not motoring anywhere but would give *anything* to know what this is all about, you may want to send for our...

"DO IT YOURSELF GYPSY KIT" which, we sincerely hope, will clarify the whole business for you once and for all. The kit will contain an L.P. recording of "WOBURN" the five and a half minute musical tragedy, starring Stan Freberg and a cast of dozens, which you may have heard on the radio. It tells, in words and song, of the A.F. of G. and their heartrending march on the Salada Tea Co. The kit will also contain glossy reprints (suitable for framing) of this ad and the two that preceded it, one Salada Tea Bag complete with Instant Fortune, an honorary life membership card in the American Federation of Gypsies, Local 42, and one simulated golden earring. The price for the entire ensemble is one dollar ($1.00). As the offer, from our standpoint, is a self-liquidating one, we assume you understand we are not pocketing any profits on the thing. We are merely offering you, at our cost, a few mementos of the now notorious "Woburn Gypsy Strike" in case you would care to remember it. Personally we should like to forget the whole matter.

Bureau of Gypsy Affairs
C/O The Salada Tea Company
Woburn, Massachusetts

Sirs: In an effort to get this whole thing straight in my mind, I am sending for my "DO IT YOURSELF GYPSY KIT." I understand it will include one L. P. recording of "WOBURN," three Salada/A. F. of G. strike ads, one Salada Tea bag, a life membership card in the A. F. of G. and one simulated golden earring. I enclose $1.00

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HI-CUT: *White, blue pima broadcloth, french cuff, 9.85; white, blue batiste, french cuff, pocket, 7.95*

HI 'n WIDE: *White, blue pima broadcloth, french cuff, 9.85; blue, gray madras (each with white collar and cuffs) 9.85*

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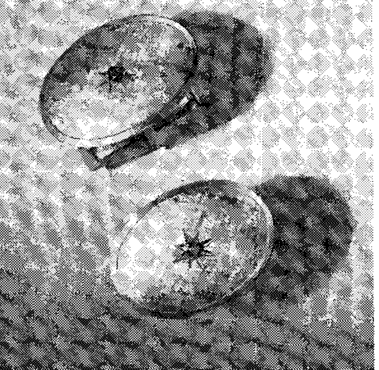
do it. In 1947, he became the commander of all American forces in Europe and the military governor of the American zone of Germany, with his Army headquarters in Heidelberg and his military-government headquarters in Berlin, and it was while he held this double job that the Russians began to blockade the city, on June 24th, 1948. He has often been given sole credit for starting the airlift, but he disclaims it. "One morning, my British colleague General Sir Brian Robertson came to my office," he told a caller recently. "We discussed the situation, which was pretty rough, and decided to fly in coal and other supplies, and I called up General Curtis LeMay, who was then Commanding General of our air forces in Europe, and that was it. Our C-47s carried a load of only three tons, but we scheduled four or five hundred flights every twenty-four hours. Then, after a few weeks of this, President Truman authorized the use of our large C-54s, which carried ten tons." Actually, for Clay, the airlift represented a compromise. He had originally suggested breaking the blockade by running armed convoys over the Autobahn. Washington authorized him to go ahead, but said that he would have to back down if he encountered armed resistance. "Under the circumstances," he has since said dryly, "I preferred the freedom of the skies." It was in those days that Clay came to know and respect the Berliners and Ernst Reuter, the Socialist who was West Berlin's mayor. Though Clay became known as the "airlift general," he derives more satisfaction from having had a hand in the German currency reform of 1948—which eventually helped establish one of the hardest currencies in the world—and from watching the Germans get together and write a new constitution. On May 15, 1949, a week after it was approved, Clay left Berlin. West Germany's government was back in the hands of the Germans; the blockade was over; his mission was accomplished.

In 1950, Clay returned briefly to Berlin to dedicate the Freedom Bell—a bell that was presented to the city by the American Crusade for Freedom and that was installed in the tower of the Schöneberg Rathaus, which serves as the city hall of Berlin. "I had expected perhaps ten thousand people to show up in front of the city hall," he said recently. "Mayor Reuter took me in through a side door. When I stepped out onto the balcony with him, there were half a million people, cheering. I was so moved I couldn't speak. You



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may remember what happened at that rally. It was a dark day, but just as the bell started to ring, the clouds cleared and the sun came out. It was, you might say, a Biblical scene."

Clay paid another brief visit to Berlin, in 1959, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the lifting of the blockade, and he came again, with Vice-President Johnson, last August, six days after the wall had gone up. Within a few days, Johnson and Clay were back in the United States, reporting to the President, and on August 30th the President announced that Clay would once more be assigned to Berlin—this time as his personal representative. When Clay arrived at Tempelhof, on September 19th, he had a tricky, and in a real sense indefinable, job ahead of him. During the blockade, he must have had some tense moments, but he was able to pull off what many people considered a miracle. In 1961, he soon found out, it was impossible to perform a miracle, and there were strict limits to what he could do. One thing he did was to restore morale, and another was to find out in certain situations just how far the Russians—and the East Germans—would go, and whether they were willing to back up their threats. He did some of the finding out himself. There is a Western enclave in East Germany called Steinstücken, and on September 21st, while making a tour of the border, he flew there in a helicopter. The East Germans charged that the flight had been a provocation, but this did not deter Clay from sending another helicopter to Steinstücken a week later to pick up some refugees. The East Germans didn't shoot. Round 1 had gone to Clay. He next reëstablished Autobahn patrols—small convoys of armored cars that moved along the Communist-held highways leading west. The Russians objected, but Clay, pointing out that such convoys were specifically permitted by the free-access agreements of 1944 and 1949, refused to back down. The Russians didn't shoot. Then, in October, the East Germans decided that all people entering East Berlin at Checkpoint Charlie, on Friedrichstrasse—the only crossing point then open—would have to be cleared by East German border officials. When it came to American military personnel, this ruling violated past agreements, and Clay determined to send some American cars through. He ordered American tanks to take up stations at the western approach to the checkpoint, and these created such confusion among the East Germans that they let the cars

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through. In retaliation, the Russians came out from behind their satellite and stationed their tanks at the checkpoint, too, but did not interfere with American cars. It was the first time the Russians had brought tanks into the city since 1953; Clay, as it turned out, had furnished proof that the Soviet Union, not the Ulbricht regime, was running the show in the Eastern Zone. Such measures as these may have had little more than symbolic value, but for many West Berliners they had a lot of that. So it was that the Berliners were disheartened when Clay left. Eventually, the circumstances involved in Clay's recall became clear. The President asked Clay to fly to Washington on April 11th to discuss his departure, which was to take place within the following few weeks. The press found out about the request almost at once—certainly before Clay could get to the United States—and the White House thereupon released a statement saying that Clay would be leaving Berlin. Within a few days, Clay was back in Berlin to say his farewells and to assure the West Berliners again that the United States would support their freedom. Now he is serving as an adviser to the President on Berlin, and, as he told the Berliners, he fully intends to return there from time to time "to feel the pulse of the city."

It was no accident that General Clay and Federal President Heinrich Lübke got the biggest ovations at the gigantic First of May rally, held in the Platz der Republik, in front of the Reichstag and right along the wall. The rally, which is the West German equivalent of a Labor Day celebration, had been held there every year since the war, but this time the East Germans had notified Mayor Brandt, via press and radio, that they would not tolerate it. Again "provocation" was their word. West Berlin went ahead with the rally anyway, and seven hundred thousand Berliners—one out of every three—came to pay homage to the most popular American and the most popular German in their city. (Possibly because President Lübke is an outspoken man who has identified himself closely with Berlin, he got a bigger hand than Berlin's own Brandt, whose political star seems temporarily to have dimmed; Brandt is still widely admired here, but some of his admirers feel that the old magic has gone out of him, and that he now appears to be controlled by events rather than in control of them.) Thoughtful observers noted that the crowd was not only the largest in Berlin's postwar history

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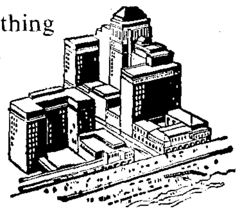

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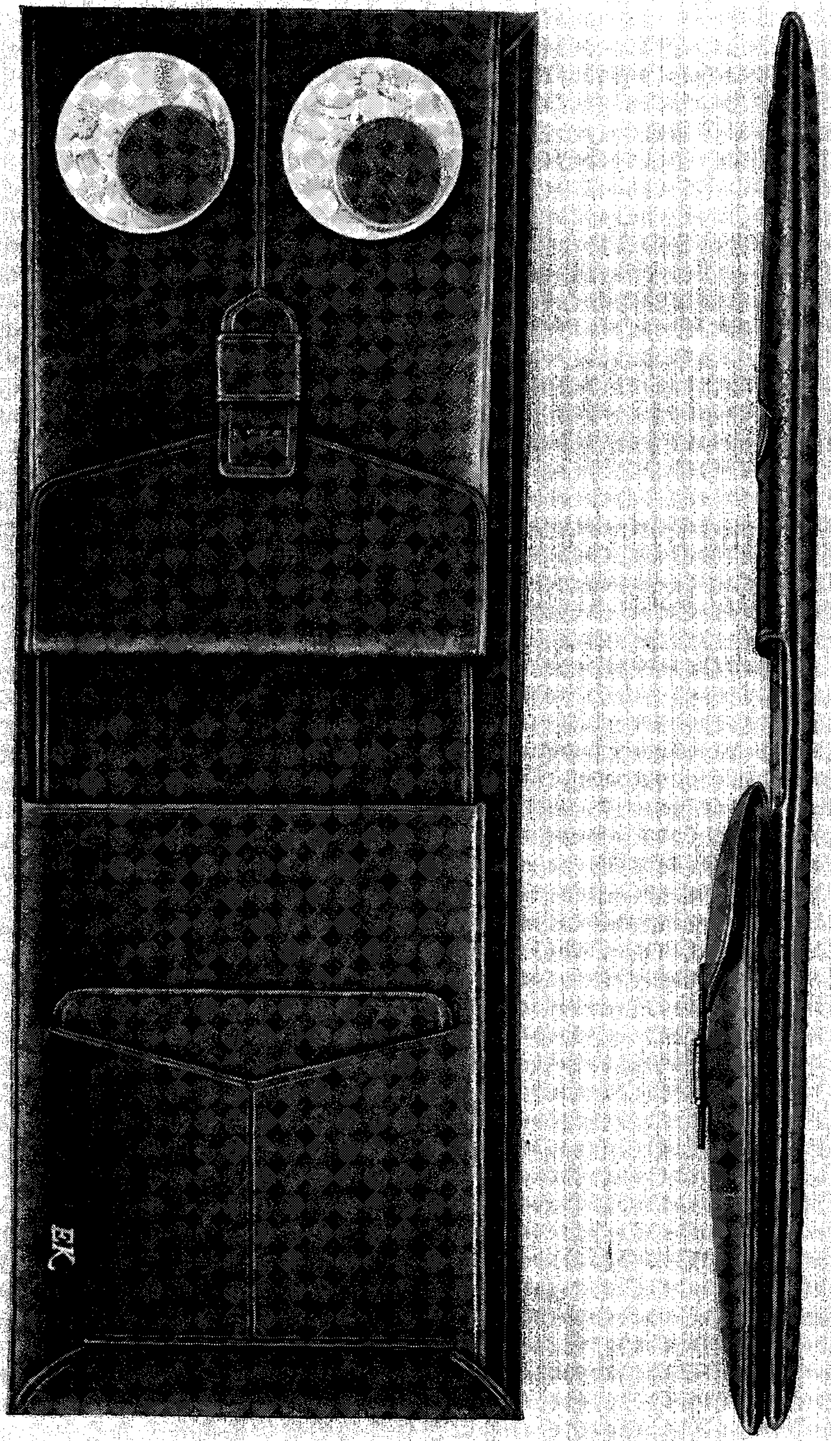
but also—for most of the rally—the best-behaved, and it was hard to believe that these were the people who have often had to be held back by their own police from running wild in an Eastern direction. The rally was far from dull, however. Shortly after President Lübke started his speech, the East Germans began to boom German songs across the wall from a battery of mobile loudspeakers. For a while, the wind was on the Communists' side, and parts of Lübke's speech were drowned out, but then the wind shifted, whereupon West Berlin loudspeakers managed to boom the latter part of Lübke's speech toward Marx-Engels Square, just a mile away to the east, in which Walter Ulbricht and his friends were holding their rally. The first of the musical contributions from the East was an old song, "Brüder, zur Sonne, zur Freiheit" ("Brothers, to the Sun, to Freedom"), that is very popular in East Germany now but may have given rise to some mixed feelings among the crowd in front of the Reichstag. With a slightly changed text, under the title "Brüder, aus Zechen und Gruben" ("Brothers, from Mine and Pit"), it had been sung during the Nazi regime, and years before that the Social Democrats had sung it with the text that is used now by the Communists. Many German songs and marches have had somewhat similar fates over the years. The "Pariser Einzugsmarsch" ("Paris Entry March") was blared by Prussian bands in 1871, when Kaiser Wilhelm I and Bismarck entered Paris; it became popular with the Social Democrats of the Weimar Republic, was subsequently adopted as the theme march of two goose-stepping S.S. divisions, and today is the electrifying *Hausmarsch* of two proud divisions of Ulbricht's People's Army. Some songs have not gone from red to brown to red, however. An old Socialist miners' song, "Wenn wir Schreiten, Seit an Seit" ("As We Advance, Side by Side"), did become a Nazi lied, but now it is appreciated by the working populace on *both* sides of the wall. In any event, for a few minutes during the West Berlin rally, when many thousands of people were unable to hear Lübke's words through the din of the East German loudspeakers, anger welled up among the crowd; a group of youngsters wanted to storm the wall, and had to be restrained by the West German police. General Clay later remarked that the East Germans didn't realize what they could have started with their music. "No one can say what might happen when a crowd of seven hun-



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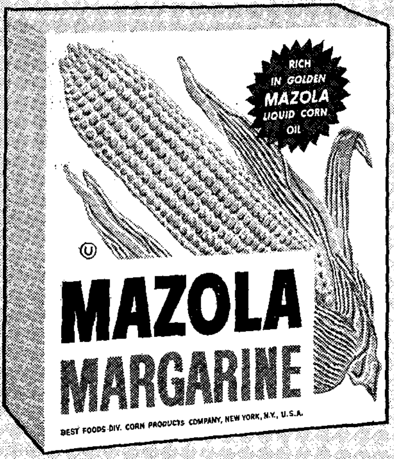
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dred thousand people gets out of hand," he said.

In general, the Berliners pay little attention to the American-Soviet negotiations on Berlin, but a minority of thoughtful, well-informed people—the sort of people who would not generally deny the advantages of secret diplomacy—have tended to be apprehensive about the Thompson-Gromyko talks in Moscow, the Rusk-Gromyko talks in Geneva, and the Rusk-Dobrynin talks in Washington, because they feel that so much is at stake for them. The various rumors and indiscretions and the various statements from Bonn and Washington and Moscow serve to deepen this sense of apprehension. As long as the talks continue, there will probably be no big, dramatic crisis, but some people here wonder how long the talks *can* continue. Few Berliners believe that there is any hope for an internationalization of the Autobahn and the establishment of an access authority; it has been rumored that the West wants to make the Autobahn so free that refugees could use it, and the feeling here is that, if only to avoid that very thing, the East Germans will never give up effective control of the highway. Berliners are convinced that the Russians staged their recent program of harassment in the Western air corridors simply to remind the Western Allies of the Soviet presence in the air, as they had reminded them years earlier of the Soviet presence on the ground. West Berliners have heard that the air corridors might become in some way a subject of negotiation—that the Communists might promise unlimited air access to the city. The thought of giving up the corridors terrifies Berliners. "We feel safe in those corridors," one man told me. "I much prefer three corridors—from Berlin to Frankfurt, Hannover, and Hamburg—where the Allies are completely in control, to vague promises that the skies over the whole of East Germany might be opened to all."

In West Berlin, there are the customary two schools of thought about a solution of the Berlin problem—the optimistic and the pessimistic. The Berlin optimists say, "We must at last face reality. Each time we travel through Helmstedt and show the Vopos [the East German security police] our papers, we are giving *de-facto* recognition to the existence of the East German government. The freight bills of eighty per cent of all goods sent to West Berlin are stamped by the East Germans. Then, there is the trade agreement between West and East Germany. If

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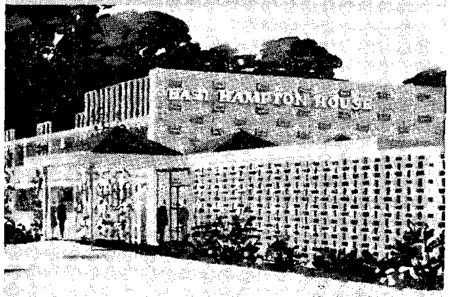

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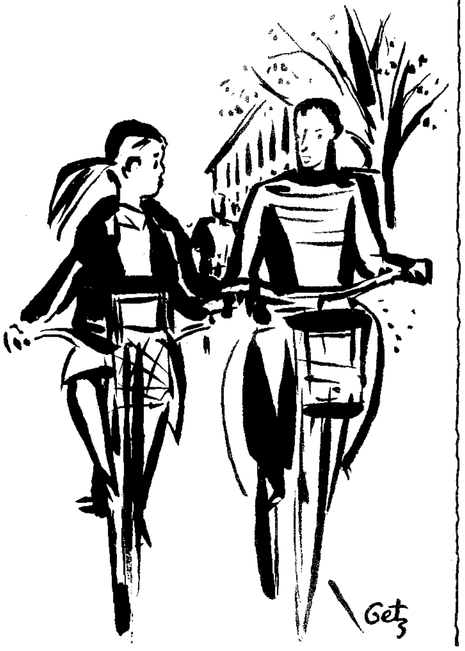
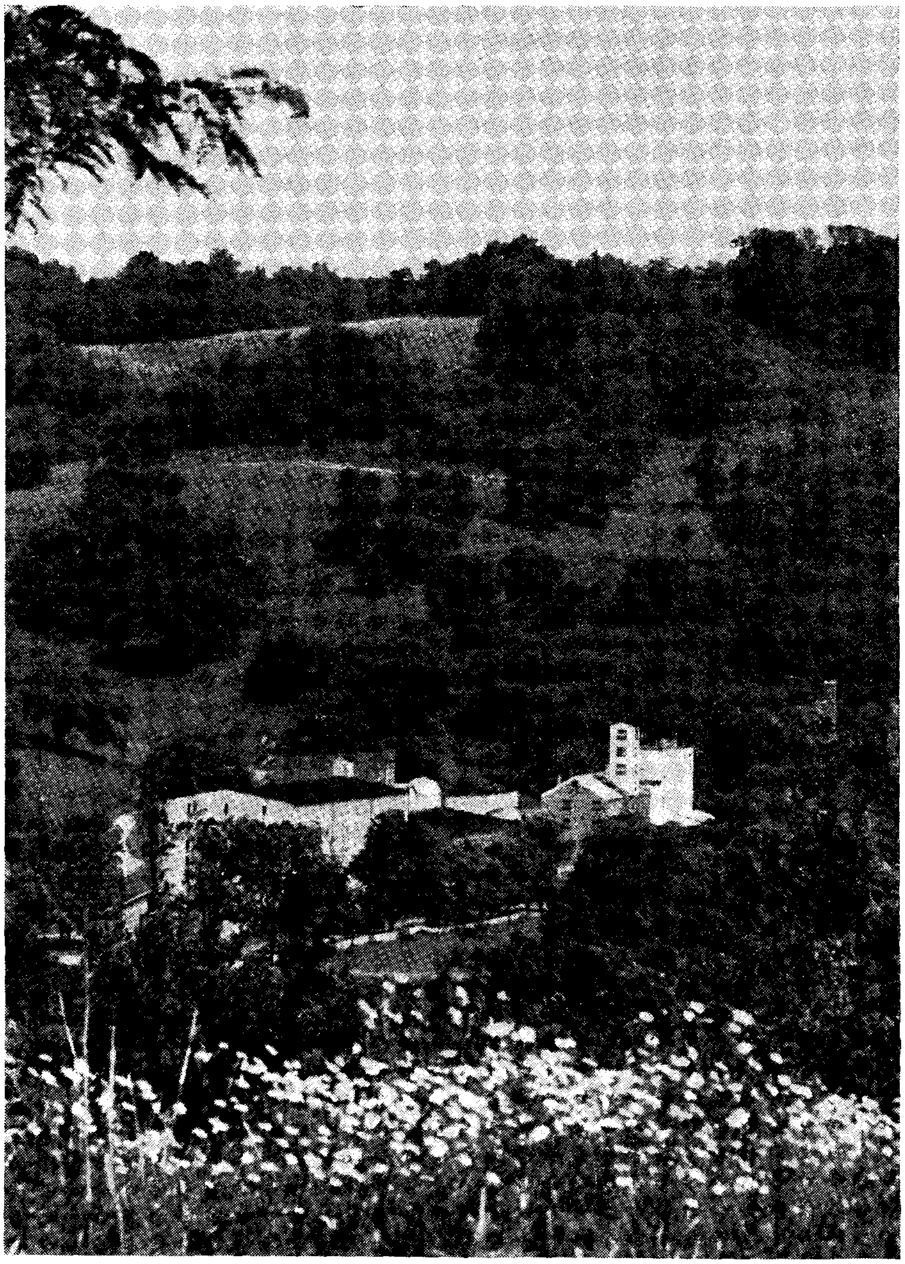
that's not *de-facto* recognition, what is? We cannot expect the Americans to be 'more Catholic than the Pope.' They obviously have to make some proposals. How can we expect Ulbricht to agree to internationalization of the Autobahn unless he is given representation on the proposed control authority? There is even a precedent for that. At the Foreign Ministers' Conference in Geneva in 1959, the West and East Germans had delegations of observers in the same room." The optimists go on to point toward signs of relaxation. There has been very little talk lately in either Moscow or East Berlin about the long-threatened Russian-East German peace treaty. For a while, the Communists did what they could to obstruct and annoy the Allied military missions, which are supposedly free to travel wherever they want to in Germany, East or West, except into army bases and the like, in order to watch out for such things as suspicious troop movements; now the missions are permitted to function normally again. Such things, according to the optimists, indicate a change for the better.

The pessimists are concerned mainly with principles. What difference is there, they ask, between "respect" for the East German government—a term the Russians have introduced in recent negotiations—and "recognition" of it? Where does "respect" end and "recognition" begin? And if you succeed in making that precarious distinction, where do you establish the border line between *de-facto* recognition and *de-jure* recognition? The pessimists quote Willy Brandt, who said recently, "*Der Teufel steckt in den Details*" ("The details are the real devil"). They





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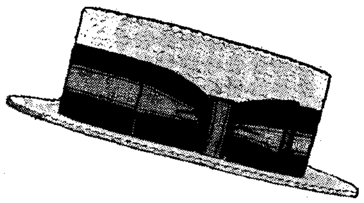
claim that every time the Western Allies have been inclined toward compromise or concession, there has been a further weakening of the West Berlin position, even though no compromise or concession may actually have been made. And the pessimists end the discussion with the unequivocal statement that no access agreement will have any value unless it is properly signed, and that Khrushchev will never sign one.

Both the optimists and the pessimists hope that the West will not offer the Soviets any hint of a concession without asking for something in return—something like a few additional openings in the Berlin wall, or permission for West Berliners to enter East Berlin. They would feel much more at ease during the negotiations, as a businessman here pointed out the other day, if the Americans, who often say "Yes, but . . ." would temporarily adopt the Russian attitude, which is always "No, but . . ."

Although West Berlin is still the most pro-American city in Europe, the Berliners' faith in their American friends has suffered a slight setback. Berliners now freely criticize the Americans among themselves, which they rarely used to do. (They will not listen to West Germans who criticize the Americans, though.) A silly rumor has been going around that the Americans knew about the wall in advance. No one believes it, but there was a time when such a rumor would never have been repeated here. Anybody telling it in an *Eckkneipe*, or corner saloon, would have been punched in the nose. (It has now been established that the rumor originated in East Berlin. A high church dignitary there was told by some Communist Party officials, "Your American friends knew pretty well that we were going to put up the wall.") Naturally, occasional forthright criticism of American policy does not imply a lack of confidence in the United States. "*Mensch*," I heard a man in a saloon say to a fellow he was drinking beer with, "don't be an idiot. You know we wouldn't last here for five minutes without the Americans." The *Mensch* admitted that this was indeed true. In any case, criticism is never directed at the basic beliefs and ideals of the United States but, rather, at specific measures. Many Berliners deplore any sort of criticism at all, because they know that it can produce irritation in Washington, and a West Berlin journalist recently complained, "Anyone criticizing the American-German alliance with the sincere purpose of protecting the alliance from serious



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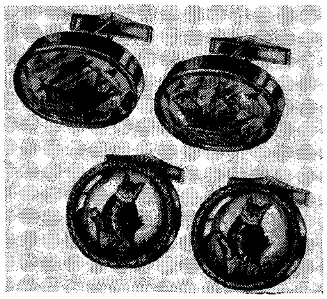

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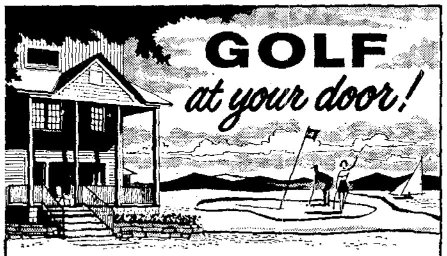

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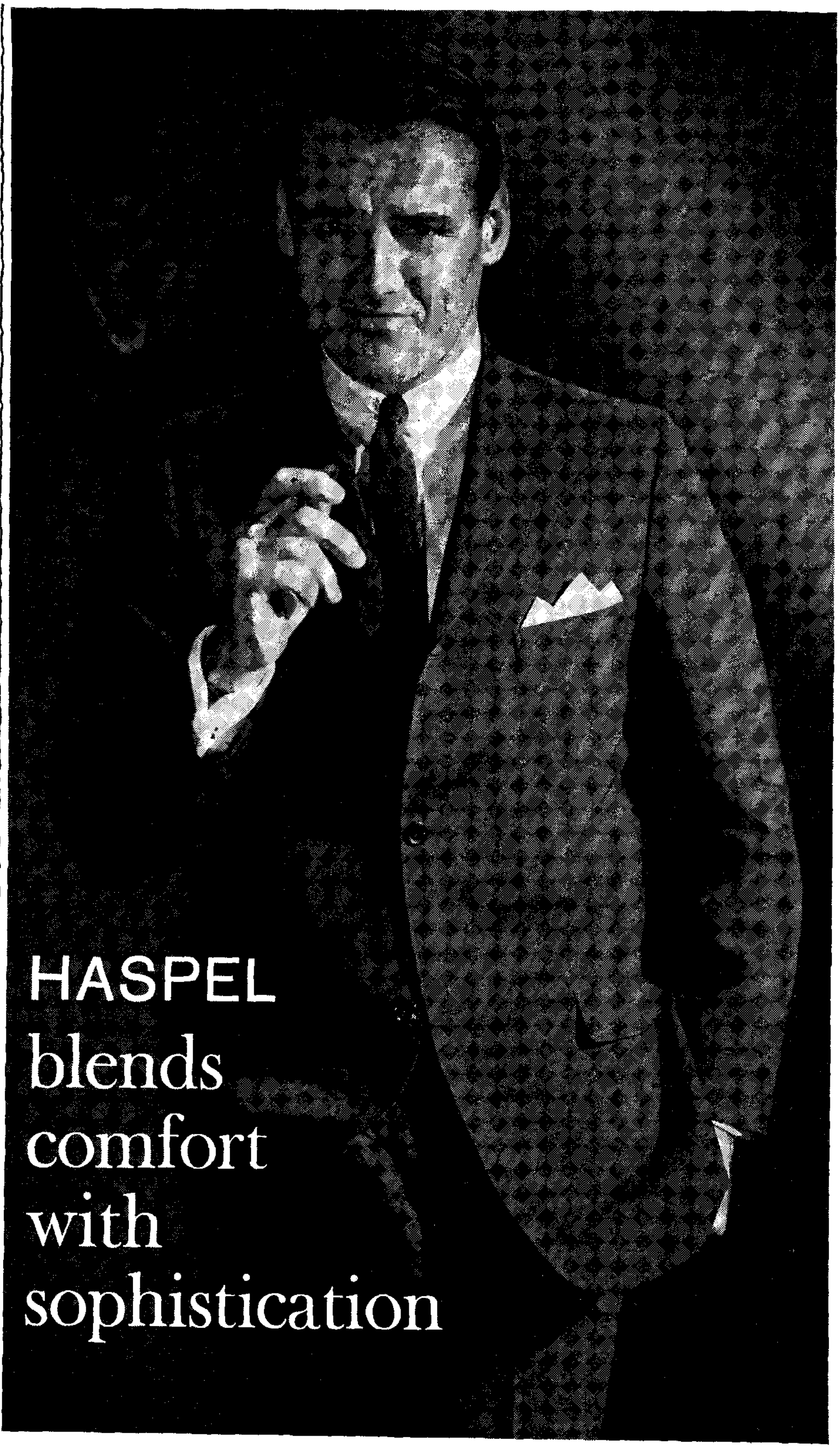
damage is inevitably called a gravedigger of the alliance." Actually, even in their hour of greatest despair, the Berliners never turned against America. The editor of a large West Berlin paper, who is a native of Bavaria, happened to be in Munich when the news broke on August 13th. He has said, "The reaction of my friends there was 'What did you expect of your American friends? Did you really expect them to go to war for Berlin?' Back in Berlin, I never once heard such a remark."

In general, Berliners have a different attitude toward each of the three Allies, and the other day one man I know summed it all up by saying, "When the Russians cause some trouble in the American sector, the Americans take action and say a lot. In the same situation, the French do something and say nothing. The British do nothing and say nothing." The British practice of putting up barbed-wire fences in their sector at the slightest sign of trouble has not added to their popularity. Recently, they surrounded the Soviet memorial, a Russian enclave in the British sector, with barbed wire. People point out that the Americans never use barbed wire in their sector. During the tense days when the American and Soviet tanks faced each other at Checkpoint Charlie and hundreds of spectators gaped at this confrontation of naked power, two relaxed American military policemen kept order among the crowd. As for the French, they have never been an important element in the view of most Berliners—the principal exceptions being those Berliners who are fond of dropping in at the Maison de France, a cultural center, with a restaurant that serves good, inexpensive French wines—but they have always puzzled both their friends and their foes. At the moment, most French officers stationed here seem to approve of de Gaulle's cold-shouldering of the Russians but don't seem to agree with de Gaulle about Algeria. It's no secret that some O.A.S. sympathizers among the French officers have been sent to Berlin, where they can't do much harm. During a New Year's Eve party at the Maison de France, toasts were drunk to "Algérie Française," whereupon a high-ranking Gaullist officer left in a huff. The French have their own way of dealing with trouble brought on by the Communists at the border of their sector. They keep quiet about it and send an officer to make a polite request of the Russians that it be rectified within, say, forty-eight hours; otherwise, he indicates, the French will be



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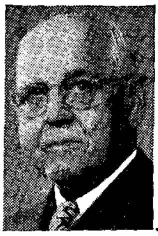

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forced to make the matter public. The Russians seem to appreciate the opportunity to save face. At least, in every known case the French have had their way. Perhaps partly for this reason, they apparently consider their sector a sort of "Berlin Français." A Berliner I know recently had an animated discussion with a French officer about Tegel Airport, which is in the French sector. In the course of the conversation, the Frenchman exclaimed, "*Mais Tegel, ça fait partie de la France!*"

BEFORE August 13th, an average of seven hundred and fifty people moved out of Berlin every week and about as many moved in. At first, the wall created an alarming increase in departures, and during one week in October they reached two thousand. Now about a thousand people move out of the city every week and seven hundred and fifty move in, and in a single happy week last February there were more arrivals than departures. But these figures don't tell the whole story. West Berlin is a city of women and old people. Eighteen per cent of the people are over sixty-five, and there are a hundred and forty women to every hundred men. To keep Berlin in good shape, it is necessary to bring in twenty thousand young people every year—workers, foremen, engineers—and West Germany's Labor Office, helped by some Berlin firms, has been putting on a campaign to persuade young men with the necessary training to migrate from West Germany to Berlin. Young families moving to Berlin are offered travel expenses, assured employment, relatively low income taxes, relatively high social-security benefits, good housing, and good schools. A couple who get married in Berlin receive a grant that amounts to seven hundred and fifty dollars. So far this year, eighteen thousand West German technicians and workers have signed up for Berlin, and six thousand have arrived—three out of four of them under twenty-five years old. (A few thousand of the applicants may never show up, because they have discovered that wages in Berlin average from four to seven per cent below those in the Federal Republic.) Most migrants who come here come to work, but some come out of a vague sense of patriotism, and others because "Berlin is still Berlin"—a city with magnetism. And a few are self-confessed adventurers who like life here because it's never dull.

A great many of the people who left Berlin in a hurry last fall have now returned. Frequently they met with ap-

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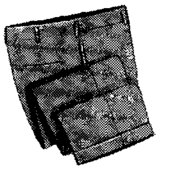

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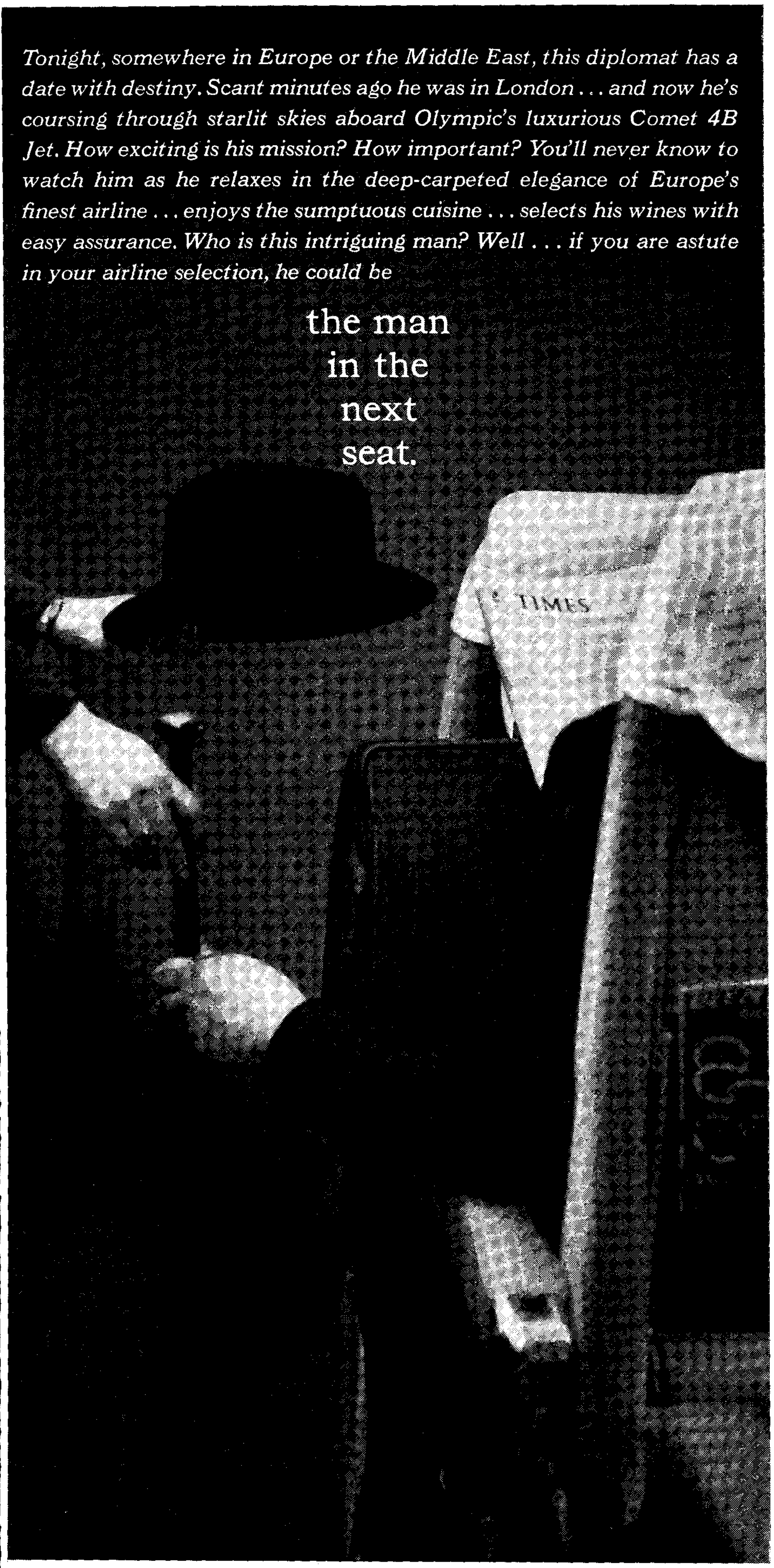
palling misunderstanding, and often outright animosity, in the Federal Republic. "It's one thing to be a refugee from the East—people know you've had to run for your life," an architect who had gone West and come back explained to me. "It's another thing to leave West Berlin because you've lost your nerve." This man went on to tell me that because his wife got panicky after the wall went up, he took a job in a small town near Frankfurt. The pay was all right, he said, but he and his wife couldn't stand the unfriendliness, the distrust, and the gossip that surrounded them. It was a costly experience, yet they now feel that it was worth it. They had worried about what people here would say when they came back, he told me, but everybody was glad to see them. It seems that Berliners have learned tolerance the hard way.

Economically, Berlin's future looks bright. To be sure, many West Berlin firms are quietly, but by no means furtively, setting up branch offices in the Federal Republic. No one here objects to that; it is considered realistic and businesslike. People in this city may have hopes, but they rarely have illusions. Still, there are things to be hopeful about. Even though West Berlin lost more than fifty thousand skilled workers literally overnight when the wall went up, the city's industrial output has since increased ten per cent, owing to plant modernization and increased efficiency. The slight sag in the West German boom has affected the machinery industry here, but there are no signs of any recession in West Berlin. Its "cultural expansion," however, as Berliners call it, presents a more difficult problem. Culturally, Berlin's existence depends on a small group of people—artists, scientists, teachers, doctors, engineers, journalists. Unless they have faith in the future of Berlin and remain here, the city will inevitably dry up as a great metropolis, and many of them will not remain if they feel that their nerves are likely to be strained to the breaking point. "The Americans should never forget that the nerves of the Berliners are an essential part of the city's viability," it has been said here, somewhat ominously. These days, there is much talk of enlarging the two existing universities, the Free University and the Technical University, and there are plans for setting up an Institute of Advanced Studies here, to make Berlin a training center for students from the developing nations. Right now, Willy Brandt is trying to organize a Kulturrat, or Culture Committee, of leading archi-



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At least one cultural development is well beyond the planning stage. In the Tiergarten, in the British sector, only a hundred and sixty-five feet from the wall, a big, strange-looking structure is going up. The Tiergarten was once an elegant district, popular with diplomats and millionaires, and until the Second World War embassies and large mansions stood there, surrounded by old parks. Then, in 1939, Adolf Hitler took over the whole area, with the idea of turning it into the military super-headquarters of his Thousand-Year Reich. During the war, the Nazis wrecked some of the old mansions and put up a few colossal structures, most of which were knocked down by Allied bombs. One that was not is the so-called *Tortenschnitte* (Piece of Pie), an edifice that combines most of the distinctive features of Late Nazi Empire—Doric columns, portholes, balconies for speechmaking, and pointed arches—and that the Berlin authorities now plan to raze, at considerable expense.

In the eastern end of this district there stands a huge concrete shell, with irregular contours, that looks like a cross between a circus tent and a cluster of mountain slopes. It is—or, rather, will be, for it is still unfinished—a new concert hall, to be called the Philharmonie, and it has been nicknamed Zirkus Karajani by the Berliners, in honor of Herbert von Karajan, the Berlin Philharmonic's permanent musical director. The new structure won't open until the fall of 1963, but some people are already calling it the world's most unusual concert hall. After a walk through its interior with Hans Scharoun, the architect who designed it, I am inclined to agree. Scharoun, a sixty-eight-year-old native of Bremen who has lived here for many years, looks like a gnarled tree topped by a Basque beret and adorned with a disorderly butterfly tie, and would cut a fine figure on the Butte Montmartre. He is the builder of Berlin's famous new Siemensstadt housing project and is also the president of the German Academy of Arts. When we arrived at the concert hall, he took me inside a vast chamber—a sort of irregular octagon—and up some stairs to a vantage point from which we could see men in white helmets working on the roof above us and in a valley below us. "Valley" is Scharoun's word; he described his project, somewhat mysteriously, as "an excavated, built-up valley whose bottom is a flat trough and whose sides are climbing vineyards." What he meant became

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clearer as he talked on. "In 1962, you can't build a conventional concert hall, with stalls for the upper middle classes and balconies for the lower middle classes and a stage at one end for the orchestra," he said. "The music is the natural center, and it must come from the center. Here the musicians will perform in a semicircle in the middle of the hall, and the listeners will sit all around them. This hall is built only for instrumental music and for oratorios, not for opera, and it will never be used for balls or receptions or fashion shows. I've seen to that. The floor is uneven, with several terraces. The bottom of the valley is the orchestra platform, and the vineyards are the rows of seats. The rows are arranged asymmetrically, and those at the bottom may even look haphazard. All this is meant to give the listener a sense of intimacy, a feeling of belonging. No one will have a bad seat, no one will be behind a pillar, no one will feel hidden or inferior. Every person holding a ticket will be a full-fledged member of the listening community and will enjoy it." Scharoun lit a thick cigar, gazed thoughtfully down into the dark valley, and added, "Provided he does not suffer from vertigo."

I saw what he meant. The vineyards mount steeply, and though all the seats will be within a radius of a hundred and fifteen feet from the orchestra, the topmost will be forty feet above it. There will be twenty-two hundred seats—two hundred and twenty of them on a small slope behind the orchestra. "Karajan wanted three thousand seats," Scharoun said. "I told him that then the hall would have to be too large. People in the back rows would see him as he would look through the wrong end of a telescope, though loudspeakers might give them the acoustical illusion of sitting nearby. There would be a discrepancy between the optics and the acoustics, and we would be forced to use an amplification system, I said. That convinced him."

To judge by what I could see and by what Scharoun told me, both the optics and the acoustics of the hall are likely to be extraordinary. The room, with its almost indescribably complex shape and its banks of seats rising at various angles, will be thirty-five hundred square yards in area, which is large for a concert hall, but perhaps the most remarkable thing about it is its height—a hundred and nine feet at its highest point. The roof will consist of two layers of concrete that will keep out the noise of the loudest super-jets of the future, and below it there will be a highly unconventional ceiling—a tent made of acoustical stucco

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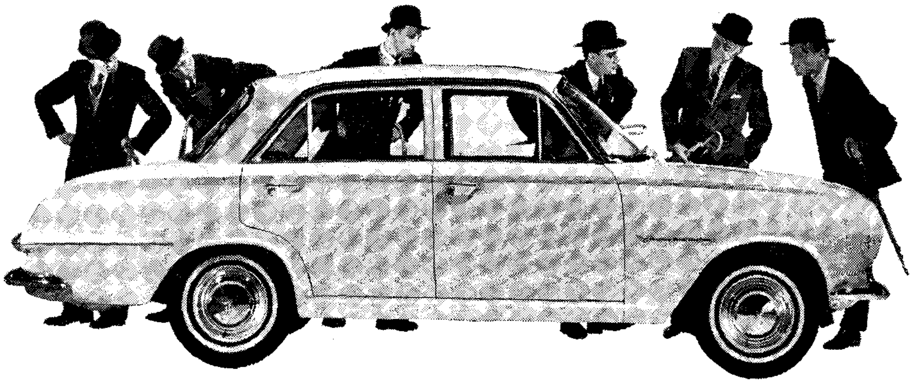

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that will droop above the orchestra and slope upward above the seats. None of the walls will be parallel—an acoustical advantage, and perhaps an optical one as well—and there will be no windows. All in all, the room will not be a place to relax in, and Professor Scharoun doesn't want it to be; he feels that people get lazy in ordinary halls. Here they will be stimulated to coöperate mentally with the musicians.

Scharoun led me down slopes and over abysses bridged by boards to the bottom of the valley, and showed me three raised platforms, which he compared to the galleries in St. Mark's Cathedral, in Venice, where the different groups of instruments were stationed when the works of the sixteenth-century composer Giovanni Gabrieli were performed. These platforms will be used for the offstage trumpeter in Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture, for the effect of angelic voices in, say, the Verdi Requiem, and also for the special instrumental groupings required in modern *Raummusik* by Karlheinz Stockhausen and his disciples, who like to scatter groups of instrumentalists in various parts of a room. There will be a large organ and two small organs down near the orchestra, and in Handel's oratorios, for instance, it will be possible to achieve powerful effects by using the large organ in the tuttis and the small ones with the soloists during their recitatives. There will be a large elevator, capable of bringing two concert pianos right up to the level of the orchestra platform in a few seconds, and so situated that the orchestra members won't even have to get up from their seats. Scharoun has really thought of everything.

The Philharmonic authorities had insisted that the new hall must have a reverberation time of not less than two seconds—essential, they said, for bringing out the sweep and power of the romantics. (Beethoven, Brahms, and Bruckner are the orchestral composers most frequently played in Berlin.) The orchestra now gives its concerts at the Musikhochschule Hall, which has a short reverberation time—one and six-tenths seconds—and is considered too "dry" by aficionados of lyrical sound. The most difficult acoustical problem presented by the new hall centers on the two hundred and twenty seats behind the orchestra. They will doubtless be popular with people who want to see the conductor, but how will the orchestra sound to those people? Experiments made in a large-scale model of the hall indicate that listeners sitting behind the orchestra will not hear

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its sound directly but that the sound will be reflected back to them from the other parts of the hall, and will be more resonant and perhaps too resonant. Projecting the human voice toward the people sitting behind the singer is a tougher problem. Perhaps cautious artists will choose lieder with few consonants, since consonants are bound to be swallowed up; they can always sing in vowel-rich Italian. There is, of course, a more practical solution—microphones.

For years, many Berliners argued that the new hall should stand nearer the heart of West Berlin—in the Kurfürstendamm district. Then the decision was made, and there was no use arguing. At any rate, there will be ample parking space in the Tiergarten, and one day there will again be large trees. Besides, if the city should ever be reunited, the hall will be near the center of the new Gross-Berlin. Right now, the building's outer shell stands very close to a blue-painted wooden shack used by the West Berlin border police, so concertgoers will be brought back to grim reality during intermissions. Eventually, Scharoun hopes, the hall will constitute one side of a large square, facing the rebuilt Matthäi Church, a pseudo-Romanesque structure dating from the time of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. The two remaining sides of the square, according to this plan, will be taken up by a projected Gallery of the Twentieth Century (designed by Mies van der Rohe), by a new State Library, and by a large building for cinematic and photographic archives. The proposed layout is now prosaically referred to as the Culture Center, but Scharoun, a man of vision, is confident that it will eventually be called "Athens in Berlin."

WHEN I left Scharoun, with thoughts of the new Athens in my mind, I caught sight of the wall. The nine months since it was put up seem to many Berliners an eternity, but although they have obviously recovered from the shock of August 13th, they have not, to use a Berlin term, "digested" the wall. On the contrary, the majority of them seem to feel that the reality of the wall is only now beginning to sink in. They have come to realize that the wall cannot be pulled down without the risk of a nuclear war, but great numbers of them—and not only those who have friends and relatives on the other side—still find the very sight of the wall embittering and frustrating, because there is absolutely nothing they can do about it. Wall or no wall, though, the West Berliners maintain their hu-

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mor and ingenuity, and I thought of what one Berliner had told me. His mother lives in East Berlin, and he has not seen her since August, but they write to each other frequently. "I'd been thinking for a long time about how I could meet her," he said. "I didn't want to wait until I got permission to go over there—when she was lying dead in her coffin. Then I got an idea. I wrote to Mother, asking her to inquire at an East Berlin travel bureau about trips they advertise there—to the Bohemian spas, the mountains of Poland, the beaches of the Crimea. After my mother makes some arrangement, I'll go to a travel bureau here in West Berlin and book a trip to the place she has chosen. I call the project 'Next Year at Marienbad,' but I have a feeling we'll meet in the Crimea. It's safe—there'll be no Vopos or East German spies there—and besides, sunshine is good for Mother. It's only a fifteen-minute walk from my home to my mother's home, but if all goes well we'll be very happy to meet a few thousand miles away, down there in the Crimea." —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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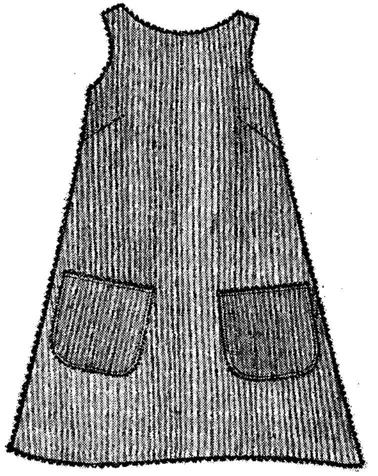

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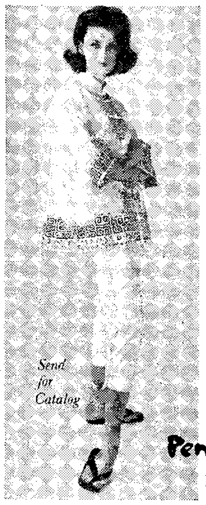

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Echoes

THE sad news about the new Peter Sellers comedy, "I Like Money," is that it has a single crucial defect—it isn't funny. Based on Marcel Pagnol's "Topaze," which I seem to remember John Barrymore hamming it up in nearly a century ago, the picture creaks along in a gentle, harmless, increasingly tiresome, and at last quite maddening way, and none of Mr. Sellers' resources of tact and charm can do more than mitigate one's irritation with it. Clump, clump, clump goes the old work horse of a plot about a poor, high-principled French schoolteacher who, dismissed from his post for refusing to behave dishonorably, becomes the tool of a wealthy Parisian crook, quickly masters the crook's trade, and ends by surpassing him. The dénouement of every scene is—I was about to say "telegraphed," which is much too lively a verb; let's say "wigwagged"—long before it arrives, and the dialogue is so easy to anticipate that one's vanity receives a very meagre boost indeed when line after line that one has whispered falls into place with an almost audible thud. That the brilliant actor Peter Sellers finds himself in this predicament is largely the fault of the far from brilliant director Peter Sellers, who lets every sequence drag and, when it comes to mugging, lets every actor except himself get away with murder. On the evidence of "I Like Money," Mr. Sellers is a kind man, afraid of hurting people's feelings, and in future I think he would be well advised to keep in front of the camera, not behind it. Ruthlessly cut, the picture might have acquired a certain factitious vitality; as we have it, it is, in CinemaScope and De Luxe color, an overdressed corpse, and the sooner it's tucked away underground the better.

"BON VOYAGE!," with Fred MacMurray and Jane Wyman, shares with the Sellers fiasco the name of comedy and the fault of being thoroughly second-hand. Its producer, Walt Disney, always manages to put a pleasing, no-expense-spared shine on his goods, but in this case the goods go back at least as far as Mark Twain and his

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"Innocents Abroad," and maybe to Sterne and his "Sentimental Journey." For all I know, Noah and his family landing on Ararat underwent many of the supposedly hilarious misadventures that befall the Willard family in "Bon Voyage!" While Mr. MacMurray, Miss Wyman, and the young people who play their three children knock themselves out to make us laugh, the situations into which they are thrust amount to a sort of handy pocket guide to avoidable chestnuts—Father not being able to find the family passport, Father having trouble with his French, Father being approached by a French tart, Father (who is, of course, in plumbing) getting lost in the sewers of Paris. "Bon Voyage!" lasts and hour and forty-three minutes. It is a lifetime.

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—BRENDAN GILL

•

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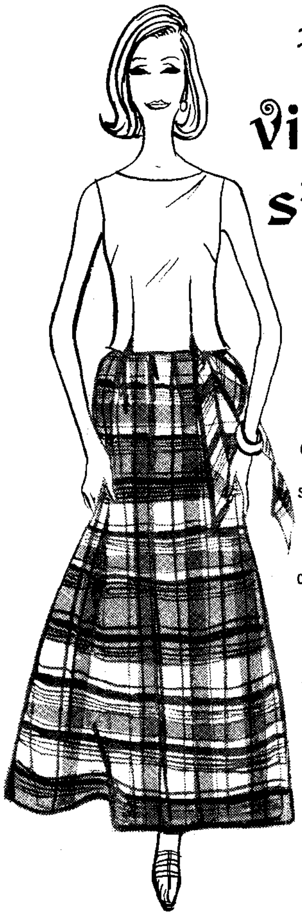

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Three Questions

PROFOUND and important books on the subject of musical aesthetics do not appear very frequently, and when they do, they are as likely as not to be neglected by the main channels of book reviewing. One such book, "Music as Metaphor," by Donald N. Ferguson (University of Minnesota Press), has recently been called to my attention by a reader of this column, and though it was published over a year ago, it is new to me, and will doubtless be new to many others. It is the sort of book that represents a lifetime of thinking, and, indeed, according to a note by the author, it is a revision and elaboration of a thesis of his that appeared in mimeographed form some twenty years back. I mention this fact because a great many books dealing with music from the same point of view are beginning to be written and published, and I wish to make it clear that Mr. Ferguson is something of a pioneer. What he has to say is very much in the air nowadays, and has a vital bearing on the crisis in contemporary music.

The basic ideas expressed in Mr. Ferguson's book, and proved by philosophical reasoning of the utmost lucidity, are that form and content in music are entirely separate things, and that music is not an abstract but a representational art. These ideas will not appear world-shaking to the intuitive music lover, to whom music has always "meant" something, nor would they have surprised the musicians of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, who took the emotional content of music for granted. But they run counter to nearly all the fashionable musical thinking of the past hundred years, which has postulated—all genuine musical experience to the contrary notwithstanding—that music is purely a matter of mathematical structure and aural sensation, and that such emotional power as it may appear to have is merely an illusory by-product of its form. This curious notion seems to have persisted among sophisticated musicians ever since 1854, when the famous Viennese critic Eduard Hanslick wrote an influential book in which he defined music as *"tönend bewegte Form"*

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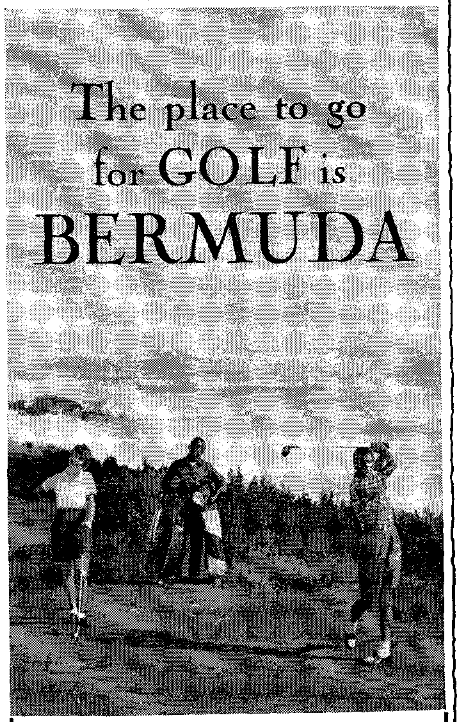

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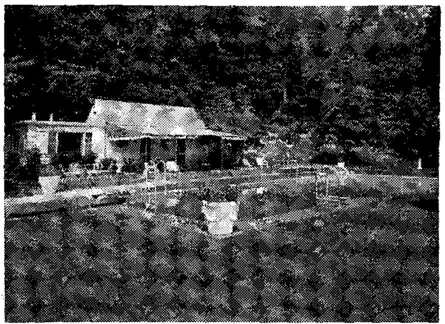
(translated by Mr. Ferguson as "form in tonal motion") and in which he denied the art the possibility of any expression whatever. Today, nearly every prominent composer (as well as nearly every musicologist and teacher of "music appreciation") regards the notion as axiomatic, and its most vocal exponent has been Igor Stravinsky, though his best compositions contradict it. The notion, as Mr. Ferguson demonstrates, is absurd, and contemporary music in general is the poorer for it.

Mr. Ferguson's statement that music is a representational art should not, of course, be taken to mean that it represents objects (as most painting does) or that it tells stories (as most fiction does), though the whole art of opera, together with the song, the symphonic poem, and much other symphonic writing, attests to its power of enhancing concrete dramatic or literary ideas. The subject matter of music, in Mr. Ferguson's view, is feeling—an element of experience that lies outside the art itself (as the subject matter of all art does)—and, according to him, music has a far larger and more varied range of resources than any other art for the expression of this particular sort of subject matter. In a sense, it takes up where the other arts leave off, expressing not the direct experience of impressions or ideas but the feelings induced by such experience. Thus, he says, music (and I sigh with relief to find a writer in this field taking so sensible a position) has essentially a great deal to do with life, and not so very much to do with mathematics. Here, however, the critic or the appreciator of music is faced with another consideration. If music expresses the feelings that arise from experience, there must be a difference between music that is the end product of noble and exalting experience and music that is inspired by comparatively trivial experience. And so there is, according to Mr. Ferguson; in fact, it is the difference in the quality of the feelings expressed, rather than any superiority in technique or form, that distinguishes the masterpiece from the casual bit of musical entertainment or the technical experiment. This distinction is a moral one. Mr. Ferguson illustrates the point brilliantly by an analysis of the content of Beethoven's Funeral March as opposed to the content of Chopin's. The former work is by far the greater, not because its structure is better but because the range of human experience it envisions is larger and more basic than that envisioned in the latter. As a touchstone for this sort of evaluation, Mr. Ferguson suggests three questions (at-



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tributed to Goethe) that one should ask in assessing any work of art: (1) What has the artist tried to do? (2) How has he done it? (3) Was it worth doing? Those who think that the importance of music lies purely in its form or structure cannot answer the last question. Its answer involves a moral judgment.

This is no place to try to record all the ideas Mr. Ferguson has set forth. He disentangles the "feeling content" from the form of a Wagnerian excerpt (whose precise emotional and dramatic connotation is known), and then performs the same operation on the Fugue in C Sharp Minor from Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord" (which most people regard as a pure example of abstraction, and which he proves to be, on the contrary, a reflection of concrete human experience). Mr. Ferguson, by the way, never minimizes the importance of form; he merely points out that it is meaningless without content.

"Music as Metaphor" is a valuable contribution in its field because it succeeds in solving, with great clarity, the elusive problem of precisely what it is that music expresses. The problem has been tackled before—valiantly but rather unconvincingly in Albert Schweitzer's famous book on Bach, and very convincingly in Leonard Meyer's "Emotion and Meaning in Music" (which I reviewed here some time ago), though Meyer limits his investigations to the psychological effect of specific structural devices. Mr. Ferguson, like Susanne Langer, who has made some significant contributions to the same subject, approaches the problem as a philosopher. I should warn the reader that the ability to read music and a general tolerance for philosophical writing are prerequisites for a full understanding of what he has to say. But when one does understand it, a great many things fall into place. Most of the musicological chatter about structural methods seems to become irrelevant; the three questions, rephrased as "What feeling does the music express?," "How successfully does it express this feeling?," and "Is the feeling it expresses worth expressing?," assume paramount importance; and it becomes clear that the most damning thing one can say about a piece of music is that it doesn't express any feeling at all.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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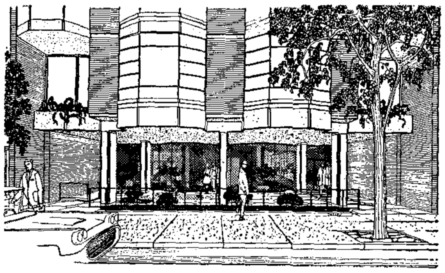

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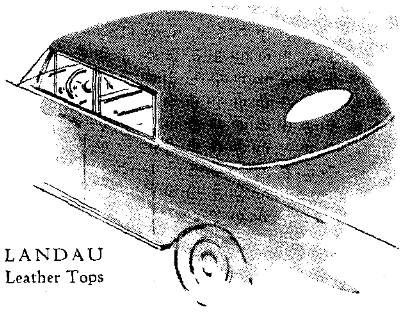

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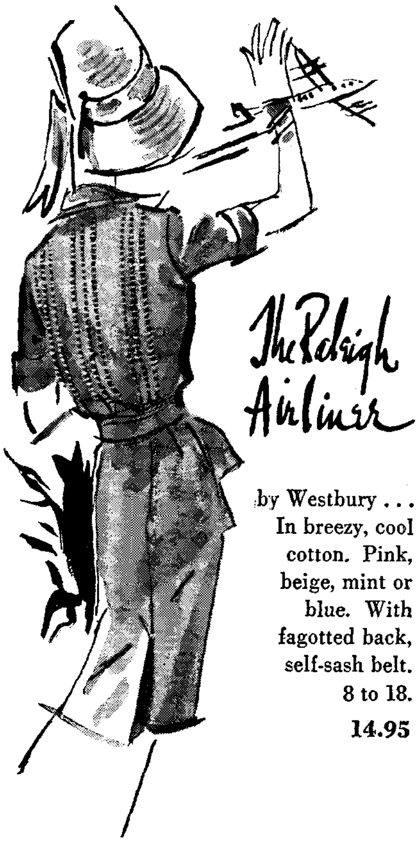
(C4L 19), which contains sixty-four numbers (on four L.P.s) recorded between 1923 and 1938, is somewhat like reissuing Dr. Johnson's "Dictionary." Both Henderson's band and Johnson's work were seminal affairs, both were training schools, both were widely copied, both had serious faults, and both, despite their considerable period appeal, are outdated. At the same time, the Henderson album unintentionally reaffirms the theory, set forth here before, that the most lasting music of the big-band era, which began in the late twenties and ended during the Second World War, was provided not by the big bands but by countless small swing groups. Though obscured by the bluster of the larger groups, these thrived in the thirties and early forties. A few were permanent or nearly permanent groups, others were drawn from the big bands for informal recording sessions. The full-time small bands were led by Red Norvo, Joe Marsala, Roy Eldridge, Bunny Berigan, Stuff Smith, John Kirby, Adrian Rollini, Frankie Newton, and Fats Waller. The best of the myriad recording groups were organized by Teddy Wilson, Mezz Mezzrow, Red Allen, Lionel Hampton, Sidney Bechet, and various Ellington sidemen, or were groups that appeared under names like the Kansas City Six, the Chocolate Dandies, and the Varsity Seven. The small Goodman and Artie Shaw combinations were both in-the-flesh and recording groups. The recordings made by all these bands generally followed these patterns: arranged ensembles-solos-arranged ensembles, or solos-arranged ensembles, or solos-jammed ensembles, or unadorned solos. Some groups were miniature big bands, others were purely improvisatory. Most important, the recordings were relaxed and impromptu; they abound in clams, sloppiness, exhilaration, and sterling solos. (However, the Goodman, Ellington, Kirby, and Basie groups were as finished as anything jazz had produced.) There are two everlasting exceptions to this small-swing-group theory—the big bands of Ellington and Basie. Both these bands resembled small groups, though in different ways. Ellington used massed instruments only to set the tone or melody of a piece, and then tightly blended his instrumental sections, or parts of them, with his soloists. One was conscious not of size but of a continually shifting play of melodies, textures, and colors, in which the soloists and ensembles had a kind of familial relationship. There was no military display, no bunched redcoats potting away at the soloists. The Basie band achieved



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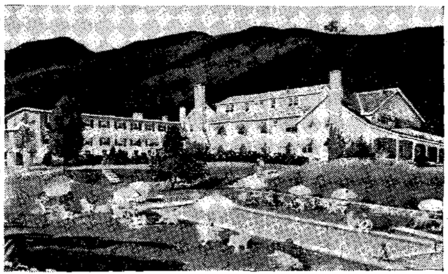

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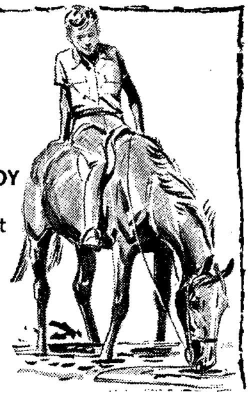

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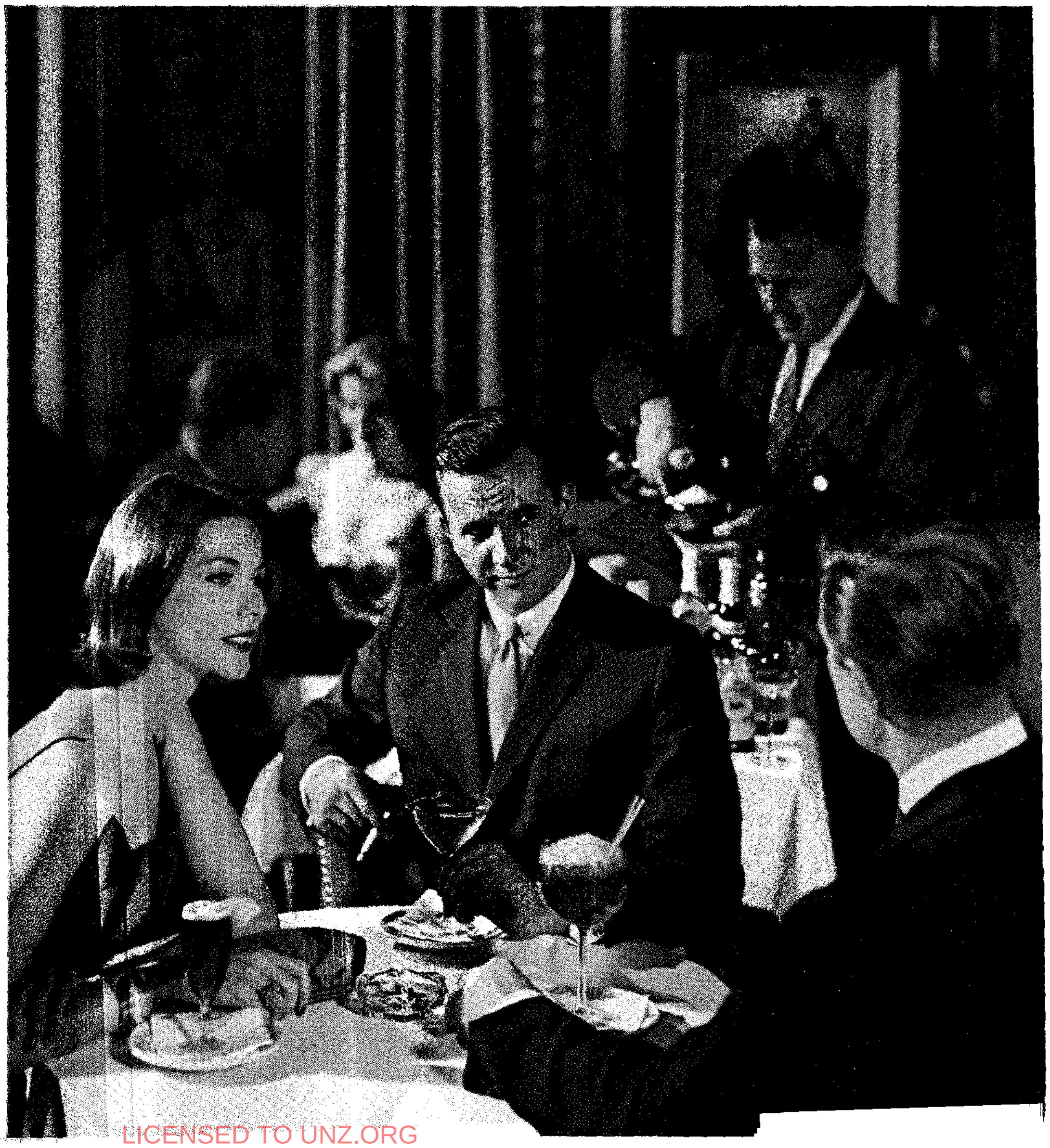

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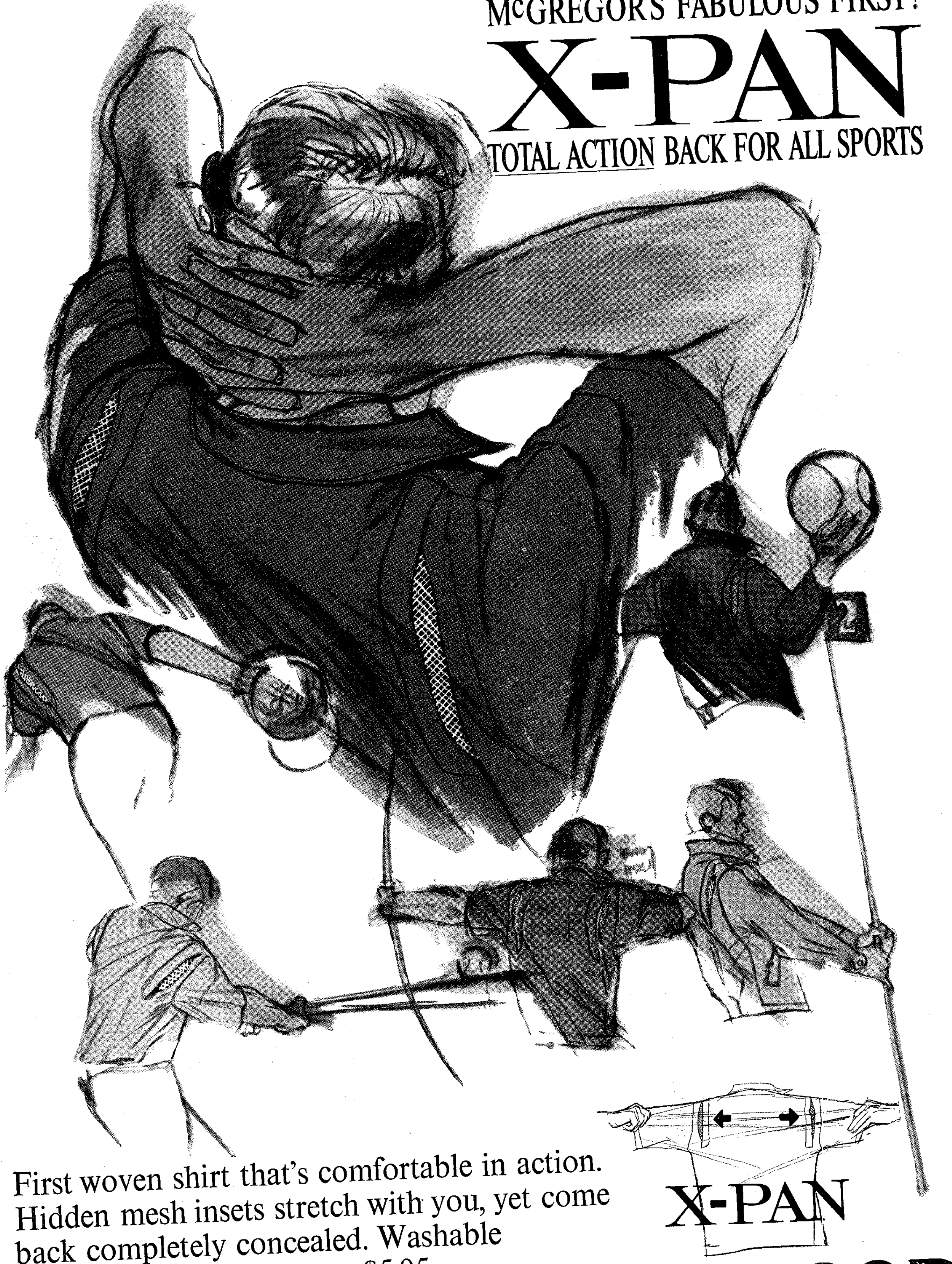

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its lightness and seeming smallness through simple, often poignantly played ensemble riffs, which were handed around with a casualness and lack of emphasis that buoyed up the frequent solos. Moreover, the Ellington and Basie bands had unique, easily identifiable styles. Henderson's band, on the other hand, was big, noisy, imitable, and peculiarly flavorless. It was the sort of thick-waisted assemblage that invites weighing and measuring. Indeed, Henderson, along with Don Redman and Benny Carter, who wrote his arrangements before he himself took over, invented the big band, and was more or less responsible for designing the pantheon later inhabited by—among countless others—Goodman, Shaw, Cab Calloway, Glen Gray, the Dorsey brothers, Charlie Barnet, Woody Herman, and Stan Kenton. But Henderson also invented a problem—successfully skirted by Ellington and Basie, and at present under consideration by Charlie Mingus—that neither he nor any of his imitators solved before the big-band era collapsed: how to squeeze ten to fifteen jazz musicians into a *wasteless* and *flexible* jazz unit.

A calm, tall, poised man with a pleasant, bland face, Henderson was born in Cuthbert, Georgia, in 1898, of parents who were teachers, and died in New York in 1952. He attended Atlanta University, where he majored in chemistry, and in 1920 headed for Columbia and postgraduate work. (Many of the Negro bandleaders of the late twenties and early thirties came from similar backgrounds; fortunately for jazz, it wasn't as easy for even educated Negroes to find jobs as bus drivers and the like as it is now.) Henderson, an easygoing, follow-your-nose soul who had been taught piano by his mother, fell into music, and formed his first band in 1923. The rest of his career was equally rudderless. He was a fair-to-poor businessman, a spotty disciplinarian (his often great and ingeniously chosen sidemen eventually became a collection of prima donnas who were frequently tardy, heavy-drinking, and quarrelsome), and the kind of man who regards opportunities as insults. Toward the end of the twenties, Henderson suffered severe injuries in an automobile accident, which apparently converted him from a relaxed man into a lazy one. As a result, he never quite reached the top, and after a fitful decade and a half as a bandleader he went into semi-retirement. However, he did succeed, in an ironic fashion. In 1935, he began writing arrangements for Goodman. It was an

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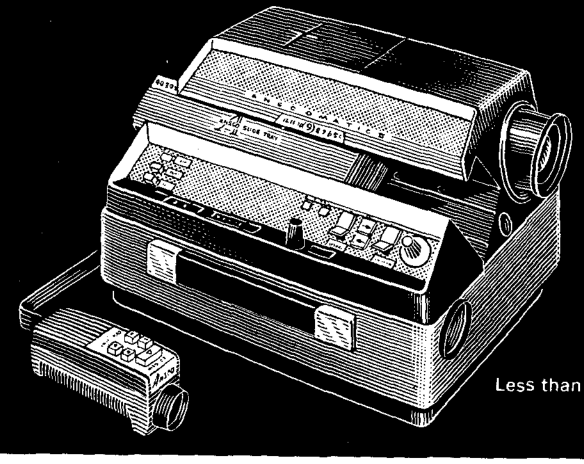

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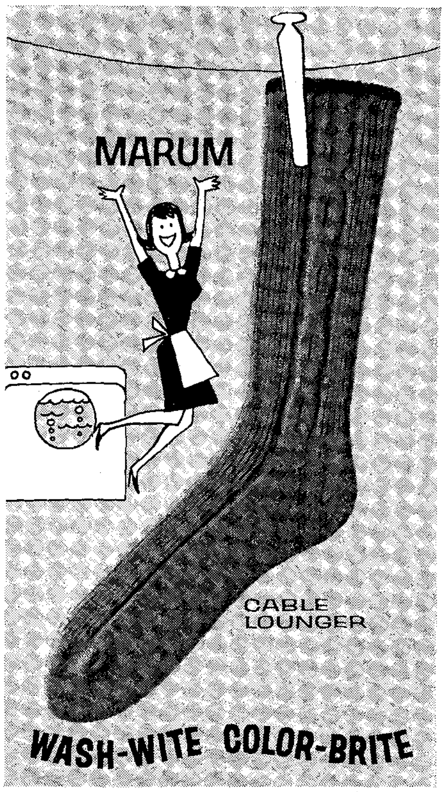

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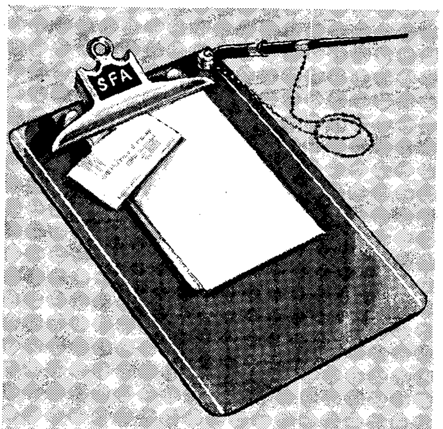
indenture that lasted well over a decade and that had much to do with Goodman's fame. For Goodman's band was largely a popularization of Henderson's, down to the very solos. It is hard, in fact, not to think of Goodman's band as the Benny Goodman-Fletcher Henderson Orchestra.

Henderson was more of a talented accidentalist than an originator. His first band had, like the large white dance bands that had preceded it, nine or ten men and an instrumentation of two trumpets, one trombone, two or three reeds, piano, banjo, tuba, and drums. It employed brief solos and arrangements that alternately sighed and bumped along on fashionable clarinet trios and two-beat now-you-hear-us, now-you-don't rhythm sections. Then, in 1924, Louis Armstrong joined the band and Don Redman began to take hold. Redman's arrangements sidestepped New Orleans polyphony and served up smooth, melodic variations written for specific sections of the band and often set in call-and-response patterns. And Armstrong's imaginativeness completed the shift from an imitation white dance orchestra to a jazz band. Between 1925, when Armstrong departed, and 1930, the band began collecting superior soloists like Joe Smith, Rex Stewart, Benny Morton, Jimmy Harrison, Tommy Ladnier, and Bobby Stark. It also collected Benny Carter, as an arranger, alto saxophonist, and clarinettist. Carter's arrangements were in many ways the most accomplished ones Henderson ever used. Carter wrote limber, seemingly improvised passages for the reeds and light, complementary brass figures, all of which were immeasurably helped by a steady four-four beat and the substitution of the guitar and string bass for the banjo and tuba—an innovation first adopted by Luis Russell in 1929. Henderson's own arrangements, which began coming off the presses in quantity after Carter left, were far more formal. The sections shouted stubbornly at one another or were mixed lumpishly in colorless voicings. They called for more instruments, and those instruments called for even more instruments. But Henderson's arrangements, along with those of his younger brother Horace, achieved considerable polish (though also predictability) and served as the latticework for the magnificent soloists who continued to file in and out of the band—Claude Jones, Cootie Williams, Red Allen, J. C. Higginbotham, Dickie Wells, and (in the last years) Roy Eldridge, Chu Berry, Sid Catlett, Emmett Berry, and Ben Webster. Stark



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stayed on until 1933 and Coleman Hawkins until 1934, and Walter Johnson, who—Chick Webb excepted—was the first of the big-band drummers, was with Henderson almost continuously from 1928 until the end. The band reached two peaks—between 1932 and 1934, and briefly in 1936.

But even in these years something was missing. The foursquare arrangements, though adept, were dull and gray, and were often executed accordingly. Unlike those used by Ellington and Basie, they seemed unrelated to the soloists; they filled the ears and they filled space. The puzzle of what to do with the twelve and more instruments slowly accumulated through the years was solved simply by pressing them into four regiments, which exchanged riffs and fragmentary melodic variations or marched stoutly together, parting here and there to let a soloist through. (This failure had a good deal to do with the revolution eventually known as bebop.) Yet the soloists *were* the Henderson band, and it is Red Allen, Eldridge, Hawkins, Benny Morton, Claude Jones, Benny Carter, Rex Stewart, Joe Smith, J. C. Higginbotham, and Bobby Stark who provide the excitement in Henderson's recordings. To be sure, it has frequently been pointed out that Henderson's band almost never came through properly on records. And, barring the solos, many of the numbers in the Columbia album do have a stale, time-clock air. Some are even pallid. But there are exceptions: a very fast "Chinatown" (1930); Carter's arrangement of "Sweet and Hot" (1931); Horace Henderson's "Hot and Anxious" (1931), in which some of the riffs that became "In the Mood," "Swingin' the Blues," and "One O'Clock Jump" are three-dimensionally on view (Fletcher Henderson *was* a star-crossed man); Horace Henderson's "Comin' and Goin'" (1931), with exemplary Stark and Morton solos; the various "King Porter Stomp"s (1932-33), which are—some of the solos included—the Goodman band to come, and which reveal Hawkins entering his great middle period; Horace Henderson's arrangement of Hawkins' "Queer Notions" (1933), a fascinating, semi-atonal avant-garde piece, with solos to match by the composer and Red Allen; and the celebrated 1936 "Christopher Columbus," "Stealin' Apples," and "Blue Lou," all of them brilliantly dominated by Roy Eldridge and Chu Berry.

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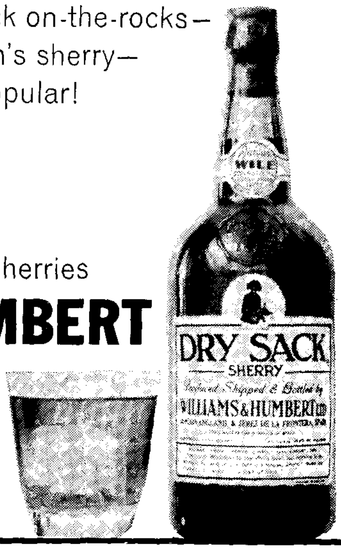

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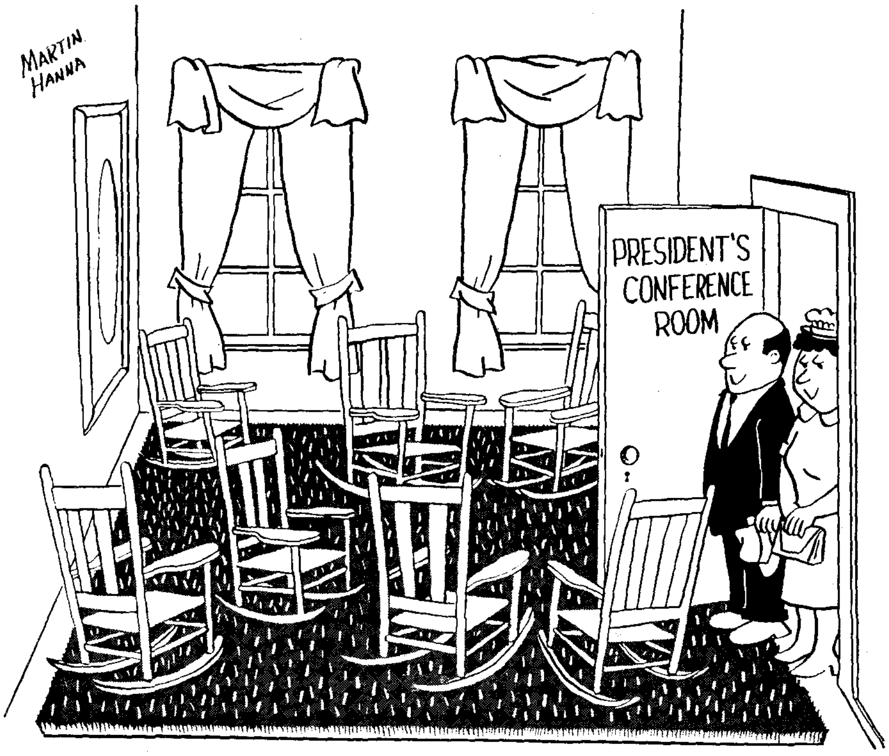

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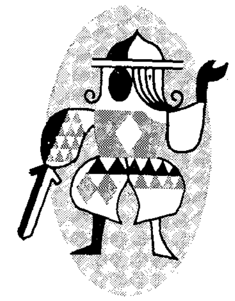

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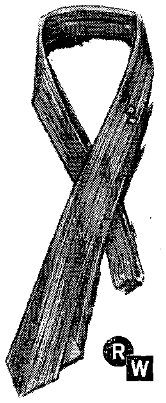

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the pre-1930 records is generally sandy and remote, though it is better than on the original 78s, and there is a complete blank between 1933 and 1936, and for a good reason: five celebrated sides, made under Horace Henderson's name for English Parlophone in 1933, were unavailable for the album, as were the sixteen or so superior numbers set down the following year for Decca and Victor. (Only one of these is now available.) Accordingly, the accent in the album falls rather heavily on the early, academically-interesting-only years. (However, none of the first-rate small-band efforts made in 1930 by the Chocolate Dandies, who were drawn from the band, are included. And perhaps wisely so; they would have blotted out everything around them.) The set is rounded off with a sizable booklet, which has good photographs and an excellent account of Henderson's career by Frank Driggs. There is also a brief memoir by John Hammond, who, as Henderson's friend and as the head of Columbia's current reissue program, deserves high commendation for restoring the master machine that produced the machines that eventually ate it.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

REVISION: Los Angeles is viewing a production of Tennessee Williams' "Sweet Bird of Youth" in a revised form. . . . Although Chance, the main male character in the play, no longer is to be physically emasculated (his penalty for having violated a political boss' daughter and leaving her with a venereal disease), Mr. Williams does not regard this change as a form of happy ending. He feels the present conclusion is equally tragic. Chance is not responsible for the venereal disease. But as Princess goes off to her new opportunity in filmdom, it is deduced that Chance will continue to be nothing more than a bit actor.—*The Times.*

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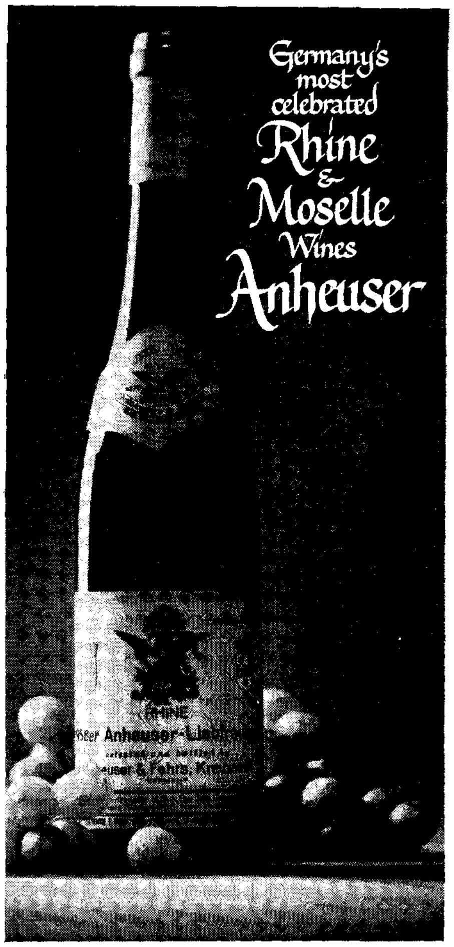

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LETTER FROM PARIS

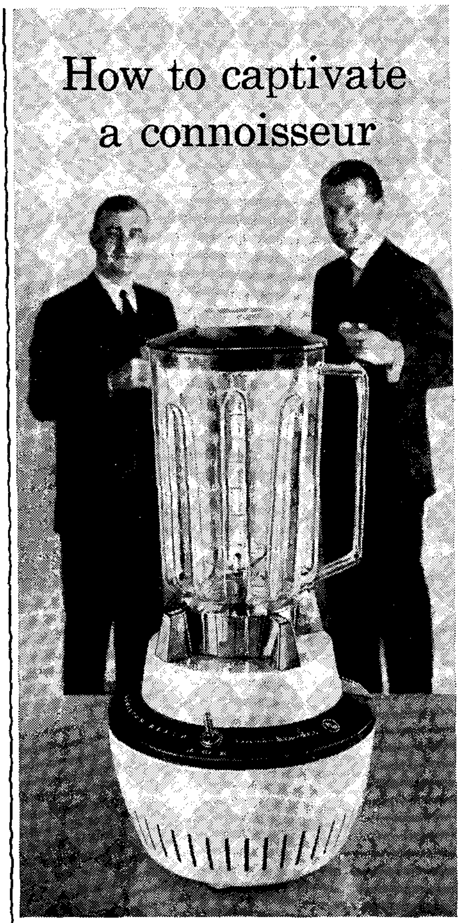
MAY 17

THE prisoner spoke only once on Tuesday afternoon at the opening of his trial in the Palais de Justice, when, as is customary in a French court, he gave his full identity and particulars at the judge's request: "Salan, Raoul Albin Louis, born June 10, 1899, in Roquecourbe, ex-general"—for the disqualifying prefix he raised his low voice to make it distinct—"of the Colonial Army, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, Military Medal, Cross of the Liberation, wounded in action." It was the only time he was to speak during the five hours of the proceedings, though his pessimistic mouth kept moving almost continuously, his thin lips active in silent nervousness. His pallid face had an emptied, impressive look of lost and dissipated energy, odd beneath his clownlike hair, grown freshly gray over his ears but still a mawkish henna color on top—a leftover from the dye he had been relying on as disguise when arrested in Algiers. Gradually, he began covertly looking around, reconnoitring, in a slanting glance taking in, to his right, the imposing High Military Tribunal, with the president of the court, the prosecutor, and the court clerk in their pseudo-ermine capes and scarlet robes; then he looked more vaguely at the French press box opposite, where the journalists sat staring at him and taking him down as a portrait in words. He appeared not to listen when the clerk rose and read aloud the pair of long reports to the President of the Republic—the special form in which the charges against him were contained. Like two connected scenarios of Salan's recent subversive private military life, which brought him to where he sat, inattentive and overfamiliar with their story, the first dealt with the action of the unsuccessful 1961 spring *Putsch*, and the second, like a sequel, with the ensuing O.A.S.—the elaborate, irrational, and dangerous product of his imagination, sectarian patriotism, Army training, and egotism. Rapidly read aloud as a series of facts in an enormous, overcrowded courtroom, and listened to while their creator sat in the prisoner's box, smartly enough dressed in civilian slate gray with a diagonally striped black-and-blue tie, his O.A.S. projects, including their indubitable successes to date, seemed like nothing but incredibly well-planned, sanguinary lunacy. Salan was accused of leading an armed revolutionary force against the Republic's institutions and of inciting citizens to take arms against each other, which constitutes civil war, and for which the penalty is death.

Aux
Deux Magots

Salan's power of disturbance continues. On the *quai* leading to the Boulevard du Palais and before the wings of the Palais itself, iron barricades have been set up to keep people and possible plastic bombers off the sidewalk. Military police with small machine guns are stationed every few feet, and all but one of the high, ornate grilled gates to the Palais outdoor courtyard have been closed. At this gate, identity papers must be shown to armed guards (even by outraged lawyers bent on private business); inside the courtyard, full of gendarmes and police cars, the Sainte Chapelle, that jewel of medieval glass, is closed to visitors throughout the trial (as are five minor Palais courtrooms near the trial room). Five hundred journalists from all over France and the Western world requested tickets for a courtroom that has press space for perhaps an uncomfortable two hundred. In a judgment of Solomon, the Presse Judiciaire bureau gave the newspaper people all the hard benches normally claimed by distinguished visitors. Inside the Palais, one must show a court ticket and a professional press card to military-police officers, who courteously ask permission to search lady journalists' handbags; the men are equally politely frisked. To avoid possible danger in driving Salan to and from the suburban Fresnes Prison every day, he was transferred to the Palais on Wednesday at dawn, to be lodged in a basement section for temporary prisoners, where he has been inexplicably put in the women's wing, under the care of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. His is the small room in which Pierre Laval vainly tried to commit suicide after having been given the death sentence in the famous assize court above, where Salan is being tried—where Marshal Pétain was tried.

This being the most important politi-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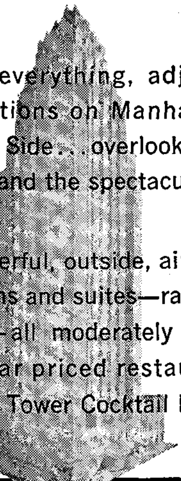

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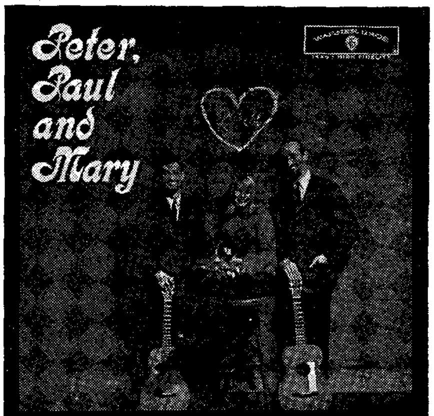
cal trial in France precisely since that of Pétain, it has been well understood in legal and political circles that Salan's lawyers could try to defend his life only by prosecuting the Fifth Republic, for which his team of three lawyers was perfectly chosen, all being rabidly pro-Algérie Française. It is the first historically important case to fall into the gesticulating, theatrical hands of the trio's chief, Maître Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour, wellborn, highly intelligent, with a Mephistophelean basso voice and a semi-infernal wit. At once on Tuesday, he began his delaying and destructive tactics by impugning the judicial competence of this High Military Tribunal, among other things complaining of an insufficient preparation of the prisoner by the *juge d'instruction* (on which, if lucky, he could claim a new trial). He declared that Salan had been given only "three days [of such preparation], reduced from the three months accorded Marshal Ney"—Napoleon's "bravest of the brave"—"who was shot." He added, with an insolent glance at the bench, "But a Paris boulevard was named after him. The magistrate who handled the affair did not even have his name put on an alley."

Yesterday, Tixier-Vignancour demanded the presentation in court of more than forty of the witnesses he had already cited, as another annoying tactic of delay, and, with unexpected stage-managing, he had them brought into court by a back door and introduced to the judge by a *huissier*, who asked their names and repeated them to the judge like a butler at a fashionable reception, after which they were hustled off into a waiting room. It was a disruptive and astonishing scene. Among the witnesses were the still beautiful widowed Mme. la Maréchale de Lattre de Tassigny, dressed in her permanent, elegant melancholy black and a chic black hat; a parade of generals and colonels, some of whom bowed cordially to the prisoner on the way out; high civil servants; a former Fourth Republic Minister; some extreme-right-wing deputies; one witness whose name nobody in the press section caught and who was manacled to a police guard; and, suddenly, a debonair young Army captain, wearing his cap and immaculate white gloves, who, on being introduced, smartly saluted the judge (who bowed, dazed), pivoted on his heel, and equally smartly saluted Salan (who, for once, smiled, and could afford it), and then removed his cap and gave the judge his news. He declared that, newly on duty in Lille, he had been telephoned long distance by a



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commanding officer five minutes before he started for court and forbidden to appear as a witness. But since his subpoena had declared that his failure to appear was punishable by law, there he stood—“*et me voilà!*” This example, following that of an admiral and a reserve general who also declared that they had been warned by phone by the Chef de Cabinet du Ministre des Armées not to answer their summonses as witnesses, adding that the official had told them the court president concurred in this (which, in some confusion, the president denied)—all this gave Tixier-Vignancour his tremendous chance. His huge voice lifted in a cry of indignation, and he launched into a diatribe, declaring that the Chef de Cabinet must be called as a witness, too, and that within the hour a charge would be made against Pierre Messmer, Minister for the Armed Forces, accusing him of suppressing legal communications and of breaching Article No. 173 of the penal code. While this was going on, crescendo, Tixier-Vignancour received word, and passed it on to the bench, that the young captain in the waiting room had just been ordered by an Army messenger to report at once to the office of the Chief of Staff of the Armed Forces. All this produced an exceedingly unpleasant impression, especially on the many lawyers in their robes who had dropped in to listen to this important trial. It was felt that the Ministry of the Armed Forces had badly served the standing of the Fifth Republic, and might even have helped save Salan’s head, were that possible, which no one believes it is.

It was deduced that the reason Tixier-Vignancour had dawdled on Tuesday afternoon, leaving Salan no time to make his personal declaration—the crux here of any great trial—was so as not to have his prisoner diminished by sharing the front pages of the French and world press with President de Gaulle, who, to the surprise of many of the French people, had chosen to dominate the news that particular afternoon by giving, in an Elysée press conference, his own personal declaration on Europe, the Common Market, German relations, President Kennedy’s United States, and, of course, de Gaulle’s France. So it was not until late Wednesday that Salan was heard from. In a dry voice, and wearing gold spectacles, he read for almost an hour a report on himself that certainly he never wrote but that, in its few personal statements, which he must have dictated with bitter emotions and memories, was impressive. “*Quand on a connu la France du*

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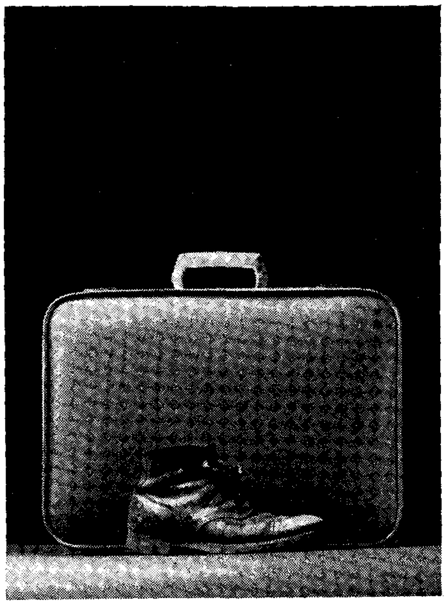

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courage, on n'accepte jamais la France de l'abandon," he declared, in part. "From the beginning, self-determination for Algeria was merely a lie destined to cover abandonment of that country." He said he was convinced that on May 13, 1958, when the rightist officers in Algeria first rebelled against the Paris government, he had been "the dupe of a frightful sacrilegious farce." Yet on May 15th, "I chose to bring de Gaulle back to power. If I misled the people of Algeria and the French Army, it was because I myself was misled. It is [today's] government that, denying its own origins, is responsible for the blood now flowing, and more responsible than anybody is the one I gave power to"—meaning, of course, de Gaulle. "I do not have to exonerate myself for not wanting to see Communism install itself an hour away from Marseille, and Paris within distance of its short-range rockets. I do not have to exonerate myself for having defended the wealth that young pioneers have given France in the Sahara, assuring its independence in oil. If the Allies had lost the war, the Germans . . . would have loudly demanded de Gaulle's head, just as the F.L.N. today demands mine. From now on, I shall keep silent." This was the final phrase of his declaration to the court, and for an instant nobody else spoke at all. Later, the prosecuting attorney requested and received the judge's permission to question Salan, of whom he first asked, "Are not your heart and spirit shaken by the facts that have been recalled and of which you stand accused?" The prosecutor waited, and then said, "No answer. Do you consider your crimes legitimized by your intentions, and by what claim do you find absolution and excuse? . . . You do not answer. Do you consider that, lacking excuses, these crimes could be extenuated by your reasons for committing them? . . . Obstinate silence. I do not wish to comment on it. There are no responses for us to comment on, so even less may we comment on these silences." This monologue of deep, earnest curiosity addressed to Salan by the official who will surely demand his death was the most dramatic incident of the trial's opening two days.

THERE was an initial moment of humor, especially for the foreign journalists, in the Elysée's gilded Salle des Fêtes, where General de Gaulle holds his press conferences, when he stated as one of his themes that in the present world situation France's poli-

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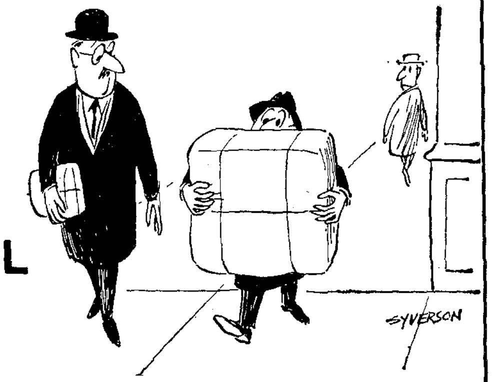
cies were based as much as possible on the practical and, "let us put it in one word, on modesty"—which, it would seem, has not so far figured largely in the President's vocabulary or in his great and generous aims for his *belle France*. Leading into his views on the future of the new Europe, now the vital international topic everywhere, he stated that he had never in any declaration talked of "*l'Europe des Patries*," though it was said that he had—a Europe of nationalistic nations that would be individuals in a group, rather than united together, as in the Common Market. His Gallic appreciation of nationalism was, however, immediately mirrored in his scholarly reflection that "Dante, Goethe, and Chateaubriand belonged to Europe exactly in the measure that they were respectively and eminently Italian, German, and French. They would have served Europe but little if they had been men without countries and if they had thought and written in some Esperanto or integrated Volapük." The French Cabinet Ministers present laughed first, apparently because they understood the word, and the Anglo-Saxon correspondents laughed last, because they did not understand it but, what with double duty at the Palais de Justice and the Palais de l'Elysée the same afternoon, were weary enough to relax at any incomprehensible jabberwocky humor. The next day, *Figaro* kindly defined the odd word, asking first who even remembered it today, and then explaining, "It was a system of universal language invented by the German Johann Martin Schleyer, which had a certain success for five or six years around 1889. At that time, twenty-three newspapers were printed in Volapük. It finally gave way to Esperanto."

The Elysée's laughter was not shared by Minister Pflimlin, chief of the important Catholic center party, the M.R.P. With difficulty, Premier Pompidou, in forming his government, had persuaded about half of the party to back it, which was regarded as his first demonstrable political success. M. Pflimlin agreed to serve as Minister of State for Coöperation with the African States, Maurice Schumann as Minister of Regional Planning, Joseph Fontanet as Minister of Health, Robert Buron as Minister of Public Works and Transportation, and Paul Bacon as Minister of Labor—the most important Minister to keep right now, with France beset by a week of daily strikes in one spot or another. Since the M.R.P. has always advocated supranational institutions for the new Europe, de



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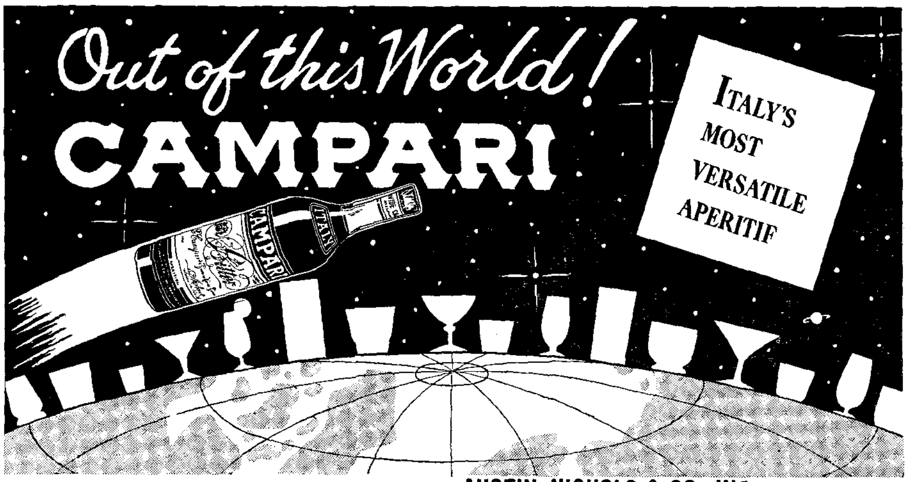

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NEWSWEEK: (enthusiastically) More than that – it's an "electrifying story!"

THE NEW YORK TIMES: (with dignity) *I* called it "an enthralling narrative. *My Life In Court* is more than a mere retelling of courtroom happenings. It is a sparkling legal memoir. It bristles with drama and thought, with exciting incidents and perceptive observations on the law and human behavior."

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SATURDAY REVIEW: (quickly setting the record straight) Well I *did* say "one is literally swept into the line of fire, and awaits with the eagerness and tenseness of a participant the outcome of each successive clash . . ."

MORRIS L. ERNST: (judicially) "It is a masterpiece."

THE NEW YORKER: (summing up) "One lesson is absolutely clear: it's a lot more fun to read about litigation than to engage in it."

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DOUBLEDAY

Gaulle's Volapük bon mot too clearly called attention to their divergence of views, and the five Ministers resigned in a clump from the new government, less than a month after it was formed.

ON top of the strikes and the trial, during whose first two days a hundred or more mortals were murdered, as usual, in Algeria, there has been demoralizing bad weather here—one of the rainiest springs, and officially the coldest, since 1887, or just about when Volapük was being invented. The French have a countrymen's proverb that says, "*Quand il pleut à St. Médard, il pleut quarante jours plus tard, à moins que St. Barnabé lui mouche le nez.*" Translated roughly—for it is not very refined—it says that if it rains on St. Médard's Day, June 8th, it will rain for forty days thereafter, unless St. Barnabé, on June 11th, wipes Médard's nose dry, which France piously prays that he will this year. —GENÊT

•

A SMALL THING

A small thing, glinting in the grass,
shone with an air, saying that,
like a painting or a bouquet,
it had been made to be looked at.

Some beginner, begun, like Braque
or Cézanne, with the gift to change
the familiar—green trees or grapes—
before one's eyes into strange

and enchanted shapes, had set
in the half of a clam shell, side
by side, three pale snails' coils,
a pink pebble, and five

mauve violets—nine
trifles trebled in color,
jewelled with the glow of the pooled
light lent one to the other.

Last in the picture, migrant,
mercurial, topping the tip
of a petal—so quick its feelers
and hair-fine feet, they split

the light like tinsel—a mite
with mica wings landed,
arrived like the rhinestone dew,
sparkling and unexpected.

—DOROTHY DONNELLY

•

Cast your eyes about you. Far down the untrodden pathway to the future you'll see the footprint of a hidden hand: ours! *—Folder from the House of Karlson, San Francisco.*

We can't bring ourself to look.

BOOKS

Uneasy Lay the Heads

CHRISTOPHER HIBBERT, an English historian, has written an uncommon kind of biography, "Il Duce" (Little, Brown)—an exploratory work, an exercise in self-education. When Mr. Hibbert was serving in Italy during the last war, he wondered, he says, why "some Italians could shoot at his [Mussolini's] corpse as it swayed upside down in the Piazzale Loreto in Milan and yet others, who were, so it seemed to me, just like them, could weep in the streets when told that he was dead." Hibbert wanted to find out how closely Mussolini "resembled the monstrous buffoon of [Allied] wartime propaganda," and whether it was true, as Churchill said, that Mussolini all by himself had forced Italy into the Second World War. Hibbert began his research to answer his own questions; when he had finished it, he decided he was not qualified to pass judgment on Mussolini "even if such a judgment were yet possible," and wrote this book in the hope of giving "the more important of the evidence about him upon which opinions can be based." He records, in a plain, working style, the facts he has been able to gather, and if sources he considers reliable conflict he reports their disagreement, often without taking sides.

His evidence permits the reader, at any rate, to form a few opinions. One may be that "Support mental health or I'll kill you" is more than just a joke. Mussolini, who was responsible for so many killings, was what we nowadays call a disturbed child; he was shockingly, violently rebellious. He was no paragon of normality in adolescence, either; already he was constantly involved with women, and his lovemaking resembled rape. In his late teens, he began to talk at nonexistent audiences, declaiming poetry or making up speeches, to cultivate his talent for spellbinding—for using words not to communicate but to overwhelm. To Mussolini, one of the worst aspects of his relations with Hitler was that the Führer was also a nonstop, nonconversational talker who usually got the floor first. Mussolini hated listening.

Though he had been expelled from a couple of schools, Mussolini acquired enough education to qualify as a teacher, but he spent most of his youth as a professional political agitator in Switzerland and northern Italy. He espoused the most rebellious ideas current among Socialists and imposed some of them on the Italian Socialist Party, especially after he became editor of its official newspaper, *Avanti!* He resigned that job and was expelled from the Party when he changed his mind about war and nationalism. He had viciously attacked the moderate Socialists, who in 1911 accepted the Italian government's forays into colonialism in Tripolitania and Cyrenaica; Mussolini had maintained, in accordance with Left Wing orthodoxy, that the only good war is class war. But soon after the First World War began he demanded that Italy intervene on the side of the Allies.

The rumor has persisted that this change in Mussolini's opinion was bought. Mr. Hibbert doesn't think so. All his sources agree that Mussolini was indifferent to money; there was monumental graft under Fascism by Fascists but none by Il Duce. Furthermore, Hibbert cites a remark that Michele Campana, a journalist, says Mussolini made to him the day Archduke Franz Ferdinand was assassinated at Sarajevo. Mussolini, with quite a bit of prescience, remarked to Campana that it looked like the start of a major European war, and went on to regret that Italy, as a member of the Triple Alliance, was committed to fight France—not because Mussolini was a Francophile but because France seemed to him the only republic among the soon-to-be-warring powers. In October, 1914, Mussolini resigned

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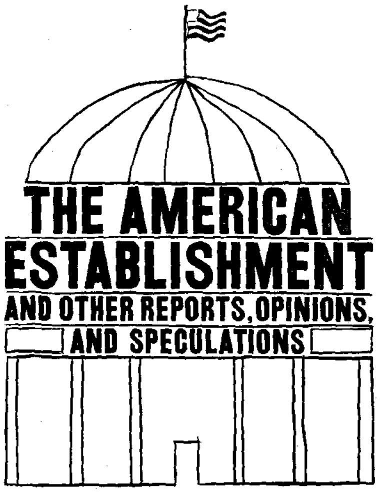

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from *Avanti!* and founded his own newspaper, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, to preach intervention. In 1915, when Italy joined the Allies, he went off to fight, and made a good soldier. The rebel who had found the comparatively light burdens of school, church, state, and party unbearable accepted the harsher discipline of war. In this respect, too, Mussolini resembled Hitler.

It is tempting, in these early chapters of Mr. Hibbert's book, to see Mussolini as nothing but a psychiatric case history. He was also an intellectual case history: Much of the ideological baggage he picked up before the First World War glorified violence, sometimes as revolution, sometimes simply as action. And it is particularly confusing, in trying to maintain a historical perspective on Mussolini's youth, to remember that he and others like him, who predicted and extolled barricades, bloodshed, and all sorts of upheavals, seemed "modern"—"the wave of the future"—to their contemporaries. We can see, as Mussolini obviously couldn't, that what was truly modern had already been revealed—the theory of relativity is older than Sorel's "Reflections on Violence," which influenced Mussolini, and the factory assembly line existed before the Fascist march on Rome. What was modern, it now appears, demanded—and still demands—steadiness rather than violence, not the "irrationalism" Mussolini said he taught but ever more rationality. It is true that by the time Mussolini came to power he had stopped emphasizing the most revolutionary of his avant-garde theories; he was made Premier, in 1922, not to lead a venturesome people in feats of derring-do but to restore order in place of the disorder he had helped create. Even then, however, an air of novelty clung to him and to Fascism, which, if it was anything, was a hodgepodge of every outmoded idea in the air. In retrospect, it seems preposterous that Italians (and some foreigners, too) admired a man who talked like Attila and then merely sent his followers out to break strikes. The probable answer—Hibbert's book suggests it—is that Mussolini was a first-rate demagogue; he practiced an art which, like that of the actor or ballet dancer, has to be experienced at first hand.

Whatever he was, Mussolini wasn't much of a doer. When Hibbert's account has him installed in power, there seems to be a hole in the narrative where it ought to tell what Mussolini did. The fault isn't Hibbert's. Mussolini accomplished amazingly little. He wasted time as if he had inherited a throne. Hibbert

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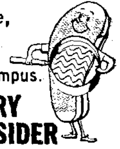

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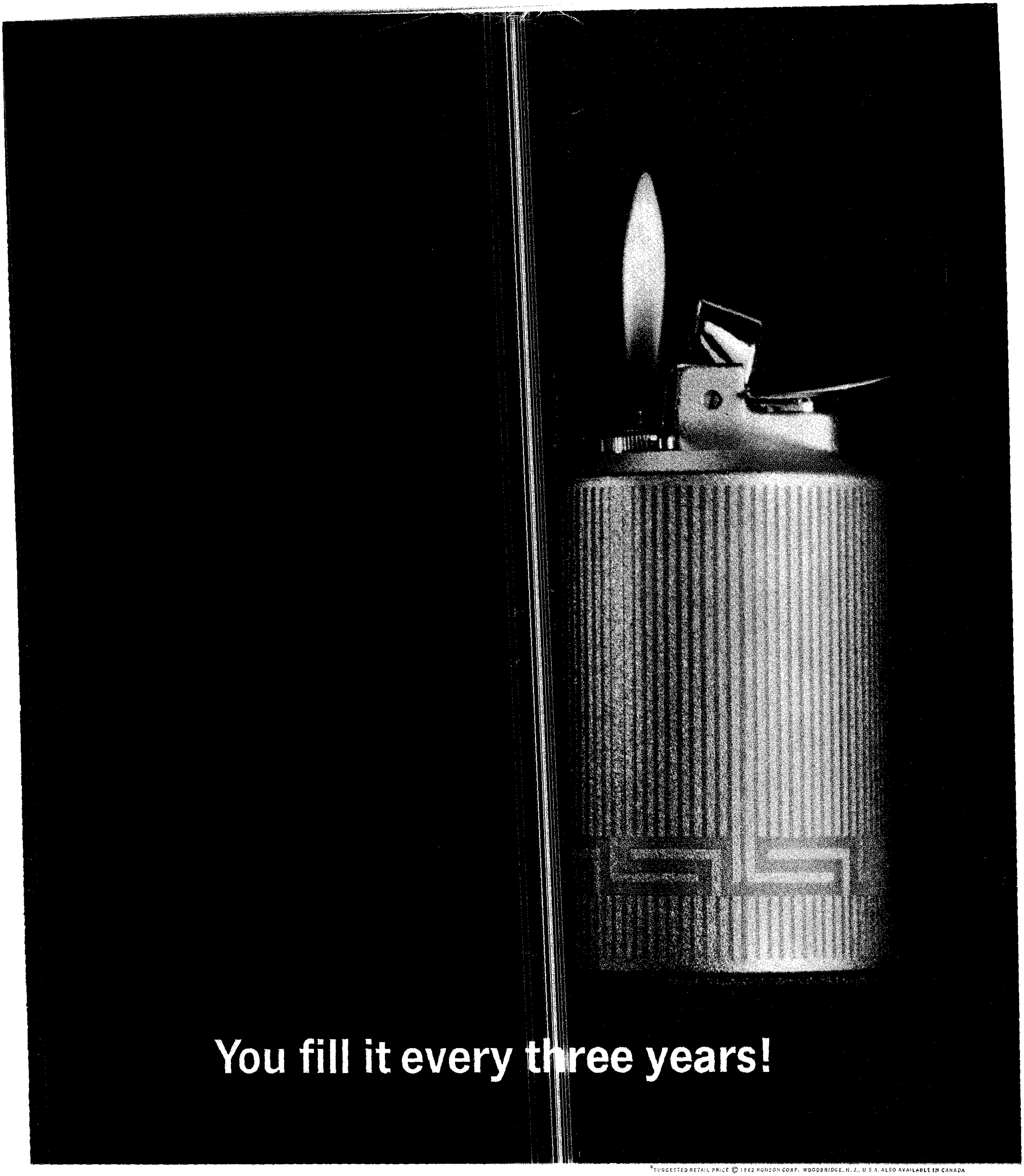

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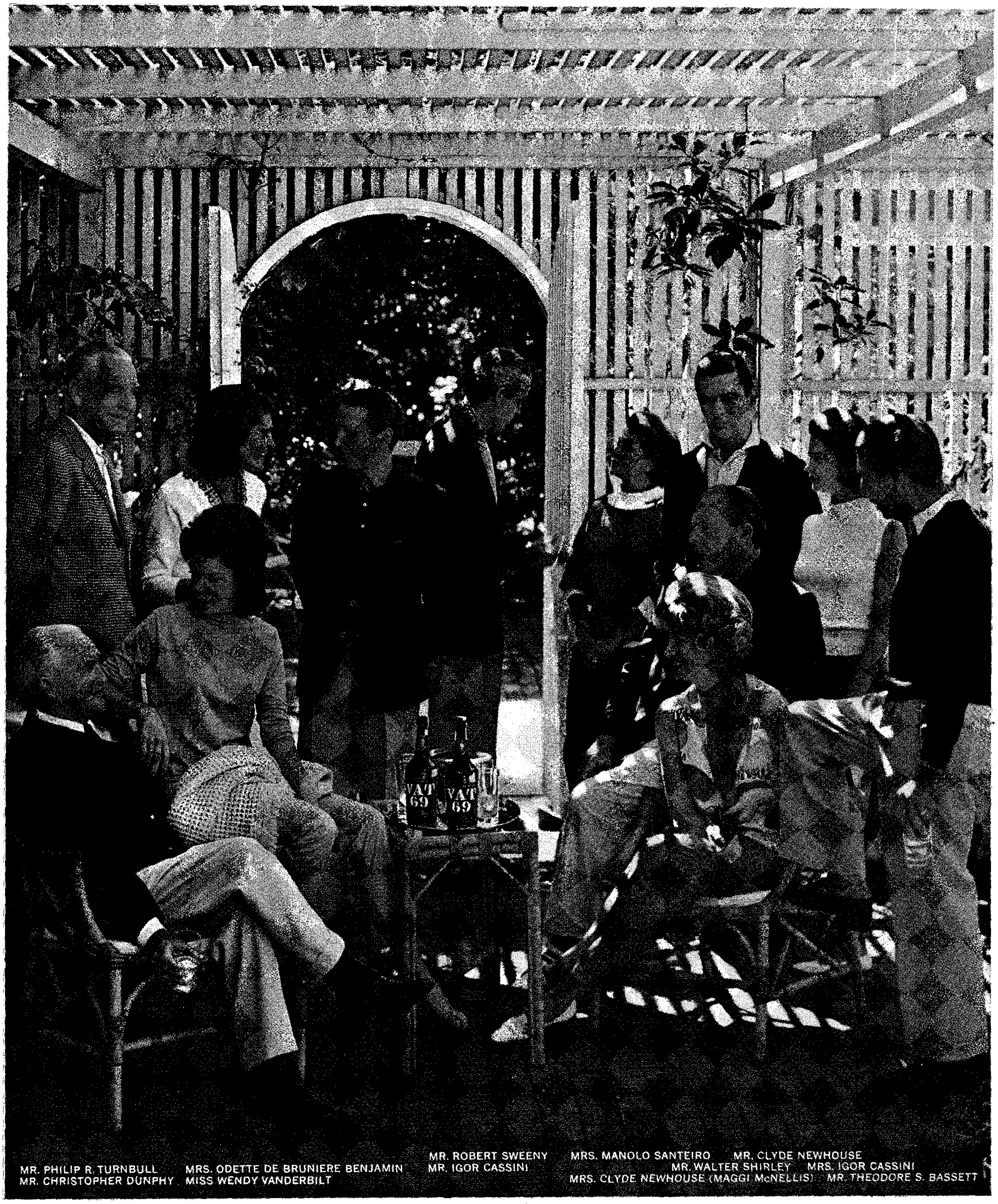

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does describe Mussolini's daily routine, his interviews with foreign visitors, his speeches, his projects; what the biographer cannot record is any achievements. The strangest example of Mussolini's nonachievement is military. He was head of the Italian Army, Navy, and Air Force almost continuously for fourteen years, yet Italy was not ready for war in 1939—not as ready, Mussolini himself admitted, as she had been in 1915. The disparity between Mussolini's words and deeds is evident wherever his rule is examined. He talked tough but he was not, it seems, personally vindictive. Pockets of non-Fascist thought survived his regime. The Italians in general resisted Fascism (insofar as it meant doing anything they didn't want to do, like parading on Sundays) to a remarkable degree, perhaps because the OVRA was never as gruesome as the Gestapo. Yet, Hibbert reminds us, Fascism was intended to be a brutal regime. While Mussolini may not have initiated any particular acts of Fascist brutality—Hibbert thinks Mussolini had no part in Matteotti's death—he never punished the perpetrators. Sometimes he encouraged wrongs, sometimes he let them happen; he was no more efficient in his ruthlessness than in anything else. Hibbert thinks that the Italians neither approved of Fascist terror nor were really terrorized by it. He thinks they became numb, resigned, apathetic, and cynical as, through the years, what they got bore less and less resemblance to what they had wanted.

Of all the questions Mr. Hibbert asks, only one, I think, has a clear-cut answer: Mussolini was responsible for getting Italy into the Second World War. The Italians had no wish to fight; they saw nothing in it for them. The King disliked Germans, and so did many of his subjects. But Mussolini never forgave England's objections to his conquest of Abyssinia, and Mr. Hibbert believes his injured pride had a lot to do with making him Hitler's ally. The alliance between these two "lunatics" (Mussolini's word) is a fascinating narrative thread in the book, a strange story of a one-way seesaw ride. In 1926, when Hitler wrote Mussolini for an autographed photograph, he was refused it; by 1943, Mussolini was reduced to the status of Hitler's puppet. Mussolini took Italy into the war in 1940 because he made an understandable miscalculation: he thought the Germans would win, and soon. He feared that Hitler would reapportion Europe without giving Italy anything. Mussolini told Badoglio, "I need only a few thousand dead so that I can sit at the

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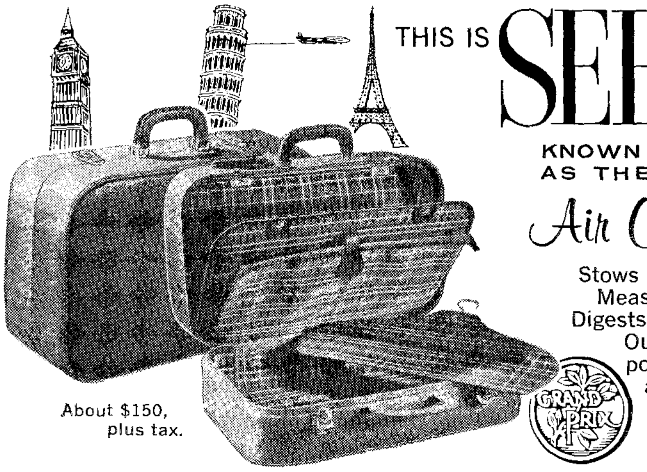

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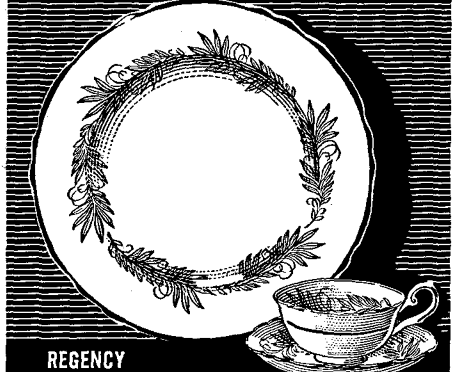
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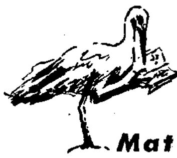
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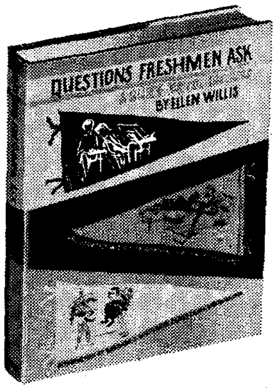
peace conference as a man who has fought." (A nice illustration, by the way, of the confusion of Mussolini's thinking. When the Italians went to war, he didn't fight.) The Italians penalized Mussolini's misjudgment by deposing him. It's surprising, when you think of the *mystique* that has grown up around the failed German coup of July 20, 1944, that so little fuss has been made over the Italians' bold, bloodless, efficient disposal of Mussolini in 1943. Though the reserved Mr. Hibbert doesn't say so, his account shows it as a moment in Italian history of which Italians are entitled to be proud.

Almost from the instant that Mussolini realized he was a prisoner, he began to ask his jailers and anyone else he saw what history would think of him. He continued asking that question after the Germans kidnapped him and installed him as head of the "Italian Social Republic" in northern Italy, a state that shrank as the Allies advanced. He tried to improve his record by promulgating social-welfare laws. And he worked on his files, which have disappeared, and which may have been the defense he planned for a war-crimes trial or his attempt to influence history's verdict, or both.

Goebbels said that Mussolini was "not a revolutionary like the Führer or Stalin. He is so bound to his own Italian people that he lacks the broad qualities of a worldwide revolutionary and insurrectionist." Mussolini was certainly not a worldwide insurrectionist; I think he was always an editorial writer, committing metaphors instead of acts. But it is hard to see what Goebbels meant by "bound to his own Italian people," or how the bond differed from Hitler's attitude toward Germans. Both men regarded their people as instruments. It may be a waste of time to puzzle over Goebbels' assessment; he lacked common sense. Alberto Moravia's judgment that Mussolini "was not a bad man. . . . If he had had a foreign policy as clever as his domestic one perhaps he'd be Duce today" is another puzzler, since Mussolini's domestic policy doesn't seem clever. Moravia's charity, though, hints that Goebbels may have had a clue, after all, and that Mussolini's appeal was peculiarly national. (Practically nobody outside the United States understood what so many Americans saw in McCarthy.) Perhaps the Italians who shot at Mussolini's corpse and those who wept at his death, though far more biassed than Mr. Hibbert, may nonetheless have understood their Duce better. I don't mean to imply that Hibbert's book is pallid or that Mussolini was so



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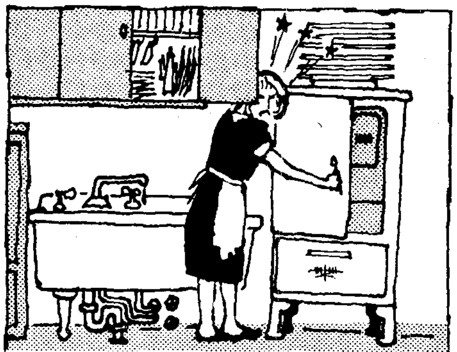
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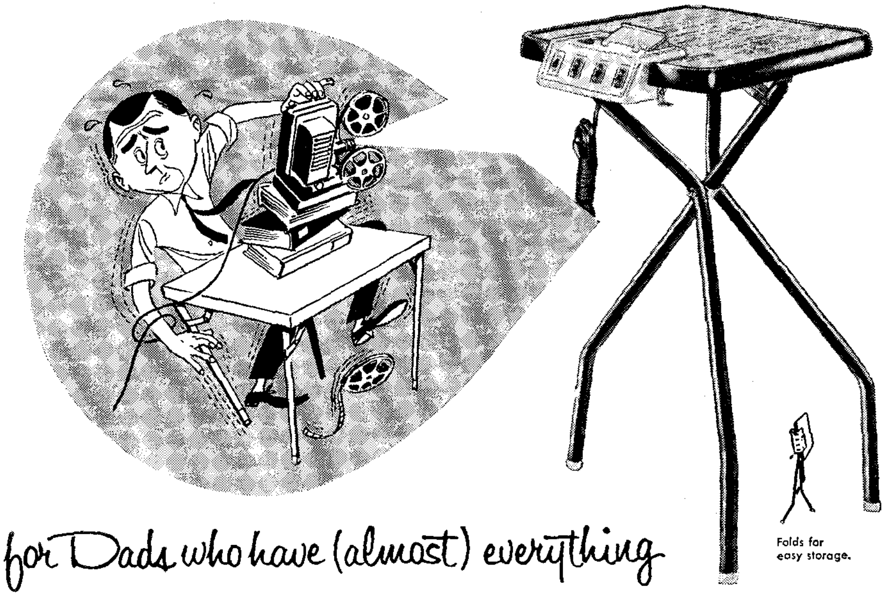
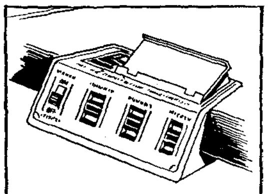
exotic that his career is unimportant to us. Quite the contrary. One of the troubling features of modern history is the way even the most exotic countries have stopped being picturesque. If Marco Polo went to China today, his "Travels" would be full of statistics about pig iron. Mr. Hibbert's caution is an aid to the reader; it lets him develop a modern imagination, cosmopolitan but not romantic.

UNLIKE Mr. Hibbert, Harold Acton, the author of "The Last Bourbons of Naples" (St. Martin's), has made up his mind about his subjects and intends to convert his readers. The last Bourbons of Naples have been judged harshly, and Mr. Acton means to "restore the balance" of historical opinion. He wants to make three rulers by divine right, along with their wives and their Ministers, into plausible human beings. The kings are Francis I, who ruled from 1825 to 1830; Ferdinand II, who ruled from 1830 to 1859; and Francis II, who ruled from 1859 to 1861, and was overthrown by Garibaldi's irregulars and the army of Victor Emmanuel II. More, he wants to present these kings as respectable managers of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, a sizable state whose capital was a big city, Naples, and whose territory included Sicily and extended halfway up the Boot. Harold Acton is a descendant of Sir John Acton, who was in effect if not in title the Grand Vizier of the Neapolitan Bourbons during the Napoleonic Wars, but family piety is not Mr. Acton's motive for investigating this trio; he has already done justice to Sir John in his "The Bourbons of Naples." It appears, rather, that he has a vocation for the resuscitation of a particular kind of dead reputation, as he has demonstrated in his sympathetic account of "The Last Medici." Acton professes to find "a strange beauty" in the Neapolitan Bourbons, but my impression is that he has made an error of taste common to connoisseurs whose judgments have become too catholic: from admiring the beautiful he has imperceptibly slipped into admiring the bizarre. Though Mr. Acton's aesthetics seem mistaken and his political judgments tendentious, his book is very good. He is a knowing collector of the minutiae that make history readable; his scenes of action are stunningly vivid. And how his actors come alive! His use of contemporary private documents—memoirs, letters, and diaries—is superb: a dogged compilation and a deft distribution of data. He describes exceptional incidents—political trials, for instance—but, if only because he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wants to accent the sunny side of life in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, he describes, too, everyday scenes: comings and goings, parties, festivals. His painting of genre scenes from the past could not be better.

Ferdinand II, who ruled longest, logically takes up most of the book. His father, Francis I, opens it. He was an ailing, irritable man, whose sole recorded wisdom—recorded by Acton, anyhow—was a defense of the traffic in government posts: "A man who has paid for his job will try hard not to lose it and will therefore remain loyal." The problem of finding and keeping loyal subjects was not easy in this kingdom during the period. Ferdinand never exactly solved it; he relied, instead, on Swiss mercenary regiments. It's odd that to Mr. Acton widespread disloyalty is no reflection on the dynasty. He sees, on the contrary, ignorant, volatile masses, venal, indecisive administrators, and willful, ambitious intellectuals—in short, an ungrateful people. By an incredible feat of empathy, Acton views the world through his characters' eyes.

He views the revolutionary year 1848 through King Ferdinand's eyes. In response to several pressures, Ferdinand doubtfully granted his subjects a constitution. It was modelled on the French constitution under Louis-Philippe; before the copy came into force in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, the Paris original had been abolished by revolution. Most of the deputies elected under Ferdinand had been conspiring for twenty-odd years against either the dynasty or the form of government, and distrusted the King, if only out of habit. Acton is contemptuous of the conspiratorial organizations that flourished in Naples and Sicily—a mess of separate, often cockeyed little underground movements. Still, absolute government pretty much limits political self-expression to conspiracies and riots. He suggests that the deputies, who had been convened merely as deputies, wished to transform themselves into delegates to a constitutional convention, and to modify or rewrite what Ferdinand had given them. This aspiration cannot seem as unwarranted to Americans as it does to Acton. At any rate, scarcely had the parliament met when the deputies panicked. They thought the King was plotting against them. Their sympathizers in Naples improvised barricades in the streets, perhaps imitating what the French had done a few months earlier. Acton thinks, though, that there was a plot against the King. The Swiss put down the disturbance, and Ferdinand's experiment in liberalism was over.

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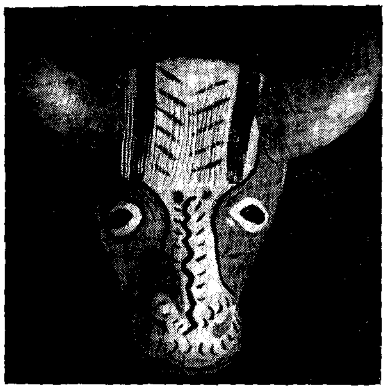
Ferdinand, Acton notes, was the first of Europe's rulers to quell one of 1848's uprisings; he showed the way, and, to his great satisfaction, his example was followed. He felt that events proved what he had known all along—that, as Acton puts it, "any concession to liberalism would start an avalanche of revolution." I suppose this is a dramatic way of saying that any revolution, once begun, tends to grow more radical, more comprehensive—a pattern that seems as self-evident as the reason for it: In all societies there is a bottomless well of unredressed grievances, and revolutions arouse the millenniary hope that every grievance will be redressed. I'm not sure that Ferdinand's decision to slam down the lid and let the kettle boil was the only choice in his circumstances. Mr. Acton, as usual, agrees with his king. He thinks it was.

This much is certain: Ferdinand's decision prepared the way for his son's overthrow. The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies became a synonym for backwardness in an era that demanded at least the appearance of progress. And Ferdinand's isolationism, which grew out of his conviction that all foreigners were subversive, left his son without allies when Garibaldi invaded his country. No power cared to dispute, on behalf of Francis II, the results of a plebiscite that awarded the old Kingdom of the Two Sicilies to the new Kingdom of Italy and its new King, Victor Emmanuel II, who had started life as King of Sardinia. To Acton, Victor Emmanuel and his Minister Cavour are villains. Their policies—constitutionalism, expansion, nationalism—were the reverse of Ferdinand's. They unified Italy at the expense of every other Italian state and statesman. Acton reprobates their chicanery apparently in the name of the international solidarity of kings—a principle that died out after the French Revolution and had never been meticulously observed before it. I do wish that he would not also hint at still wider implications. There is no doubt that one of the tragedies of nineteenth-century European history is the mixing up of nationalism with liberalism and the replacement of the second by the first. Is it all, as he suggests, the fault of nineteenth-century liberals? Surely nineteenth-century reactionaries bear some responsibility, too.

Mr. Acton's talents are not for generalization. On particulars he is unbeatable. He admits that he cannot muster much sympathy for Ferdinand's son, Francis II, who always received and invariably took the worst advice, and who lost his kingdom in



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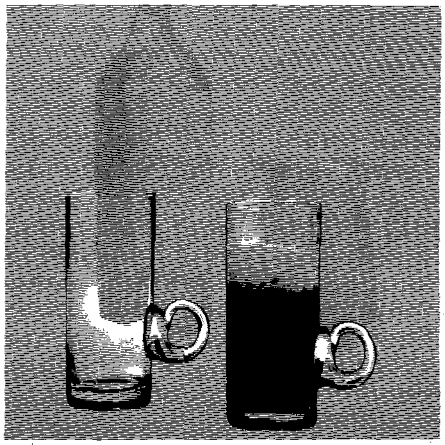

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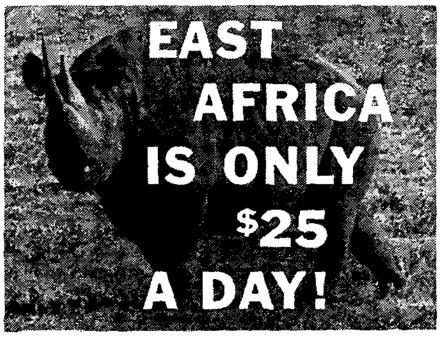

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record time, yet he does make us see the pale, pious, troubled young man. He makes us see the whole family, and a sad lot they were. Their tastes were so simple that they took no particular pleasure in their luxurious surroundings; they dwelt in marble halls, in which they hung out the family wash. Most of them were devout, but they found no joy and not much comfort in religion. They were rich, and precedence was settled among them at birth; nevertheless, these uncharming princes found reasons to quarrel with each other. The only member of the family who seems to have enjoyed life was Ferdinand's brother Leopold, Count of Syracuse, who was dissolute, artistic, and liberal. In 1860 he went over to Victor Emmanuel—an act of disloyalty to his nephew for which Acton takes him to task. Yet Leopold had always insisted that the House of Bourbon had to follow the example of the House of Savoy and try being liberal, no matter what the risks. Ferdinand felt justified in 1848. Why shouldn't Leopold have felt equally justified in 1860?

During the nineteenth century, most recorded opinion regarded the Bourbons of Naples—especially Ferdinand—as monsters. They weren't. They were narrow, eccentric, untalented, but not unkind people. Yet if it were not for Acton's genius at reviving them, we should never have guessed it. Kings actually still have this much divinity: we overestimate them. We easily conceive of very good kings and very wicked kings—kings who know what they are doing. I wonder if this trio of autocrats, so proud of their blood, so convinced of their worth, would really be greatly pleased by Acton's line of defense, which is that they were ordinarily well-meaning, fallible human beings—in short, mediocre kings. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A CERTAIN MONSIEUR BLOT, by Pierre Daninos, translated from the French by Robin Chancellor (Simon & Schuster). M. Daninos' silly, funny book describes the problems that beset a very ordinary, harried Parisian when he is proclaimed Mr. Average Frenchman and becomes a national celebrity overnight. There are some good jokes, and a number of stiffly comical drawings by Bernard Buffet.

INTERCHANGE, by Judith Shatnoff (Knopf). A Surrealistic novel that bumps heavily and wordily along on the ground. There is a lot of interior monologue by four characters—a

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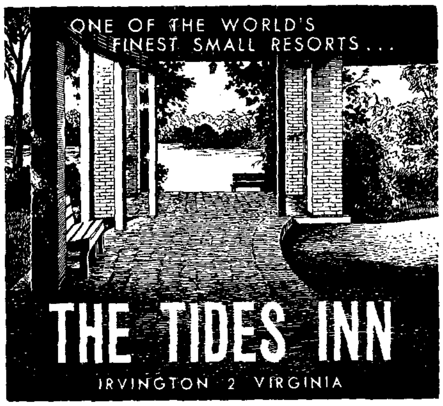

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muddled, if normal, young man, pasted onto life; his wife, generously constructed and pseudo-intellectual; a sadistic newspaperman, afflicted with boredom, who steals the wife and nearly destroys her; and a Brooklyn-born Jewish writer, who picks up what is left of her, only to be rejected. Not one of these figures is interesting enough to warrant all the technical tricks the author props them up with.

GENERAL

Conversations with Stalin, by Milovan Djilas, translated from the Serbo-Croat by Michael B. Petrovich (Harcourt, Brace & World). The fact that the author of this book has been condemned to prison for publishing it may obscure its merits; it is an invaluable work of honest, specific reporting as well as a *cause célèbre*. Djilas first met Stalin toward the end of the Second World War, when, as a "high Party functionary," he was sent to Moscow to seek Soviet support for the Yugoslav Communists' bid to be recognized internationally as Yugoslavia's legitimate government. At the time, Djilas tells us, he regarded Stalin as a peerless leader, a first-rate thinker, and a good man. When Stalin alleged that if he treated the Yugoslav Communists as his protégés he might alarm his Western allies, Djilas believed his excuse. But on later missions to Moscow Djilas realized that Stalin neither respected the successes nor noticed the problems of non-Russian Communists, and that, within the Communist bloc, he forbade any initiative except his own. The last event in the book is the break between Russia and Yugoslavia—a not surprising end to the struggle between two touchy nationalisms. Djilas himself was more than ready for it. During his diplomatic experiences, he had become disenchanted with everything about Soviet Communism—Stalin's cruelty and vulgarity, the Politburo's drinking parties, the misery of the masses and the comfort of the leaders, the official fostering of nationalism and racism, the mediocrity of the arts, the ubiquity of the secret police. Djilas's disillusion was as painful as childbirth. What is remarkable is the concreteness with which he describes the encounters that caused him so much anguish.

The Decline of Pleasure, by Walter Kerr (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Kerr is a late and somewhat unexpected comer to the big town meet-

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MONEY-WATCHING

The essayist Montaigne once said, *"Taking it all in all, I find it is more trouble to watch after money than it is to get it."* Since Montaigne inherited his wealth, you may take his statement with a grain of salt. Still, he made a point worth considering, especially when you're mulling over your own financial affairs.

Watching after money *is* troublesome. If you stash it away in a mattress, the bills may remain intact, but inflation will eat away their purchasing power. Obviously, you had better invest what you can in something that has a good chance of increasing in value over the years. Art? Maybe. Precious stones? Maybe. Real estate? Maybe. But those are all fields where a considerable amount of experience and know-how are necessary if profits are to be made.

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ing on our frustrated pursuit of happiness. He has not, however, walked in empty-handed. He is confident that he knows just how it all came about. The literal kill-joy of the Western world, he says, was the late-nineteenth-century utilitarian philosopher William Stanley Jevons, and he killed it with the pronouncement that "value depends entirely upon utility" and utility is that "abstract quality whereby an object serves our purposes, and becomes entitled to rank as a commodity." Hence, the only value is economic value. The antidote that Mr. Kerr proposes to this counting-house catechism, which has left us rich in purse but poor in spirit, is a little on the fuzzy side, but his discussion of the materials that compose it is well worth our attention.

JENNY LIND, THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE, by Gladys Denny Shultz (Lippincott). People who like their biography straight may be slightly irritated from time to time by Mrs. Shultz's habit of imagining the intimate thoughts and feelings of her heroine. (There is a deathbed scene, for example, in which we are told just how the great Jenny felt in taking leave of her mortal remains, and it is pretty sticky.) Even so, this is a thoroughly enjoyable book, partly because of the author's gusto, partly because of the effect of verisimilitude that arises from an enormous amount of original research, and partly because the life of Jenny Lind—the Stockholm love child who grew up to be the most celebrated of all sopranos, the object of Hans Christian Andersen's hopeless passion, the great friend of Felix Mendelssohn and Queen Victoria, the subject of one of P. T. Barnum's most extravagant ventures in showmanship, and the idol of pretty nearly everybody in the middle of the last century, including the total membership of the New York Volunteer Fire Department—is a wonderful story.

NOTE: "The American Establishment," a collection of reports on politics and other matters by Richard H. Rovere, has been published by Harcourt, Brace & World. Much of the material in the book originally appeared in this magazine.

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The murder of passengers boarding commercial airliners at Adams Field during 1961 was the highest in the history of the airport, increasing 3.1 per cent over last year.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Arkansas Gazette.*

But let's not rest on the oars!

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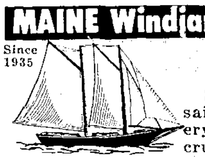

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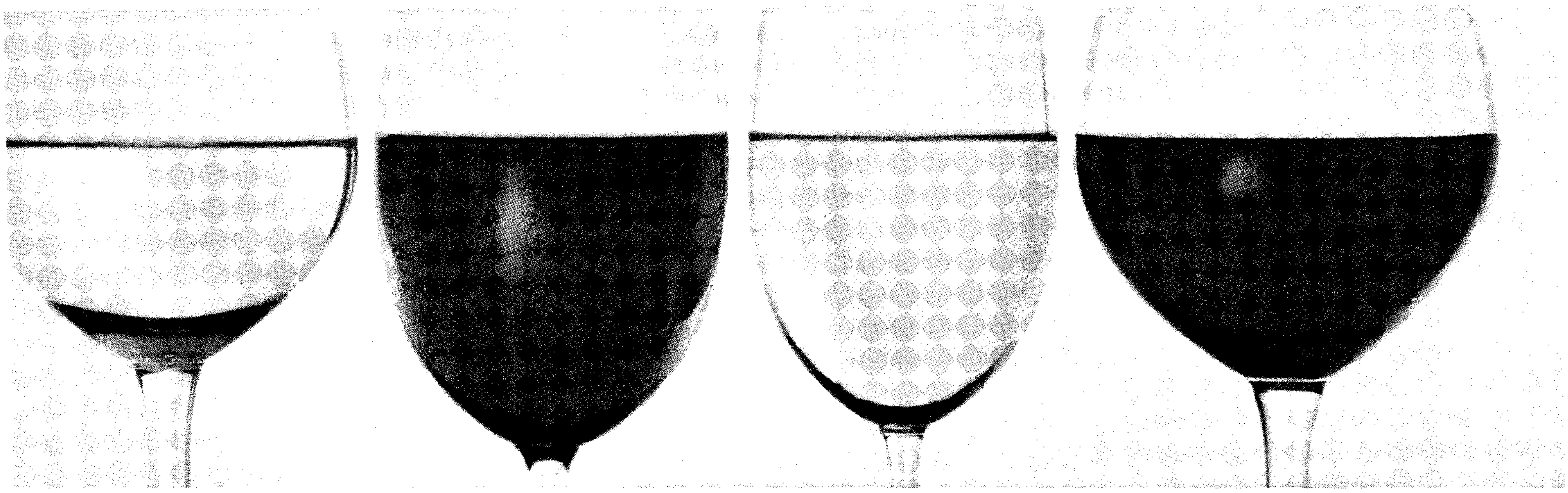

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